THE RISE AND FALL OF NEW FRANCE

GEORGE M. WRONG

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THE RISE AND FALL OF NEW FRANCE

VOLUME ONE

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THE RISE AND FALL OF NEW FRANCE

by

GEORGE M. WRONG

VOLUME ONE

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PREFACE

For assistance in the preparation of this work, extending over a long period, I am indebted to the collections in many libraries; above all to the Toronto Public Library; but also to the Library of the University of Toronto, to the Bodleian Library in Oxford, to the Royal Colonial Institute and the British Museum in London and, for the later portions of the work, to the collections in the Public Archives at Ottawa and to those on the Acadians in the State House at Boston. A book covering so extensive a period is necessarily based chiefly on material in print. Of this the quantity is very great. It may be doubted whether on any period in history there are more printed documents than on that relating to New France.

Professor W. Bennett Munro of Harvard University ranks high among the historians of New France and I am under heavy obligations to him for criticism and suggestions. My colleague, Dr. W. J. Alexander, Professor of English Literature in University College, Toronto, has been my severe and therefore helpful critic. On questions of Anthropology which lie beyond my own special studies I am under obligations to Mr. T. F. McIlwraith, Associate-Professor of Anthropology in the University of Toronto, and to Mr. R. R. Marett, Fellow of Exeter College and Reader in Social Anthropology in the University of Oxford. Among others to whom I am indebted I am bound to mention specially Dr. H. P. Biggar, Dr. Adam Shortt, and Mr. W. S. Wallace, whose names carry weight in matters relating to the topic of the book. It will be, I hope, fol-

lowed soon by a volume dealing with the New France which became British Canada and the influence upon it of the American Revolution.

G. M. W.

TORONTO,
August, 1928.

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THE RISE AND FALL OF NEW FRANCE

THE RISE AND FALL OF NEW FRANCE

VOLUME ONE

CHAPTER I

HOW MARCO POLO REVEALED AN OCEAN TO EUROPE

The vital history of America began only when Europe reached out to the new world in our modern era. We may marvel that, during countless ages, Europe and America had not come into contact. To cross the Atlantic is often, however, so terrifying an experience that when we see the ocean in a stormy mood we wonder less that man failed so long to cross it than that, in the tiny ships of the fifteenth century, he should have ventured even to make the effort. Meanwhile, unknown to Europe during untold years, man had dwelt in the two great continents of America. His instincts and passions had worked as the same qualities worked in Europe. He had developed his own mode of life and his own culture. But, from the first days of contact with Europe, this culture was found weak. Its bows and arrows and weapons of stone were no match for the gunpowder and steel of Europe. In religion America had nothing to inspire zeal similar to that of Catholic and of Protestant Europe. When, in time, European man became master in America, he brought with him his political and religious rivalries and it mattered much for

the future of the continent whether territory was claimed by Spain or by England, by Catholics or by Protestants.

As late as in 1485, when the Tudor dynasty was established in England, Europe knew little of any of the other continents. From a point within sight of Europe the coast line of Africa stretched southward into a vague region, inhabited by black and savage peoples and bordered by the sea; but into that perilous sea no European mariner had pushed far enough to prove that ships could sail round Africa to Asia. Asia itself was little known to Europe. Warlike Islam blocked the way by land and there was no known route by sea. In the far Southern Ocean lay another continent, Australia, still in lonely remoteness; and westward from Europe in the Atlantic were the two American continents with a rich soil, wide-spreading forests, and treasures of precious metals, but slumbering in barbaric isolation until awakened by the touch of Europe.

The discovery of America was due to Europe's efforts to explore the mysteries not of the west but of the east. In ancient times contact with Asia had been closer than it was during the Middle Ages. Greece had waged war with Persia; Alexander of Macedon had led an army to India; since the time of Christ missionaries had gone as far as China. But, later, the followers of Mahomet had cut off intercourse, and the knowledge of farther Asia died out in Europe. This gave the freer play to imagination. Wild tales were believed of a mighty Christian Empire in the far east. Its ruler, Prester John, was said to be of the race of the Magi, who had welcomed the birth of Christ. Though he ruled over emperors and kings and bishops, he preferred the simple title of a Christian priest (prester or presbyter). His sway extended from ancient Babylon to farthest India and he lived in exalted state. At his table a dozen archbishops sat on his right hand and a score of bishops on his left and seven kings and a multitude of

dukes and counts waited upon him. He had palaces of dazzling splendour, vast treasures of gold and jewels, and also the secret of perpetual youth. Within his realm were no liars, nor thieves, nor beggars, nor any strife. He waged war only to convert pagan neighbours to the Christian faith, and he went forth to fight in magnificent array. His standards were thirteen crosses of solid gold, so massive that each needed a great waggon. Ten thousand mounted knights and a hundred thousand footmen marched with each cross. The tale of these marvels did not stagger the credulity of Europe in that age and the tradition endured for centuries; John II, the ruler of Portugal, to whom Columbus applied for aid, was trying to get into communication with Prester John, and by that time Eastern Africa had become the scene of his supposed magnificence. We need not wonder that, during centuries, the hope to share in the vast wealth of the distant east gave it a fascinating lure.

Of this alleged Christian empire history has, however, no record. Other legends as fantastic were widely current. India was usually pictured as a land of splendid wealth and soft luxury. As late as about 1360 appeared the book of Sir John Mandeville, who claimed to have travelled to India and China. He had found gold and silver so abundant that gold was used to make great pillars and silver to pave the streets; there were lustrous gems which shone in the dark. Visible on earth in that fair east was a paradise with the portals guarded by fiery angels. Down to the time of Henry VIII, Mandeville was, possibly, the author most widely read in England. Christopher Columbus hoped to find the earthly paradise which Mandeville described, while the Spanish adventurers who came after him all dreamed of his land of gold (El Dorado) and some seemed to have found it in Mexico and Peru. When Cartier and Champlain ascended the St. Lawrence they were pre-

pared to reach on its shores peopled towns of Asia containing fabulous wealth.

Europe's credulity was mingled with fear, for the unknown inspired terrors as well as hopes. To that age not only heaven but hell might be found somewhere on the earth. If there were islands of the blessed, where in a perfect climate the righteous dwelt in bliss, there might also be regions shrouded in eternal night where fierce monsters tormented the wicked. A ship sailing far out to sea might never be able to come back; since the tops of her masts were the last thing seen she might be slipping down into an abyss of horrors. Even when coasting along known shores, the ships of Europe sailing far northward met with blighting cold, while those going far southward found blistering heat. Travel by land seemed to have fewer dangers and the first great advance in Europe's knowledge of geography was made not by way of the sea but when travellers went overland to the east and came back to relate undoubted facts. The most startling discovery was that a vast ocean washed the far eastern shores of Asia. This led to the view that the land of the earth was surrounded by water and that Europe could reach Asia and Asia Europe by sailing over the spreading floods which surrounded and both separated and united them.

It was the book of the Venetian, Marco Polo, which first told the authentic story of this great eastern sea. In trading by land to the east, Nicolo and Maffeo Polo showed an enterprise which might well stagger the courage of to-day. They were members of an important Venetian family and had cultivated tastes. About the year 1260 we find them at Constantinople, not yet a Moslem city; from there they went on a trading venture to the Crimea, on the Black Sea, and then advanced farther still. Not long before their time, the Mongol ruler, Jenghis Khan, had pushed westward and conquered northern Europe to the borders of Poland, while in the east he had mastered

Asia to its far border on the sea of China. One result of this rule of a common conqueror was the opening of vast dominions to trade and travel. Accordingly, the Polo brothers went on overland from the Crimea to the Volga, the greatest river in Europe, and down the Volga to the Caspian Sea. Then, after a journey of sixty days across the Steppes, they reached Bokhara. There they joined a party making the long journey to the capital of China by ancient caravan routes, on mules and camels across lands unknown even by name in the west. To cross the great Goby desert, in some places falling below the level of the distant sea, in others rising to lofty and desolate mountains, meant a journey of a thousand miles. But at last the hardy Venetians arrived at their goal, the great city of Peking.

At that time Kublai Khan, grandson of Jenghis, was completing that leader's work of conquering Cathay, or China. Already he was master of northern China and it was there that he welcomed the travellers. His predecessors had been rough barbarians, but he was of a gentler type and was attracted by the first cultivated Europeans whom he had met. Himself a stranger in China and a conqueror, he was more ready to make use of newcomers than of the native Chinese. He knew that religion could be used to strengthen his dynasty and when he questioned the Polo brothers he was so impressed by what they told him that, in the end, he decided to send them back to Europe to ask from the Pope a hundred Christian missionaries to teach their religion and their liberal culture in China. Perhaps in all history there has never been a greater opening for missionary work. We do not know how the Polos liked the prospect of the long and dangerous journey back to Italy, but they undertook it. In the end they reached Armenia, took ship there, and by 1269 were in their own house in Venice after an absence of fifteen years.

They could not secure the hundred priests. Just at that

time Pope Clement IV died, and not for two years was his successor chosen. At last, weary of waiting, and afraid that delay might anger the Grand Khan, the Polos decided to return to China. It is now that Marco Polo comes upon the scene. On returning home, Maffeo Polo had learned of the death of his wife, and he decided to take with him on the long journey his motherless son, Marco, a lad of about fifteen. In the end the Polos did not set out alone, for the new Pope, Gregory X, sent with them, in reply to the request from China, the meagre missionary force of two Dominican friars. Not long after setting out, however, these men realised that it was easier to wander as mendicants about Europe than to face the discomfort and peril of a long, rough journey, and turned back. After four years of travel, the Polos reached once more the court of Kublai Khan. But a great opportunity had been lost. The hoped-for Christian teachers had not come, and Kublai Khan turned to Buddhism. He had, however, work for the Polos. The young Marco, now a man of about twenty-one, was quick and intelligent, and Kublai Khan, engaged in mastering southern China, used the young foreigner to rule the conquered people.

Marco rose high in Kublai's service. He shared in the splendour of a court which he describes as beyond that of any other ruler in the world. The vast palace near Peking —the "Summer Palace" known to a later age—lay in a park eight miles square. Great ceremony was kept up. The countless servants waiting on the table veiled their faces with silk cloth lest their breath should taint the food. Whenever the monarch raised the cup to his lips, the attendants and courtiers knelt and a burst of sound came from a band of musicians. It was a custom in China for those who sent the ruler presents to multiply each article by the mystical number of nine multiplied by nine. A province supposed to send one horse to the Grand Khan

would send in reality eighty-one, and Marco Polo tells the incredible story that at a single festival the horses presented to the ruler numbered one hundred thousand. Marco travelled to remote parts of China. Perhaps he received presents from his master on the scale which he describes for the Polos acquired wealth.

They longed, however, to return to Venice. Moreover the Grand Khan was already past seventy years of age and the future was uncertain. He let them go, but he made them promise to return. This time the journey was by sea, not by land. The Polos sailed along the coasts of China and of India to the Persian Gulf, and the journey, full of adventure, occupied more than three years. Day by day as they coasted along the Asiatic side of the Pacific they saw its waters stretching into illimitable distance. No one knew what lay in that dim beyond and the incurious mediaeval mind was content not to peer into the unknown. By the end of 1295 the Polos were back in Venice. There the family had a notable mansion, parts of which are still to be seen; but when the three strange oriental figures first came to the door their relatives in possession denied them admission. They had been absent for nearly a quarter of a century, Marco was now a man of forty, his father and his uncle were old, and many who had known them were dead. At a feast which the Polos quickly gave to their old friends, they produced some worn garments and in the presence of the company cut from the quilted linings great riches of diamonds, sapphires, and other jewels. Soon all Venice was gossiping about their romantic adventures.

Concerning these adventures Marco Polo wrote a book and he wrote it in strange circumstances. Genoa and Venice were rival maritime states and when they went to war in 1298, we find Marco Polo in a naval battle, in the new rôle of naval officer, commanding apparently an armed Venetian galley. The Venetians met with a crushing defeat

and he was one of seven thousand prisoners carried off to Genoa. Marco was not reticent in speech and had babbled so much about the vast riches of the east that he had been nick-named "Marco of the Millions." Now, when a prisoner of war, his talk of these things appeared to be worthy of record and he was urged to dictate his story to a secretary. He himself describes how carefully, when in China, he had enquired into every circumstance and he had brought back to Europe elaborate notes. Now these were sent to him from Venice and the result was the book which all the world knows as *The Travels of Marco Polo, the Venetian.* What amazes us to-day is its wealth and accuracy of detail.

Europe now had, for the first time, an authentic account of a sea washing the eastern coasts of Asia, and of the vastness and wealth of Cathay. Marco Polo describes the great revenues of China; its countless cities, with mansions rich in paintings and sculptures; its harbours, in one of which were fifteen thousand decked sailing vessels. He told of islands bordering on Asia, such as Japan, Java, and Ceylon, and of India, about which he had made acute enquiries. The book had the gravity and the detail of a guide to Asia and was too solidly informing to become quickly known for the masses preferred to hear of the wonders described by Mandeville. But Marco Polo's tale influenced the maps of the period, which outlined in the far east a great ocean with islands bordering its shores; he described the people of these islands, some of them savages such as are still the Andaman islanders, and others who ate human flesh, deeming it more delicate than any other. From his book we get the impression of magnificence, of riches, and also of barbarism in the east, and in nearly all the reports there is sobriety of statement. Even when Marco tells of wild men with long tails dwelling in the mountains, remote from towns, he is only describing the apes which most nearly

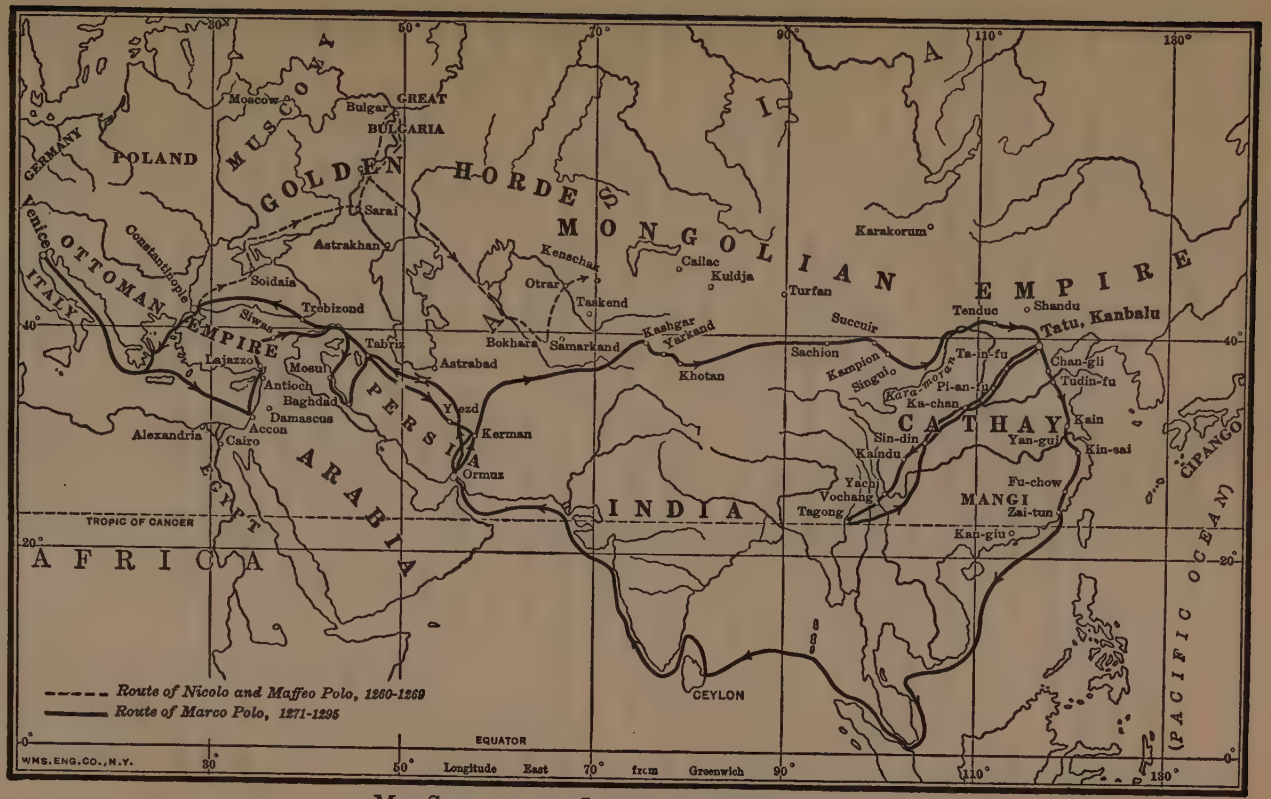
resemble men; but he is the victim of credulity when he tells the story, better suited to the adventure of Sinbad the Sailor, in *The Arabian Nights,* of a valley inaccessible to men where the diamonds lay thick on the ground. Since eagles on the surrounding cliffs were watching for food, men threw pieces of fresh meat far down among the diamonds, and when these adhered to the meat the watchers secured the precious stones by attacking the birds. Such tales appealed to the credulity of the time and had a large place in stirring the spirit of adventure in the time of Columbus.

Though the taste for marvels endured long after the time of Marco Polo, gradually it became chastened. Traders and pilgrims found their way to the east. A certain Friar Jordanus made more than one journey to India, and his book, dating from about 1330, is entitled simply *Mirabilia Descripta* (Wonders Described). The age demanded a tale of wonders and he tells of an island with water that turned to gold every metal plunged into it, and of a tree whose crushed leaves healed every wound. There were dragons carrying in their foreheads precious carbuncles which, when secured, must be carried to the court of Prester John; there were cats with wings and men with the heads of dogs; and so on. None the less, was the friar a good and even accurate observer. Behind the account of wonders there is often the alert mind picturing in awkward phrases creatures for which the west had, as yet, no names. The cats with wings, were flying squirrels, and the men with dogs' faces were probably the hairy Andaman islanders. Jordanus described a marvelous beast with a vast tail, a coat of mail which no sword could penetrate, eyes like a pig's, and rows of powerful teeth. This great creature, moving both on land and in the water, wonderful as the dragon of the fable, is only the familiar crocodile.

The barriers to intercourse with the east by land grew stronger when the Turks crossed from Asia to Europe

hoping to secure Constantinople, the great city which, during more than ten centuries, had been a world centre of commerce and of culture. With Constantinople the maritime cities of Italy, and chiefly Venice and Genoa, had long carried on a great trade and their sailors had been the most skilful and enterprising on both the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, but now the Turks ended this supremacy. What happened on May 29, 1453, has profoundly influenced later history. By land and by sea the Turks had closed in on Constantinople, and that day they took it by storm. Constantine, the last of the Christian emperors, was slain defending his walls, and the Moslem victor, Mohammed II, rode past the dead body lying amid heaps of other corpses, and went straight to the church of St. Sophia. On the spot where, the night before, Constantine had prayed for victory and had received the Christian sacrament, Mohammed knelt in prayer to the God of Islam, and from that day St. Sophia has seen no Christian worship. The Turks pressed farther west and reached the Adriatic. In 1480, bent on making Rome itself a Moslem city, they crossed the Adriatic to Italy, took by storm Otranto, killed or enslaved the inhabitants, and so ruined the city that it has never regained its former importance. Though the Turks failed and were forced back from Italy, they remained aggressive, not less on sea than on land, and the maritime energies of the Italian states were fully occupied in resisting attacks. In the end the Turks mastered all the islands of the eastern Mediterranean and cut off the trade of Europe with nearer Asia.

This blocking of the shores of the Mediterranean can have had but little effect upon trade with the far east for, so long as it was overland, it could be only in the lighter articles of commerce, and could thus never greatly expand. If the western nations wished to tap the wealth of India and China, they must find a route by sea, and it was Portugal which led in this task by seeing a sea-route round



MAP SHOWING THE JOURNEYS OF THE POLOS

Africa. Prince Henry, known as the Navigator, son of King John of Portugal, began about 1415 to lead in this work. Cape St. Vincent, jutting out into the Atlantic in the far south-west of Portugal, is so admirably placed for studying the secrets and the humours of the ocean, that near here, in the town of Sagres, Henry spent most of a life devoted to exploration. He reared great buildings, a palace, a church and an observatory, and gave much labour to charts and maps. While he was a student, he was also a man of action who had great resources at his command. The ships of Portugal became the best in the world and every year their spreading sails were seen farther southward and westward, carrying the sway of Portugal into new regions. They reached islands in the Atlantic, known perhaps in earlier time, but well-nigh forgotten; Madeira, three hundred miles from the coast of North Africa, and the Cape Verde islands. Farther out in the Atlantic, nearly a thousand miles from Europe and well on the way to America, lay the Azores, and these the Portuguese now re-discovered and colonised. They ventured into savage West Africa. Though its coast was dangerous for ships and its Moslem conquerors and its savage natives menaced death or slavery to intruders, Prince Henry began there the raids in which negroes were seized and carried to Europe to be sold as slaves.

The great aim was, however, to reach Asia by sea. After the death of Henry in 1460 it was said by so acute an observer as Columbus that Portugal was giving half her people to these efforts and she won at last the triumph of reaching India. In 1486 Bartholomew Diaz, a Portuguese, rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and is believed to have erected at Table Mountain a pillar commemorating a voyage which revealed the way to the far east. In May, 1498, when another Portuguese, Vasco da Gama, pushed on to India, the event was of world-wide moment. From the first days of contact the west claimed the right to rule the east,

for it believed that only a Christian ruler had any title to sovereignty and the east was not Christian. The Pope claimed to be the Vicar of Christ, the lord of all the kingdoms of the earth, and had promised to Portugal sovereignty over the pagan lands which she might discover. Thus it happened that, though Vasco da Gama had reached countries with an ancient civilization and settled governments, he claimed them for Portugal. His career was well fitted to startle the world. With merciless cruelty he exploited the wealth of the east, acquired an enormous fortune, and proclaimed himself viceroy of India. By her effort Portugal had made the great achievement of finding a sea-route to the east and soon she created an eastern Empire and proved the reality of the peopled cities and the vast riches described by Marco Polo.

We are here concerned with the building of empires not in the east but in the west. If, as the age believed, the world consisted of three continents linked together in one great mass of land surrounded by water on a round globe, the farthest shore could be reached by going in either direction, east or west. To follow the shore line of the mass to its remote eastern border was the more obvious line of European effort, and this Portugal had done with the success of a great discovery. It required a more vivid imagination and a more venturesome courage to follow the other method, to abandon the leading offered by a coast line and challenge the perils of an uncharted ocean by sailing out into the west during many long days. In the end it was this heroic venture which had the momentous consequence of the discovery of a new continent.

CHAPTER II

THE NORSE AND THE SPANISH PIONEERS IN AMERICA

When we speak of the discovery of America we mean the making known of that continent to Europe. If, in an earlier age, by some chance, a native of America had reached Europe and had been able to announce the event to some of the tribes of red men in America, this would have been to them the discovery of Europe. But Europe would still have had its long and complex past and would perhaps have been amused at the thought that a few tribesmen from America should discover it as a world hitherto unknown; as well might a Goth speak of discovering Rome. America had its long history. In its vast stretches, from the Arctic to the Antarctic, generations of men had gone, like man in Europe, through periods of advance and decay. They had reared imposing buildings, they had their own rigorous system of law and custom and their own varieties of culture, from brutal savagery to something that at least looked like civilization. But Europe knew nothing of America and America knew nothing of Europe. When contact began they discovered each other and it inaugurated what we may well believe to be the most momentous epoch in human history, the spread of European man and his culture from the contracted area of his continent to two new and greater continents, and his mastery in those vast regions.

Long before the time of Columbus Europeans had reached America by a route in the north much shorter than

that from Spain. They had created, however, no enduring influence across the sea. The story is told in what we know as the sagas of Norway and Iceland, which constitute the history of those lands in the Middle Ages. A saga is not a poem; it is a chronicle of events told by word of mouth, and, in the end, committed to writing. Upon sagas is based most of what we know of the Norse peoples in early times, and we have in Norse sagas a tale of America five centuries before Columbus.

About the year 860 when a new king in Norway, Harold Fairhair, checked the power of the nobles, or jarls, many of them, rather than submit, sailed away to other lands. Some went to England and made trouble for its great king Alfred; some seized the part of France at the mouth of the Seine and it became Normandy; others sailed through the Straits of Gibraltar and in the end conquered Sicily; still others went eastward as far as Constantinople. It was perhaps the most adventurous who went westward, braved the storms of the North Atlantic and reached the rugged shores of Iceland.

Through long ages this great island had been barely known to Europe. A few Irish monks had indeed reached Iceland in the sixth or seventh century, and now Northmen, seeking new homes, re-discovered this region of mountains, of glaciers and volcanoes, of turbulent streams and barren upland plains. Along the coast was pasturage, the fisheries were valuable, and to the homeless wanderers from Norway the land seemed goodly enough. In time there were fifty thousand people in Iceland which grew into something like a model republic. In time, too, hardy spirits were sure to push farther westward and to reach Greenland, only three hundred miles away, and a part of America. Eric the Red, born about 960, had killed a man in a brawl. To escape the consequences he sailed away from his home in Iceland, in reckless viking style, to learn whether the rumour of

land farther west was true. This land he found, with its deep fiords, its snow-capped mountains, and its few patches of green by the seashore, which gave him the excuse for calling it by the attractive name of Greenland. Within a few years there was a Norse colony in Greenland and on the Igaliko Fiord was built Brattahild, a village of grey stone. The viking ships were sometimes eighty feet long and, though undecked and open to all weathers, they were fit to ride out almost any storm. In them the colonists carried to Greenland horses and cattle. One Biarni, son of a companion of Eric the Red, sailing in about the year 986 from Iceland to spend Yuletide with his father in Greenland, lost his bearings in a storm, and at last saw ahead, not the cliffs and glaciers of which he had heard, but a low, forest-clad coast. He turned northward and caught from time to time further glimpses of this land on his left. His crew begged him to go ashore, but he was eager to reach his goal in Greenland and soon he joined his father and was telling his strange experience. He had, it seems, looked upon the shores of some part of Labrador, and is the first European known to us to see America.

There the matter could not rest. Eric the Red was growing old and stiff but he had sons, among them Leif, a man born to lead. Eric remained a pagan but, as the result of a visit to Norway and the urging of king Olaf, Leif had become a Christian, and had returned to Greenland, full of zeal for his new faith. His energy found a further vent. He would learn more about those dim shores in the west. Old Eric would go too, but as he rode down to the shore to embark he fell from his horse and was so injured that he turned back. The time was about the year 1000. Leif found land, first desolate rocks and stones, then stretches of sand, then trees, so striking compared with the stunted growth in Greenland that he called the region Mark Land, the land of forest. He stayed for a winter at a spot where there was

grass for the cattle carried in his comfortless ship. The tale goes on, some of it on what may be a solid basis of truth, some of it mere legend. In the end, Leif Ericsson sailed back to Greeland, his ship laden with much coveted timber for ships. He never returned to America, but other expeditions followed. The visitors found what Columbus found long afterwards, that man was already in possession, that to him iron implements were unknown, that the cattle of Europe seemed strange and at first alarming, and that the culture was primitive. We hear much from the Northmen of great forests, with rich supplies of timber for shipbuilding; of countless sea-birds; of Arctic foxes and other fur-bearing animals; of great whales and of fish in the sea and in the brooks. They even reported finding such quantities of wild grapes that the region was called "Wineland the Good"; grapes seem a fantastic product of the north, but the first French explorers of the St. Lawrence make a similar report. The Northmen may not have gone beyond Labrador, or they may have passed by Newfoundland to the latitude of Boston or New York. We do not know. It is vain to try to identify spots which they reached, or to determine the exact measure of the truth of the story. Some of the scenes are certainly in the far north.

Others of Leif's family went to Wineland. During one summer, as Thorwald, his brother, was sailing from there homeward, he came to a wooded headland, and drew in so near the shore as to reach it by a gangway. He and his men landed and were delighted with the beauty of the place. "It is a fair region," said Thorwald, "and here I should like to make my home." On a sandy beach, beyond the headland, they saw three strange looking mounds near the water. When they drew near they were surprised to find that the mounds were skin canoes with three men sleeping under each canoe. In the fight which followed, eight savages were promptly killed and one escaped with his canoe. The

Northmen had, it seems, landed near an Eskimo village. The man who escaped raised the alarm and later, when the visitors lay asleep on the shore, a great number of savages came in canoes to attack them. When the Northmen fled to their ship, the "skraellings", as they called their assailants, the word meaning probably "inferior people," sent after them a cloud of arrows, but they could do little against the big ship, and soon fled. One deadly blow, however, they had struck. Thorwald received a mortal wound from an arrow and he died like a brave man. Now, he said, he could see what the wish to make his home on this strange spot had meant; he should be buried there, and at his head and feet should be planted a cross, a symbol of that faith which his brother Leif had brought to Greenland. On the headland, at the base of which tossed the stormy northern sea, they laid his body in the earth, the first Christian burial in America of which we have any record.

During another summer, about the year 1020, a Northman of rank, Thorfinn Karlsefni, and a company, sailing southward, reached a place where a river flowed into the sea and a little bay had been formed by the river's mouth. The spot seemed delightful. They turned loose their cattle, and basked in the bright sunlight of an American summer, and enjoyed themselves. One morning a great number of skin canoes came into view. The men in them seemed to be brandishing their arms in the air, probably the motion of paddling, seen now by Europeans almost for the first time. The canoes were filled with savages, ill-looking, swarthy men, with great eyes and broad cheeks. These visitors paused as they drew near; each side gazed at the other apparently without a word; and then suddenly the savages turned away and disappeared southward. For a long time nothing more was heard of them. After the Northmen had spent the winter in this goodly place, one day in the spring they were startled when again a great number of canoes

appeared round the cape on the south. The visitors landed and the Northmen began to trade with them. The savages showed a barbaric taste for bright colours, and were eager to buy red cloth, sold to them in strips which they bound round their heads. As the demand increased, the width of the strips lessened, until the untutored visitors were giving valuable furs for little bands of not more than a finger's breadth. There followed a startling climax. When trading was at its height, the bull which was free in the forest came running out bellowing loudly. Never before had the savages seen such a creature and they ran in terror to their canoes, and put off to the south. Three weeks later they came back, a great yelling horde. In the fight which followed, men were killed on both sides and soon, unnerved by fear of further attack, the Northmen went back to Greenland.

The tale of Norse settlement in America ends in a grim tragedy. Freydis, sister of Leif Ericsson, and a member of Karlsefni's company, had derided in Greenland the panic fear caused by the savages and she organized a party to return to Wineland. There were two ships and two crews. The larger and better ship was owned by two brothers, Helgi and Finnbogi; in the other and smaller ship Freydis was supreme. Each ship was to have thirty fighting men, besides women, but Freydis managed to conceal five extra men in her ship and thus to make her crew the stronger. Leif gave her permission to occupy the huts still standing in his former camp, and Freydis forced the other crew to make a new camp of their own near by. In the early days of winter the rival crews competed in friendly games, but relations soon became strained and intercourse was broken off. As spring drew near, the murderous Freydis made up her mind to deprive the two brothers of their better ship. One morning, she rose early and dressed herself, leaving off only her shoes and stockings. The snow had gone, and

as she stepped out she felt the heavy dew on her bare feet. She stole to the door of the hut in which the brothers lived with their company. A man had been out shortly before and had left the door slightly ajar. One brother, Finnbogi, was awake and, as Freydis stood silent in the doorway, he called to demand what she wanted. When he came out to talk with her, the two sat down on the trunk of a tree which lay by the wall of the house. Freydis asked him how he liked the country. It was well enough, he said, but he regretted the quarrelling. To this Freydis agreed, and added that she wished to leave the place and for this purpose to buy his ship. When he agreed upon terms, but with obvious reluctance, a resolve upon murder mastered her.

She went back, crept into bed and awakened her husband, Thorwald, by the touch of her cold feet. He asked why she was so cold and wet, and she complained that she had been to the brothers to offer to buy their ship, and that they had struck and mauled her; were he anything but a poor wretch he would avenge her and his own shame. The taunts stirred him to action. He awoke his men quietly, led them to the other hut, seized the brothers in their sleep and took them out one by one and killed them, so that only the women remained. When the men drew back from killing them, Freydis would show no mercy. "Hand me an axe," she cried, and she slew the five women. After this, the survivors loaded the two ships and returned to Greenland. A century before Columbus, Greenland itself was abandoned by the Northmen, apparently because its trade was no longer profitable, and when the Englishman, John Davis, visited it in 1575, he found there only Eskimos, who preserved a vague tradition of the old Norse settlement.

This story of the Northmen, half legend, perhaps half fact, had no influence upon later efforts in the west in which five hundred years later Spain became the leader. She and

Portugal were rivals and had had bitter disputes and even war over the ownership of Madeira and the Canary Islands. Spain had been weak because, in the long struggle with the Moors from North Africa, the parts of the peninsula unconquered by them had been divided into many rival states, and only when two of these states, Aragon and Castile, became dominant, did their union bring a new era. This union was effected by the marriage in 1468 of a youth of seventeen, Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Aragon, to a girl of eighteen, Isabella, heiress to Castile. Ferdinand, an unscrupulous politician, gave Spain shrewd statecraft, while Isabella, a pure and devout woman, raised the tone of a debased court. Before their united strength the Moslem power in Spain was doomed. They attacked it with the crusading zeal which was to earn for the rulers of Spain the title of Most Catholic. In 1491, the Spanish closed in upon the last Moorish stronghold, Granada, in its lovely setting of mountains and with its exquisite monument of Arab taste, the Alhambra. Recently Islam had conquered in the near east the Christian capital, Constantinople, and from there it was pressing on to menace the nations farther west. But in the west it received a check, when on January 2, 1492, Granada surrendered and Moslem rule ended in Spain.

Thus was Spain freed to take a leading place in Europe. Ambitious marriages gave firmness to the dynasty. In time Catharine of Aragon, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, sat on the throne of England, as the wife of Henry VIII. Another daughter, Joanna, married the heir to the house of Hapsburg, and her son, the emperor Charles V, became the architect of the fortunes of the imperial Austrian house which played a momentous part in Europe until it was swept away on the flood of disaster to Austria in the autumn of 1918. But not Europe alone was to feel for many ages

the effect of the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella. Just when Portugal was creating an empire in the East, Spain led in discovery in the west and founded in America colonies which remained under her control for three hundred years.

It was not a Spaniard but an Italian who led Spain into this great adventure. Though checked by Islam in the Mediterranean, the Italians still supplied sailors to other nations. Portugal, indeed, trained her own seamen, but England, France, and Spain all made their first efforts in discovery under Italian leaders. Christopher Columbus, whose work led to Spain's becoming a great colonial power, was a Genoese, born about 1450, and of humble origin. Since he went to sea at the early age of fourteen, he can have had little formal education, but he acquired the tastes of a scholar and the dignified bearing of a man of rank. He voyaged eastward in the Mediterranean and northward and southward in the Atlantic. His sensitive mind brooded over the mysteries of the sea, and he came to believe that an unknown land lay far out in the Atlantic. Inevitably he was drawn into the circle of Portugal's activities. From about 1475 to 1484, he lived chiefly at Lisbon. Traditions about him are vague, and often contradictory. The wife he married in Portugal is said to have been the daughter of Perestrello, a navigator whom Prince Henry had made commander of the Island of Porto Rico, one of the Madeiras. There, for a time, Columbus lived, and he saw, heard and read much of the problems which, during so many years, Portugal had been trying to solve. He knew Marco Polo's book, and he himself joined expeditions sailing from Madeira to the coast of Africa. That field was, however, occupied and he turned to another. It is almost certain that he had heard of the Norse voyages, and he may have had in mind the discovery of new regions not less than the reaching of that far seacoast of Asia described by Marco

Polo. He knew that the earth is round, so that a route westward would lead to the east and certain incidents appealed to his practical intelligence. A pilot told him that, four hundred and fifty leagues west of Cape St. Vincent, he had found a strangely carved post which had drifted from the west. To the Azores also drifted from that direction woods unknown in Europe and, once at least, human corpses with features unlike those of Europeans. Columbus studied maps, he took counsel with men of expert knowledge and made elaborate calculations as to the distance to Asia which he believed to be much nearer than it really was. In the end, he prepared an outline of his views, with the reasons on which they were based. But he was poor and his hardest task was to secure the means to test their truth.

Men are reluctant to alter fixed opinions. To understand what Columbus urged required a free mind and serious mental labour. Moreover he laid down exacting conditions. To him the east was a land of fabulous wealth and he was resolved that, if successful, he should reap great riches. No one else, he was sure, could perform the feat and, since what he should do would prove, as he believed, a turning point in the history of the world, his part in directing so momentous an effort must have full recognition. He must be given the rank of a noble by the sovereign who should send him. He and his heirs must hold forever the office of Admiral in all the newly-discovered regions. Over them he must be made Viceroy, and he must have ten per cent. of all profits from the trade and the treasure to be exploited. This wealth he did not desire for selfish ends; it would be used for a crusade to save Europe from the Turk. Gold, he said, gave power and could be used not merely for present need but for the rescue of souls from Purgatory to the joys of Paradise. While living in Portugal, Columbus applied for support to King John II. That

monarch's advisers ridiculed the plan, but Portugal was playing a great part in the work of discovery and so, in order not to risk the loss of any advantage, the king took from Columbus a statement of his theory and, while he waited, sent a Portuguese ship out into the west from the Cape Verde Islands to find, if possible, the new lands. The commander had no conviction that he could find anything and a storm was enough to cause him to turn back and make an adverse report. Columbus, naturally angry at what seemed treachery, departed from Portugal.

In the end, after appeals to both England and France had failed, Spain gave the needed aid. Columbus still had trying experiences from poverty and disappointment, but he did not change his high claims. It was just at this time that Portugal made her first great success by rounding the Cape of Good Hope, and interest in the problems of discovery spread from exultant Portugal to Spain. At first, Ferdinand was hesitant and cautious, but the imagination of the devout Isabella was fired by the prospect of securing great wealth, not only for her own needs, but also to check the advance of Islam. As soon, she declared, as Granada, the last stronghold of that faith in Spain, should fall, she would aid Columbus, and he was acute enough to have a signed contract to ensure his promised rewards. When, in January, 1492, Granada fell, the Spanish flag was raised on the towers of the Alhambra and the Moorish king passed out through the gates of the city to make his submission to Ferdinand and Isabella, Columbus was among the onlookers. Before the end of the month he was pressing his claim for aid to sail westward to the land of the Grand Khan, who, it was believed, still desired, as in the days of Marco Polo, to have the Christian faith taught to his people. Since the long war with the Moors had made Castile poor, she could provide only three small ships and, in May, Columbus was at the little seaport of Palos watching their

equipment. The largest, the *Santa Maria,* was a clumsy sailer of a hundred tons and each of the other two was about half her size. Some ninety men made up the entire crews.

Before setting out, Columbus provided for every likely emergency. Marco Polo had told rather vaguely of little-known islands lying off the coast of Asia, and these Columbus expected to find. But he intended to advance past them to the rich empire of the east, and he took letters from Ferdinand and Isabella to their fellow monarch, the Grand Khan, and to other eastern rulers unknown by name. To meet the difficulty of understanding the languages of the east, Columbus took an interpreter who knew not only Latin and Greek but also Arabic and Armenian, tongues which perchance might be understood at eastern courts. He had also an expert who could tell gold from baser metals; an historian to record the adventure; a physician to care for the body; but, it seems, no priest to comfort the living, or to bury the dead.

The little squadron sailed on August 3, 1492. The crews formed a motley company and included, it seems, an Englishman and an Irishman, destined never again to see their native shores. The leader felt that everything depended on his own alertness and his faith. "I shall forget sleep," he had said, in order to show what would be his vigilance. He had a deep faith in God. Long afterwards, on a later voyage, when stricken with fever, he was heard to reproach himself in prayer: "Why dost thou falter in thy trust in God? He gave thee India." From his journal we know the daily happenings; the gaiety of the cheerful days, when the sun was shining and the sea was so kind that the seamen ventured to bathe in the gleaming waters; the fears and murmurs of the timid among the crew as the distance from Spain lengthened; and the reassuring promise by the Admiral of wealth and ease to those who should persevere.

He was seeking a short route and had calculated that Japan was only four thousand miles from Europe, a fortunate error, for the real distance would have caused his men to despair. As it was, he kept not only an accurate log, but another, to be shown to the sailors, and falsified so as to lessen the seeming distance from Spain. After many days came increasing signs that land was near;—birds which do not go far out to sea, tufts of green grass, floating poles, a board, a branch with many berries. The sovereigns had

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS

promised a reward to the person who should first see land. This made every one expectant, and sometimes the cry of land was raised when none was visible.

The hour of success arrived. At ten o'clock on the evening of October 11, more than one pair of eyes detected far ahead a moving light, possibly a torch, carried by a man running, or by a boat in motion. Columbus himself claimed, and later secured, the reward as the first to see the light. Four hours later, at two in the morning, a mass of land ahead was visible. The ships hove to, and when the

day dawned the long suspense had ended. Visibly before them lay a strange shore where naked, interested human beings watched the ships. There were green trees, running water, and varied fruits. Columbus never lost the consciousness that he was leading in great events, and now he prepared for a dramatic climax. Some hours later, wearing a crimson robe over his coat of mail, he made a ceremonious landing. He unfurled the royal banner, knelt on the beach to give thanks to God for His protection, and took possession of the country in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella, solemnly calling upon all present to bear witness that he did so. There was no thought of any rights belonging to the Grand Khan or any other ruler. He had reached an island (probably Watling Island) of the Bahamas in the West Indies, but he thought he was off the coast of Asia. In any case he was resolved to go on to deliver to the Grand Khan the letter from his sovereigns.

Thus began that contact with Europe which was to involve the ruin of America's native culture and the supremacy in its two continents of European man. When we read of what Columbus saw, as he passed on to Cuba, Haiti and other islands, we feel with him the excitement of entering the unknown. Hardly a member of his company doubted that now vast wealth was within reach. The islands were thickly peopled. Marco Polo had spoken of unclothed savages on the islands off the coast of Asia, and Columbus was not surprised at finding people "as naked as when their mothers bare them" and so primitive in taste that they showed joy, which was "a marvel to see," at presents of glass beads, red caps, and small, tinkling bells. One chieftain donned a gift of a shirt and a pair of gloves and, thus arrayed, led Columbus about his village, followed by a train of a thousand admiring natives, entirely naked. Nature dazzled the willing eyes of Columbus. It is easy to give alluring tints to what is only half known, and the Admiral

sailed from island to island with increasing wonder. Wherever he landed he raised or left a cross, a symbol of the resolve to make these lands Christian. They were beautiful, and when he saw lofty mountains and capacious seaports he declared that they surpassed anything hitherto known. "I can never tire my eyes," he said, "in looking at vegetation so beautiful and so different from ours"; and he wished that his fate might be always to remain in that lovely scene where sickness seemed impossible, for not a man in the company had even a headache.

There were strange fruits, palms, groves of pine and of other trees of such a height that they seemed to reach the skies. The varieties were many. "I feel myself," Columbus said, "the most unhappy man in the world not to know them, for I am certain that all are valuable." Though it was November, what he took to be nightingales, and a thousand other varieties of birds, filled the air with song. Columbus looked eagerly for signs of riches. He saw people wearing bracelets of pearls. The natives spoke an unknown tongue, but he took their signs, in answer to eager questions, to mean that they knew of many mines and rivers, all bearing so much gold that, as he declared, he should strain credulity in telling of it. A thousand tongues, he said, would be needed to describe "the scene of enchantment."

Man alone was disappointing. Columbus found no great cities and no royal court where he might present his credentials from his sovereigns. The many villages proved mean and sordid. They were full of naked men and women, who seemed "incurably timid." Ten thousand, he thought, would run away from ten Spaniards, but he was to learn that the natives engaged in bloody wars, and that some of them were brutal cannibals, who declared that no other food was so good as human flesh, and sometimes ate their own offspring. Later he found human flesh boiling in their pots, and human quarters being smoked like hams, as food.

The Spaniards called the people Caribs, from which is derived our word cannibal. Columbus saw, at first, no trace of religious worship, except that these simple people received him and his men as gods from another world, kept stroking their bodies to make sure that they were not mere spirits, and expressed the desire to go away with them to the Heaven from which they came. In the end, Columbus learned that the natives had religious rites which included human sacrifices. One peculiar practice he noted. Men went about with what looked like a wand in their mouths. The one end was alight and from the other they puffed smoke. It was Europe's first sight of the smoking of tobacco.

To the mind of Europe riches were suggested by the name of India, and Columbus had decided beforehand to give this name to whatever land he should find. Thus, from the first, he called the natives Indians. In truth, however, there was little to suggest the cultivated Orient. He reached the great island of Hispaniola (Haiti), which seemed to have many people. But they did not know the use of iron, they had no edged weapons, no steel knives, nor axes, nor swords, nor even iron spades with which to dig. They had dogs which could not bark, but they were without other domestic animals, such as the horse, the ox and the donkey, so useful in Europe. Their fighting equipment consisted of bows and arrows, the stone hatchet, and the wooden shield, weak against the fire-arms, the steel battle axe and the cuirass of the Europeans. As Columbus passed from island to island, he established cordial relations with one barbarian ruler whom he calls a king. A large town in Haiti, lying, as he thought, near the mainland of China, seemed well situated to carry on a great trade. Since Columbus wished to hurry to Spain to report his great achievement, he could not, for the moment, press his venture farther. He was eager to come back, and he deter-

mined to build near this place a fort and to leave in it about half his company with provisions for a year. Their superior weapons seemed to make them secure from attack; if provoked, they could, he thought, destroy the whole country. Before sailing Columbus seized ten natives to carry back to Spain. He desired them as trophies of discovery, but he believed also that they would make good slaves. On Christmas Day, 1492, his one big ship was wrecked, and then he had only his two caravels. But in March, 1493, he reached Spain and, with proud confidence, reported that he had surpassed anything ever done before by man. News of his achievements spread quickly. Ferdinand and Isabella received him with the ceremony due to a hero and he displayed to them his trophies, a large quantity of gold, plants, birds and beasts, and, most authentic of all, bronzed natives. Columbus urged that the new land should be reserved for Spaniards and Catholics. There, he hoped, no alien and no unbeliever should ever set foot.

From the beginning, the seizing of the natives to carry them off as slaves and the policy of religious intolerance marred the outlook, and the fate of the first effort at settlement is typical of the long conflict between Europe and native America. After no great delay Columbus sailed again to the west. The second voyage was on a grand scale; he had seventeen ships, fifteen hundred men (but no women), and a great equipment of domestic animals unknown in America and of implements for the work of colonization. The natives were astounded at the sight of the horse, the largest animal which they had ever seen. When, later in 1493, he reached Haiti, his first thought was for his fort. As the ships approached the spot, they fired two guns in hope of an answering signal. But there was only silence, and when the Spaniards landed they found a scene of desolation. The fort had been destroyed and on the surrounding turf lay scattered some of the bedraggled

clothing of the occupants. The natives, formerly so eager to meet the newcomers, now fled. Intercourse was thus difficult, but, in the end, the whole story was told. The Spanish garrison had begun to abuse the native women, to quarrel among themselves, and to kill each other. Some died of disease and finally the fort was raided by two alien "kings" or chiefs from, it was claimed, another island, and these killed every surviving Spaniard. Columbus dug on the site of the fort for hidden treasure, since he had told the garrison to bury any gold which they might acquire, and he searched the neighbouring villages. The natives fled as he approached, but in hovels, unfit for human habitation, he found articles which had belonged to his men. Thus it was that the fairy scene of 1492 changed so quickly to realities coarse and shocking. Haiti was like most of the new found islands and to their degraded natives contact with Europe proved disastrous. The Spaniards enslaved them, sold some in Europe, and forced others into the killing labour, hitherto unknown on the islands, of mining for gold. It was found in America in a pure state and Columbus secured the accumulations of hundreds of years.

While the discovery by Columbus involved revolution in the life of America it was destined also greatly to influence Europe. Among the commodities used in our time in all continents, but unknown to mediaeval Europe, are tobacco, Indian corn, and the potato. All three are native products of America and they have had a marked influence upon the commerce of the world. At a later time, when three-fourths of mankind wore clothes of cotton, the cotton found in America was destined to be the source of great wealth. The effect of the gold and silver of America was also great. Since the days of Columbus new supplies have been found in America and Australia and South Africa, but it is probable that between ancient times and the discovery of America the quantity of the precious metals in Europe had remained

almost stationary. Since they were rarer then than now the desire for them was the more intense and to secure them was the dominant aim of Spanish and Portugese alike. Portugal acquired gold in Asia and, before many years had passed, Spain found rich stores in Mexico and Peru in America. It thus happened that, during more than a century, Spain and Portugal, to the envy of their neighbours, continued to amass stores of the precious metals. Later it was lust for gold which caused the English sea-dogs to attack the treasure-ships of Spain and thus to develop English sea-power. A Europe which had fed on the tales of Mandeville was dazzled by the discovery in other regions of what it thought to be great treasure-houses of gold.

From the first, the contact of Europe and America had tragic aspects. The age was cruel and ruthless. In England the ursurper Richard III murdered the young king Edward V, his brother's son, ordered his own enemies to execution with no semblance of trial, and was himself, when slain in battle, trussed on a horse's back and carried naked, with a halter round the neck, along the road to Leicester. When Granada fell, not only Moslems but Jews were expelled from Spain with barbarities which the modern mind may well refuse to imagine. Because of the long struggle with the alien conqueror, the Spanish had become so relentless that from the first it seemed natural to enslave the natives in the new world. In June, 1495, five ships were returning to Spain with a dreadful cargo. No longer was the negro from Africa to be the chief merchandise of the slave markets of Spain and Portugal. In the holds of these ships were packed hundreds of sweating, tortured natives of the West Indian Islands, carried to Europe to be sold and, as Columbus, with no hypocrisy, hoped, to become Christians. This tribute of America to Spain, paid in slaves, meant that millions who inhabited the islands were doomed. Within about forty years most of the natives

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of Haiti had disappeared. Their labour was replaced by that of negro slaves from Africa who proved hardy enough to survive the climate and the enforced labour. To-day Haiti is a republic of negroes and is nearly as barbarous as it was in the days before the Spanish occupation.

On returning to Europe in 1493 Columbus was still eager to go on with discovery, until he should see with his own eyes the impressive magnificence of the Grand Khan. But Portgual was hoping to reach this same east by another route and since the bull issued by Pope Nicholas to Prince Henry the Navigator gave her the exclusive right to explore and to rule lands which she might find on the route to India, she now protested that Spain was intruding in her field. Both powers appealed to Pope Alexander VI, a Spaniard, and in the end an agreement, reached in 1494 and known as the Treaty of Tordesillas, provided that an imaginary line should be drawn north and south three hundred and seventy leagues west of the Cape Verde Islands. Portugal was to have what lay east of it, Spain what lay west, and all other nations were to be excluded. In time it was found that, when extended southward, the line cut through the South American continent, with the result that Brazil, lying to the east, went to Portugal. From this it has happened that, unlike the rest of the continent, the most populous state in South America is in language and in culture not Spanish but Portuguese.

The delusion that Columbus had sailed to Asiatic islands was dispelled only slowly. On the third of his four voyages, he reached the mainland of South America, at a point where the turbid flood of the Orinoco River reached the sea. He noted that its waters were fresh, but he did not realize that they flowed out of a vast unknown continent. Others pressed southward past the headlands which Columbus took to be islands, and since one of these leaders, Amerigo Vespucci, claimed, probably without justification, to be the first to

prove that a new continent had been found, the world attached to it his name. As late as in 1506, the oldest map, prepared after 1493, which has been preserved, the Contarini Map, describes the lands reached by Columbus as lying in Asia south of Canton in China. The map-maker, ignorant of any suggestion of North America, shows the open sea stretching from Europe to the empire of the Grand Khan in Asia.

It was inevitable that Spanish adventurers seeking gold should flock to the lands reached by Columbus, inevitable too, perhaps, that envy and malice should raise up to Columbus enemies who called him a low-born Italian adventurer, and were able to have him sent to Spain in fetters from one of his four voyages to America, and to cause him to end his days in poverty and neglect. Soon after the Spanish had reached the mainland, one of their number, Balboa, founded a town at Darien on what was to prove to be a narrow isthmus. The natives told him of a sea beyond the barrier of mountains and, in 1513, with fewer than two hundred Spaniards, and with about a thousand natives, he set out to find this sea. After a stiff march lasting many days, he was led to the top of a mountain and there he saw in the west the far-spreading waters of what we know as the Pacific Ocean. Three or four days later, he reached the shore and took possession for Spain of the "Great South Sea" and of many hundreds of miles of the Pacific coast. After an absence of only a few months, Balboa returned to the Atlantic side with a vast booty. Though Ferdinand of Aragon gave him the title of Admiral, none the less did he send him to the block a few years later. To her own sons, not less than to the natives, Spain was merciless.

Her next success fulfilled the old dream of sailing from Europe across two oceans to Asia, a more difficult achievement than that of Columbus. Ferdinand Magellan was a Portuguese who had fallen into disfavour in his own coun-

try and migrated to Spain, with the resolve to sail to the far east across the ocean seen by Balboa. Since America was believed to extend illimitably southward, Magellan expected to find a strait through which he could sail. In September, 1518, he set out with five ships and about two hundred and eighty men, including, we are amused to learn, one Englishman. Only a few of the crew ever returned. Owing to the intrigues of Portugal, which resented Spain's activity, some of the crew were sullen and mutinous from the first. During the following winter, which Magellan spent at Port St. Julian, near the entrance to the passage, he faced a formidable mutiny and the evidence of his courage and resource in meeting it was the quartered bodies of two of his captains nailed up for all to see as a warning of the fate of traitors. To add to the dangers one ship was now wrecked. The strait which bears Magellan's name is guarded by islands so numerous as to be called the Eleven Thousand Virgins. In its great length of nearly four hundred miles, it is in places narrow and tortuous and bordered by desolate snow-capped mountains from which came freezing blasts. The cold, the bleak precipices, the fathomless waters inspired such fears that, but for Magellan's unbending purpose, the company would have turned back, and this was done by one ship under the pilot Gomez. The passage occupied about three weeks. It must have been an hour of intense emotion when at last the three remaining ships sailed out past a great headland with its crags and peaks shining perhaps in the light of the setting sun and saw before them a far-spreading ocean so smooth that Magellan gave it the name of the Pacific. Then, on still, for more than three months across that broad waste. Provisions failed, but Magellan said that he should go on even though he had to eat the leather straps in the rigging. The starving crew had, indeed, to eat leather. They even ate rats. Scurvy broke out and many died. But Magellan

reached the Philippines. There, in an obscure fight, he was killed, but when one ship under her captain, Elcano, went on, sailed round Africa and reached Spain, the adventure had proved that there was a route by water round the world. After this, Spain claimed as her preserve the Pacific to the shores of Asia.

In the year 1518, when Magellan began his great voyage, Hernando Cortes, still another adventurer, built on the coast of Mexico the little fort of Vera Cruz. Wherever they went, the Spanish, unlike the English and the French in the north, played the rôle of conquerors. Cortes had only about two hundred and fifty men, but to the weak natives his power was resistless. His ships seemed vast winged creatures from another world, his cannon were terrifying and his mounted horsemen were specially dreaded by people who now saw the horse for the first time. Cortes heard of vast wealth in the city of Mexico, far away in the mountains, and he determined to secure it or to perish. To make withdrawal impossible, he sank his ships at Vera Cruz and then began the long march. With his few Spaniards he took a following of six thousand natives. Everywhere he was received as a demi-god and as such he required the natives who joined him to accept the sovereignty of Spain and the Christian religion and to burn their idols. When he had climbed high up to Mexico, a city rising from the waters of a lake, he found treasure of gold and precious stones, gathered during hundreds of years, and his conduct was ruthless. He burned alive in the public square of the city a Mexican leader who had dared to attack him. He seized the monarch, Montezuma, and in the end put him to death. Mexico became Spanish territory and soon many a Spanish ship laden with rich spoil was heading homeward across the Atlantic. To his sovereign, Cortes dared to say that he had brought to Spain provinces more numerous than the cities inherited from the monarch's ancestors. Within a

score of years after the first voyage of Columbus, Spain had reaped great wealth in America and on both the Atlantic and the Pacific coast of South America she created the enduring sway of her language and her culture. Not only there but in every part of America she regarded England and France as lawless intruders, and though they were in reality the most virile powers in Europe, the menace of Spain made them, during a century, only spasmodic explorers of the mysteries of the New World.

CHAPTER III

THE ENGLISH CLAIM TO NORTH AMERICA

THE success of Columbus caused at first no excitement in Europe. England was not yet a great maritime power, and it was an Italian, with better knowledge than the English of the forces of the age, who led them into the adventure which, as they were to claim, gave them a title to North America. Giovanni Caboto, whom we know as John Cabot, was, like Columbus, born at Genoa, but he became later a citizen of Venice. His was an adventurous spirit and, before he offered his services to England for a voyage of discovery by sea, he had travelled far. He had gone to the Red Sea and had reached the Moslem holy city of Mecca, then a trading centre to which led some of the caravan routes from the far east. In its markets he saw spices and precious stones and was told that they were brought on camels' backs many hundreds of miles across Asia. This inspired in him the hope to see that rich east with his own eyes and to reach it by sea. He was poor. Venice, his adopted country, offered him no career and, in 1484, he went in a Venetian galley to England and settled in London. There he worked with system on the problem which Columbus was pondering at the same time. He made a solid globe of the shape of the earth and on it mapped the continents. The maps of the time indicated unknown islands out in the western sea beyond Ireland, and he thought that he might use these islands as halting places on the way to Asia, the land of gold and spices. Clearly others than Columbus were

planning to find unknown lands. Since Bristol carried on a large trade with Iceland and was well situated for an effort by way of the north to reach Asia, Cabot went to Bristol. Some merchants took up his plan and both in 1491 and in 1492, before anything was known in England of Columbus, ships went out from Bristol to search for unknown islands in the North Atlantic.

They found nothing but, soon after they returned, came the astonishing news that, as was believed, Columbus had sailed to India and this stirred interest at the English court. The king, Henry VII, the first Tudor, was so cautious, so prudent, so wise, that his subjects called him the Solomon of England. Not only had he overthrown the usurper Richard III; he had subdued the disorderly feudal nobility and there grew up the Tudor despotism, so complete that his successor, Henry VIII, was an absolute monarch who made the nobles his obedient servants and dared to defy the Pope himself and to turn into a new channel the current of English religious life. Henry VII was religious, the devoted son of the Church who reared the noble chapel which remains one of the chief ornaments of Westminster Abbey. He was a patron of letters and also, we are told, "a very expert and cunning" student of geography. But, above all, he was the friend of commerce, perhaps because it could minister to his royal vice of avarice. When interest in the work of Columbus had become acute, Henry visited Bristol and on March 5, 1496, he issued to John Cabot and his three sons letters patent authorizing them to sail, not to the south where they might encroach on the work of Spain, but to the west, to the north and to the east. In regions hitherto unknown to the Christian world, Cabot might raise the banner of England and declare them under her rule. In a warrant so sweeping Henry's caution did not desert him; no territory of a rival Christian monarch was to be touched. Nor did Henry take any financial risk. Cabot might,

indeed, bring into England free of duty any merchandise which he should acquire, but he was to get it at his own cost, and he must pay to the king one-fifth of all his profits.

These were hard terms and we need not wonder that it was a year before Cabot could set out. Meanwhile a rumour that a great plan was on foot reached Spain, and alarmed Ferdinand and Isabella. They wrote to their ambassador in England that the proposed expedition would injure Spain and Portugal in their rights, and that the king of England was really the dupe of the French who wished to divert his attention to cover designs of their own. Soon after this, in the summer of 1496, Columbus returned from his second voyage and the flow to Spain of stores of precious metals and merchandise had already begun. Columbus had had a great fleet, but Cabot, a poor foreigner with little influecne, could secure only one small ship, the *Mathew*. On May 2, 1497, with an English crew of eighteen men who, no doubt, after the manner of their countrymen, disliked being under a foreign leader, Cabot sailed away to the west. Three months later, on August 6, before summer had passed to autumn, the *Mathew* sailed back again into Bristol harbour.

What happened on that short voyage is important, for on it rested England's first claim to North America. The English ships which had set out in 1491 and 1492 had turned back without sighting land, but Cabot seems to have reached Cape Breton, Newfoundland, and possibly Labrador. So much had the Italian achieved with an alien crew in a region of mystery. For every emergency Columbus had had the company of two other ships, but Cabot, in his tiny vessel, faced possible disaster alone. He reported that he had certainly reached the territory of the Grand Kahn, of whose dazzling court all these early adventurers were dreaming, and he showed on his globe the precise spot which he had reached. Perhaps to his relief, he had seen no human being. With his small company he may well have feared that his

errand might anger subjects of the Grand Khan, since he intended to take possession of that pagan country in the name of the Christian king of England. Cabot had landed for needed wood and water, and at an unpeopled spot he had reared a huge cross and set up the royal standard of England as a symbol of possession. Side by side with it he planted the banner of Venice, his own state, as evidence that a Venetian had led in the expedition. That the land was inhabited he was certain, for he saw notched or felled trees, and he carried with him to England a snare spread for game, and a needle, no doubt of bone, for making mats. In places he had found fish so abundant that the sailors dipped them from the water in buckets. On account, probably, of his poverty, the ship was badly equipped, for he ran short of food and was obliged to hurry home.

In England the return of Cabot stirred high hopes like those of the Spanish on the return of Columbus. The contrast was, however, painful. Columbus had reached a land of green trees and sweet perfumes, enchanting in its promise, and he had found there both men and gold. If Cabot had reached shores which seemed attractive in their summer foliage, he had seen no people and no evidence of wealth. He had, however, discovered a new region, with the charm and the promise of the unknown, and the English were ready to believe that this brave effort opened an alluring prospect. The story ran that, by hugging this enticing shore, ships might in fifteen days reach Japan. Henry VII was so delighted that he opened his purse, paid rewards to a number of those who had gone with Cabot, made Cabot himself a present of ten pounds, and gave him a pension of twenty pounds a year. A pound then would buy as much as half a score of pounds now would buy but, even so, the king's generosity was not staggering. Still it enabled Cabot to enjoy himself at Bristol with his wife and children. He dressed in silk, he was now called "The Great

Admiral," and he took on the air of a prince. He had, he said, found a route to Japan itself, the treasure-house of the east. He made grants with a free hand. To one companion on his voyage, and even to his Genoese barber, he promised an island, and to some poor Italian monks he promised bishoprics. Rich London merchants were convinced that this new and easy route would make London a depot for eastern wares, surpassing even Alexandria, and rumours spread of a great expedition in the next year. Cabot was to have ten ships of war, and he would not lack English volunteers.

Italians in England observed with interest this success of their countryman. Raimondo di Soncino, the Envoy of Milan, reported to his prince that he had talked with Cabot who, though a Venetian of the lower class, had yet a fine mind. The Envoy added that, since Cabot was only a poor foreigner, the English naturally doubted his story, and were only reassured when his English crew confirmed it. He said that, since it cost nothing, he was ready himself to believe the tale; Cabot indeed had offered him a bishopric, but he preferred the better chance of rewards from the prince whom he addressed. He deserved something, he added, for he had to endure eating at English tables twice daily, to be served with ten or twelve courses, and to sit for three hours at a time. Another Italian, writing to brothers in Venice, notes that Cabot had carried the Venetian banner across the sea and in the newly found land had planted it side by side with that of England. "Our flag," he says proudly, "has been hoisted very far afield."

Such is the story of England's first effort to establish a dominion overseas. Cabot's first voyage was only a scouting venture. The times were troubled for Henry VII had to defend his throne against adherents of the rival Yorkist line. A few weeks after the return of Cabot, Perkin War-

beck, who claimed to be king as Richard IV, son of Edward IV, was able to lay siege to Exeter with a following of six thousand men. Though this impostor was defeated and in the end hanged, such attempts helped to make Henry VII cautious about new ventures. He aided Cabot, however, by giving him leave to take, wherever he might find them, six ships, fully equipped, and to enroll volunteers. The king did not unloose his purse strings; Cabot must pay for the ships. He slipped away to Portugal and Spain to find experienced sailors who had already been on exploring voyages. Yet there was some lack of confidence, for the merchants who backed him provided only two ships. With these and three hundred men he sailed early in the May of 1498. All this the Envoy of Spain watched with jealous suspicion. In several interviews he urged upon the king that Cabot's maps had been falsified and that he had really gone to lands already claimed by Spain. But Henry VII, says the Envoy, "would not have it." In truth, Cabot sailed to the north far away from the route of Columbus.

Assuredly such a route to the pleasant and fruitful lands of the Grand Khan would prove hard and it is with melancholy interest that we watch the slow steps in disillusion. Early in June, Cabot was sailing along the rugged shores of Greenland, which he thought to be Asia. When he turned still northward the intense cold and the danger from ice caused his men to mutiny. Then he coasted southward along the forbidding shore of Labrador, still, as he thought, Asia. In places the sea was alive with fish and the company saw bears plunge into the water to seize fish in their claws and then swim back to land to eat them. Cabot found natives, but, instead of silks and precious stones, they had only fish and furs for barter. During many days he went on southward as far, it may be, as to Virginia, but he found little to cheer him and at last headed homeward. The story becomes vague but apparently some time in the

autumn he reached Bristol. His failure was complete. He brought no spices nor gold and the merchants lost their money. We hear only of bleak headlands and forest-clad shores, of cold and ice, of savages with the furs of wild beasts to exchange. After this the "Great Admiral" drops into the obscurity of the man who has failed, and, it appears, he soon died. One of his sons, Sebastian, afterwards became famous as a navigator.

The interest in a new route for trade to the east and the mystery of the shores which seemed to guard it were too great for effort wholly to cease. In 1499 it became known that the Portuguese, Vasco da Gama, had achieved the wonder of sailing round Africa to India, and his countrymen claimed now a success equal to that of Columbus. But this was not enough. With one route to the East secure, Portugal wished to rival Spain and find another. She held the Azores, half-way, as it seemed, to the land found by Cabot. Accordingly, in the summer of 1500, a Portuguese nobleman, Gaspar Corte Real, with the warrant of his sovereign, set out northward and a little later he was back in Lisbon to report, like Cabot, that he had seen a region of snow and ice. In the next year, 1501, he tried again, this time with three ships. Again he ran into ice. Determined to have some merchandise to take back to Portugal, he seized, perhaps in Labrador, about sixty natives to sell as slaves. Two of the ships carrying these unhappy victims reached Portugal, but of the one in which Corte Real himself sailed nothing was ever again heard. In the next year his brother perished in a search for the lost ship. Spasmodic efforts continued, England and Portugal, and at last France, taking part in the adventures. The real wealth found was in the fisheries and soon the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, that island itself, the coast of Labrador and the lands about the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, became familiar to the fishermen of Europe. Into the gulf

flowed from the west the great river which we know as the St. Lawrence. Of its existence the natives must have known but, at first, it seems to have challenged no curiosity on the part of European visitors. The dream of passing by the north to Asia long haunted men's minds, and only slowly, after more than two centuries, did it become clear how mighty a barrier, in the north of icy wilderness and, farther south, of far-ranging forest, plain and mountain, barred the way across the North Atlantic to the rich trading centres of Asia.

CHAPTER IV

THE FRENCH CLAIM TO NORTH AMERICA

Spain watched jealously English efforts which had begun with Cabot. In 1527, when an English vessel called at San Domingo in the West Indies, the officials made alarmed reports about this "large ship with three maintops belonging to the King of England," and showed nervous dread lest she should uncover some secret. France was, however, Spain's most dreaded enemy and Spanish spies in France watched ceaselessly any movement to seek a route by sea to Asia or to plant a colony in the New World. In 1523 the Emperor Charles V seems to have heard a rumour of such plans and he gave orders to equip with all speed a ship to go on a long voyage. In command was to be a seaman of experience, Estevan Gomez, a Portuguese mariner, who had gone with Magellan on his great voyage, but had, rather basely, as it seems, deserted him at the Straits and turned back to Europe. When, in 1524, Gomez set out, Spain and France were at war and his hurried departure was made to anticipate a French effort in the north. On the eternal quest of a way to the east, Gomez reached North America, sailed along the coasts of Cape Breton, put into what is now Halifax and into other harbours of Nova Scotia, pushed up the Bay of Fundy and was keenly disappointed when he found it land-locked. Then he turned southward till he reached Cuba where, resolved that his voyage should not end wholly in failure, he loaded his ship with natives and

carried this sweating cargo back to Spain to be sold as slaves.

Spain's alarm at the plans of France was well-founded for Francis I was preparing an expedition to the shores of North America in the hope of finding a passage to the east which should rival that recently discovered by Magellan. He had expressed scorn of the division by the Pope of the New World between Portugal and Spain, had asked jauntily that Charles V should prove the claim of Spain by producing the will of the common father, Adam, and in 1523 had defiantly sent ships to Brazil. In his service was a certain Giovanni (John) Verrazano, an Italian who, like Columbus and Cabot, lent his services to a foreign state. Our first glimpse of Verrazano shows him as a hardy mariner, watching to attack Spanish ships carrying treasure from America to Spain and winning successes which stirred Spanish anger. It may be that his boldness recommended him to Francis I. We have vague tales of earlier French voyages to America but they had been private ventures. Now, in 1524, Verrazano sailed in a single ship, the *Dolphin,* with a commission from Francis I in due legal form, authorizing him to search for a passage to Asia in the north and, of course, to secure gold and precious stones.

After a tempestuous voyage, Verrazano reached, it seems, the coast of the present Carolinas. Then he turned northward, and he is the first known person to describe the eastern coast of the United States. He was seeking a route to China and every inlet into which he sailed might, he hoped, be the beginning of a passage to the east. From the shore came at times the fragrance of flowers, and on landing the company found trees and meadows, ponds and running water, wild birds and beasts, which stirred their interest. In the south the natives were naked and friendly; those farther north were fur-clad and suspicious. Perhaps they had some memory of the slave raids of Corte Real

and others. We need indeed hardly wonder at this growing hatred towards the Europeans, in whose opinion the native American had no more rights than a wild animal. Verrazano seized, as a trophy to take home, a little boy whom he found in the trembling charge of an old woman. He would have taken a native girl of eighteen also with the woman. "She was," he says, "very beautiful and very tall," but he let her go because of her loud shrieks as he attempted to carry her off. At the mouth of what we now call the Hudson River, Verrazano lingered for days, charmed with the scene and the people. These had canoes made from a single log, and each one could carry ten or twelve persons. The large population came in multitudes to see the strangers. It was New York's first pageant known to us. The natives seemed to value copper and to despise gold. "My intention," says Verrazano, "was to reach Cathay on the extreme coast of Asia," but he now saw that a continent blocked the way. On July 8, 1524, he was back at Dieppe writing an elaborate report to the king and recounting facts which involved some re-making of the maps. France claimed later the whole of North America on the basis of this voyage.

Just at this time Charles V enjoyed a signal triumph. In the battle of Pavia, in 1525, his troops defeated Francis I, took him prisoner, and carried him off to Madrid. It was then that Francis sent the famous message to his mother that "nothing remains to me but honour and life." Those days saw Germany torn by Luther's revolt from the church. The Roman Catholic powers warred not only upon Protestants but upon each other. In 1526, while captive at Madrid, Francis I was obliged by Charles V to sign a treaty accepting defeat, but when he went back to France he repudiated the treaty as exacted by force. He was not without allies, among them the head of the church himself, Pope Clement VII. When, in 1527, war again broke out, Charles

attacked the Pope and in May, 1527, captured Rome. During eight days the city was given over to the excesses of a vicious soldiery who respected nothing. They cut off the fingers of fleeing bishops, in order the more quickly to secure their rings, they pillaged churches, they butchered men, they violated women, they seized stately cardinals to sell for ransom. Four thousand people perished in the streets of the city and the conqueror, in whose name it was done, was the Holy Roman Emperor and the Most Catholic King of Spain. Rome became little more than barracks for soldiers. At the same time, the religious revolt spread, especially in northern Europe, in Germany, in Switzerland, in England, in Scotland. For a time the attitude of France was uncertain. Francis I had a quick intelligence, an interest in art, and a desire to lead in things of the mind. When he protected some of the Protestants he seemed to favour religious liberty but, in the end, he became their persecutor, a fact of moment for New France.

The Peace of Cambrai in 1529 ended for a time war between France and Spain, but it did not end the rivalry of the two monarchs and soon they were again at war. Francis acquired Brittany by inheritance and in 1532 was annexed to France that land of rugged seacoast, of wild hills and valleys, of torrential streams where dwelt, remote from the rest of France, the Celtic race which had given its name both to Britain and to Brittany. Like the Welsh and the Irish, they still speak their ancient Celtic language, cling to their old customs, and believe in witchcraft and in fairies. Until our own day was to be found in Breton villages the feudal life of mediaeval Europe; to the peasants the landowner still seemed a superior being; they fell on their knees when they met him on the highway and knelt to him on his kitchen floor as they paid their small dues; in the parish church his family received the sacrament first. Costumes were worn which distinguished one village from

another. Religion was the passion of these people. On the roads were numerous *Calvaires,* such as we still see in French Canada.

From this Brittany came the first efforts which led to France's occupation of the valley of the St. Lawrence. St. Malo is an ancient Breton town on the English channel, built on a granite island connected with the mainland by a long causeway. Above the tortuous streets rises the cathedral, the scene during many a century of the devotion of a people who faced daily the perils of the deep. In the harbour the tide rises sometimes as high as fifty feet. St. Malo's trade is now chiefly with England, whither it sends the fruit and the vegetables which ripen early in sunny France. From it had gone early to Newfoundland fishing vessels which made that region known in France almost from the days of John Cabot, and from St. Malo now came the mariner who was the first to claim Canada for France. Jacques Cartier, a Breton sailor, was, it seems, born in 1491, the year before the first voyage of Columbus. He must have been both devout and respected for, in our too meagre records, we find him present at fifty-three baptisms, in twenty-seven of which he stood as god-father. He went to sea when young and apparently to America, for one of the baptisms was that of a certain Catherine de Brézil, possibly a native of that country, carried to France by Cartier as later he carried many natives of Canada. He may have been one of the company with Verrazano; at any rate, he wished, we are told, to earn immortality by some great exploit like that of Columbus. Just after Brittany had fallen to Francis, Cartier secured an interview with him and, no doubt, described alluring riches to be gained by a voyage westward. The quick mind of Francis was impressed and he agreed to fit out an expedition which should make one more effort to find a waterway to the east.

During more than a year Cartier was busy with prepara-

tions, and at last, early in 1534, he had his two ships ready. With them went sixty men and, before setting out, all took a solemn oath to serve the king well and loyally. It was a royal venture on which they sailed away from St. Malo on the twentieth of April and Cartier seems to have known exactly what to do. On May 10 he reached Newfoundland and then entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence by the Straits of Belle Isle. Great masses of broken ice were piled up on the shores. In the careful journal written either by Cartier himself or under his direction we have the first account of the lands bordering on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. On what we known as the Funk Islands the company found sea-birds so numerous that in half an hour they secured two boat-loads. The sailors caught a great polar bear swimming in the sea, and found his flesh like tender veal. As they coasted westward along Labrador Cartier thought that its desolate and barren rocks must be the land which God gave to Cain. They saw natives, probably those later known as the Beothuks, from Newfoundland, in birch-bark canoes, hunting for seals. Near one haven they met a great ship from Rochelle. Clearly sailors from Europe already visited this shore but none, it seems, had the suspicion that by going on westward along the coast of Labrador they would reach a mighty river draining the heart of a continent. From Labrador Cartier turned southward and skirted the west coast of Newfoundland. So minute and accurate is his account that we can identify his bays and headlands. He reached Prince Edward Island and then turned northward along the coast of New Brunswick. When he found the great inlet which we know as the Bay of Chaleur, a name given because of sultry weather on a day in July, he called a point at its entrance Cap d'Espoir, Cape Hope. Here at last, it seemed, stretching dimly westward, was the desired way to the east, such as Magellan had found in the far south.

Cape Hope soon, however, belied its name. When they sailed up the passage they found only a bay ending in a barrier of mountains. The name Cap d'Espoir was later corrupted by the English into Cape Despair, an unconscious suggestion of the truth as to Cartier's changed outlook. The region stretching northward from the Bay of Chaleur is now the Province of Quebec, the part of Canada which remains still French in character, and here it was that this company of Frenchmen first came into close contact with the native tribes. On the shores of the Bay of Chaleur dwell to this day Indians whom we know as Micmacs, who still speak their native tongue, and who are still instructed by French missionaries. The other Indians whom Cartier met farther north in Gaspé Basin were, it seems, a migrant tribe of Huron-Iroquois, who had come in the summer from the distant region near Quebec to fish and to take seals. "They are not," he says, "of the same race, nor do they speak the same language as those whom we first met." Apparently these natives now saw Europeans for the first time. At Gaspé some three hundred men, women and children welcomed the French and soon were paddling freely to the anchored vessels, singing and even dancing in their canoes, and showing extravagant joy at the glass beads, combs and other trinkets given to them. "These people," Carter says, "may truly be called savages, for one could not find poorer people in the world." Though they had canoes and fishing-nets which revealed a certain skill and intelligence, he thought that a few sous would be enough to pay for their other property. They slept under their up-turned canoes, which were probably of bark, and they were wholly naked except for a bit of fur at the loins and an occasional ragged piece of fur thrown over the shoulder. The men shaved their heads, leaving one long lock like a horse's tail bound with leather thongs—the well-known scalp-lock. Their shaving must have been with sharpened stone or copper for

they had no iron implements. Their food was insipid because saltless, and they ate it almost raw. They proved to be inveterate thieves, but the French beat them in barter and, after a brief trading on the Bay of Chaleur, the savages had gone off stark naked, having yielded to the French even their clothing for knives and little bells and combs. It was typical of what was to happen to the red man in trade with Europeans.

If the people were poor, their land delighted the visitors. Cartier gives us the first glimpse through European eyes of the charm of a Canadian landscape. He had passed by rugged shores in entering the gulf, but now he found on the coasts of New Brunswick and of Quebec level land with "fair fields and meadows" sloping away to forest-clad mountains. There were tall pines and cedars "in countless numbers," from which, in the eyes of this sailor, might be made thē masts of great ships. Lakes charmed the eye and contained many salmon. Wild fruits were abundant, and roses and other flowers gave a "sweet and agreeable smell." Interest in what was new and but half known led the strangers to imagine that they had found some of the choice products of Europe. It was midsummer and the autumn fruits were still unripe. The French saw what they took to be figs and mulberries, pears and apples. The warm days made them think the country half tropical, "hotter than Spain and the most beautiful a man could see." In their brief experience they could have no inkling of the stern rigour in winter of those shores. Like Columbus farther south, they saw one product, native to America and destined to prove of great moment to mankind, maize or Indian corn.

Nearly forty years earlier, on a summer's cruise, Cabot had raised the flag of England at some point in this latitude, probably in Newfoundland. Now on the mainland Cartier claimed for France a sovereignty which was to endure for

more than two hundred years. While he lay storm-bound in Gaspé Basin, he made of the abundant timber at hand a cross, thirty feet high. To this he nailed a shield bearing the *fleurs-de-lis,* and over it, in huge letters, carved in wood, he affixed the inscription *"Vive le Roy de France."* On July 24 there was a significant ceremony. The Frenchmen planted the cross in the earth, and then, under its shadow, they knelt with their hands raised to Heaven in supplication. Naturally the natives watched this service with interest, and when the French returned to the ships, an old chief, clothed in a black bearskin, put off from shore in a canoe with his brother and his three sons and, hovering near the ships, made a long speech. The French understood him to say that the country was his and that the visitors had no right to plant the cross without his leave. Though they made the soothing reply that the cross was merely a symbol of man's redemption, they seized the chief and his companions. Cartier was resolved to carry some natives to France and asked the chief's consent that two of his sons should go and no harm, he promised, should come to them. He gave the young savages shirts, red caps and other clothing, and they were quite willing to go.

Though Cartier did not know it, he was now not remote from the entrance to the River St. Lawrence. In the north he discerned dimly land which we know as the great island of Anticosti, and thither he sailed. But he was growing nervous. Fishermen had told him of terrible autumn storms in those regions. He landed, held a solemn mass, and then put to sea. A fearful tempest came up, but on the 5th of September his ships were riding safely in the harbour of St. Malo.

Cartier had seen a beautiful and mysterious land and the fickle king was not yet weary of his venture. The short trip, occupying only four months, made merely a beginning and now Cartier was given three ships—The *Grande Hermine,*

of about one hundred and twenty tons, the *Petite Hermine,* of sixty tons, and the *Emerillon* of forty. A few men of rank joined him, among them a certain Claude du Pont-briand, son of the seigneur of Montreal in France, a place-name destined to be conspicuous in Canada. The strife of Protestant and Catholic was tormenting Europe, Brittany was a home of the old faith, and Cartier would take only Catholics. He has a string of epithets for Protestants, the "wicked heretics," "sons of the devil," "apostates," abhorred "imitators of Mahomet." He now intended to remain during a winter in the land already claimed as New France and for an enterprise so dangerous he sought God's protection. On May 16, 1535, all the company gathered in the cathedral of St. Malo and each man confessed and took the sacrament. In the choir the bishop awaited them and there these rugged mariners received his solemn benediction upon their venture. The first voyage had been smooth but this proved rough. Not until the early days of July did they reach Newfoundland.

Cartier had brought back the two savages seized at Gaspé in the previous year, and now, guided by their advice, he sailed westward along the Labrador shore. Their tribe seems to have lived during the winters near Quebec, and they told him that the gulf would narrow into a river of fresh water. This dismayed Cartier, for he hoped to sail on the salt sea westward to Asia. As he advanced past headlands and bays, the sailors watched, disporting itself in the sea, the *beluga,* a whale as small as a porpoise, white as snow, and with a head which to them seemed to be "of the style of a greyhound," though in truth there is little resemblance. For a time the ships lay at the mouth of a river flowing "between high mountains of naked rock." It was the Saguenay, but slightly changed to this day. They saw an island with "great and fair trees," and among them hazel nuts, so they named it Isle aux Coudres, or Isle of

Hazel Nuts. They passed the rugged Cap Tourmente and at last they entered the narrow channel between the Island of Orleans and the north shore and sailed into the basin of Quebec, some eight hundred miles from the open sea.

Of Stadacona, now Quebec, lying at the point where first the mighty river narrows to the breadth of a mile, Cartier had heard much, and there he hoped to find a noble city of the Grand Khan. News spread quickly among the natives of the coming of ships, the like of which had never been in these waters. A century later, in 1632, an Indian at Quebec told the Jesuit priest Le Jeune, a story, handed down from his grandmother, of the wonder of his people when they first saw a French ship. They thought it a moving island. The meaning of the great sails baffled them and they wondered to see men on the deck. When four canoes went to the ship and were offered biscuits and wine they reported that these strange beings ate wood and drank blood. This may well be the surviving tradition of what now happened. The day after Cartier arrived, Donnacona, described by the high-sounding name of "Lord of Canada," came to visit him on his ship and proved to be in truth only a savage chief, while Stadacona was a village of cabins. When Cartier went ashore the natives danced and sang and waded up to their knees to meet his boat. He gave them a few knives and trinkets and when he had gone back to his ship a league away he could still hear their joyous shouts. The two natives carried to France, whom he now freed, seem to have resented their treatment. No doubt, at close quarters, their savage ways had proved disgusting. Now, inspired by them, Donnacona protested against the numerous weapons of war which the French had brought. When Cartier tried to reassure him, he seemed content, but while each side professed friendship suspicions remained. At an interview with Cartier, the savages "burst out and made three cries together at full voice," and produced what he thought "a

horrible thing to hear." It was that war-whoop of the Indian which in the days to come was to curdle the blood of many settlers in New France.

To reach the city of the Grand Khan was still Cartier's aim and he intended to go on past Stadacona, since the great river might, as he supposed, flow out of the heart of China. The savage peoples on the coast of Asia described by Marco Polo might be these natives and beyond them, in the interior, might be the riches and magnificence of Cathay. It was already autumn. To take the larger ships up an unknown river would be perilous, and Cartier decided to go with only his smallest ship. In any case he must return to Stadacona on the way back to France. He found a safe haven for his two larger ships near the mouth of what we know as the river St. Charles, which flowed into the St. Lawrence on the north side of Stadacona. Perhaps he had a vague hope that, on returning, he could sail away from this harbour at any time of the year, as he could from the harbours of France. He did not yet understand the wintry rigour of the north.

The natives at Stadacona knew quite well what lay in that interior which Cartier hoped was China. The tribes were engaged in almost perpetual war; far up the river was another barbaric village called Hochelaga, and fear, jealousy and caprice united to make the savages of Stadacona desire to keep the French from contact with these other natives. They planned a childish device to frighten Cartier. One day, while a crowd of savages hovered among the trees, near the shore, a canoe drifted past the French ships at anchor. In it were three creatures in human form, clothed in furs, and with vast horns, as long as a man's arm, and black faces. One of them chanted what was supposed to be a warning note from heaven. When the canoe drifted with the current to the shore the three figures fell as if dead, and Donnacona and others rushed out from the

trees and carried them off. When Cartier asked what it all meant the Indians explained that these were three devils who brought dire news, for they had learned from their god that all who went up the river should perish in snow and ice. Cartier's curt answer was that the god who sent the message was a fool, and that Jesus would guard from the cold all who believed in him.

On the 19th of September he set out and the journey to Hochelaga occupied thirteen days. It was already autumn, with its glowing colours. The French observed what seemed the "finest trees in the world,"—oaks, elms, pines, cedars, birches, and many other varieties. Game birds, and birds of song abounded, and the sailors thought they heard the nightingale. When they landed and loaded the two small boats with grapes, we are reminded of the grapes which we are told had delighted the Norse visitors to America five hundred years earlier. The French, however, had no liking for this sour fruit, so different from the big, sweet grapes of France. They saw natives engaged in fishing and hunting and found them friendly. They were strong men for one of them lifted Cartier from a boat and carried him to shore as lightly as if he were a child. Many Indian dwellings lined the river. At the foot of the Richelieu Rapids, "a great lord" came to visit Cartier and, enchanted by "the most goodly land that eye could see," the visitors may well have imagined him to be a courtier of the Grand Khan. If so, they must have had dim notions of the manners of Asia. He offered Cartier the present of his two children and Cartier accepted one, a little girl, whom later he took to France.

On September 29 the navigation became so difficult that Cartier left the ship well guarded and went on in the boats. Since news of the coming of the visitors had spread, a crowd of about a thousand dancing and shouting natives had gathered on the strand near Hochelaga. As Cartier stepped

ashore, women held out their children that he might touch them. They tossed fish, and bread made from Indian corn, into the boats so freely as to seem like a shower from the air. It took half an hour to quiet the tumult. When the women consented to sit down Cartier gave them trifling presents. To be safe from intrusion, he soon drew away from the shore in his boats, and then all night long bonfires blazed and the dancing and shouting continued. Cartier was now a few miles east of the supposed walled town of Hochelaga. Had the French been in the real east, prancing horses would probably have been in waiting in the morning to carry them to the court of the ruler. In native America there were, however, no horses or other beasts of burden but the llama, and the visitors must walk. Since the day might crown Cartier's labours by bringing him to a stately ruler, he advanced with pomp. The gentlemen of the party formed his suite, some sailors acted as a guard, and three guides from Hochelaga led the way along a well-beaten route through the forest. Helmet and arquebuse flashed in the motley of light and shade. The path lay between great oak trees and was dotted with fallen acorns. Half way they found a blazing fire, and here, by its welcome warmth, awaited the French "one of the chief lords of Hochelaga," a fur-clad or half-naked Indian. He made a long speech of welcome and when Cartier gave him one or two hatchets and knives and hung round his neck a crucifix, he returned excited thanks. The procession went on past open fields of Indian corn. And there in the centre of these fields, with a great mountain looming up behind it, was, at last, Hochelaga.

Assuredly this poor place was not a city of the East. Its boasted wall was only a triple palisade of logs. The town was circular and the path led to the single gate by which it might be entered. Cartier's trained eye noted that the gate could be barred on the inside and that in galleries

which ran along the interior of the wall lay rocks and stones to be hurled against assailants. Within were about fifty long, low houses roofed with bark. Running the length of each was an aisle with the space at the sides divided into compartments—the well-known "long house" of the Iroquois and the Huron of a later time. The centre of the aisle was used for fires and the floor was the bare ground, with pieces of bark spread for beds which had rude coverings of skin. Fourscore years later Champlain found villages exactly similar, not indeed at Hochelaga, which by that time had disappeared, but among the Iroquois in what is now the State of New York, and among the Hurons in what is now the Province of Ontario. The people whom Cartier saw were probably the united Huron-Iroquois who were soon to engage in the long barbaric struggle which devastated that region.

With eager shouts and dancing the savages escorted the Frenchmen to an open space in the centre of the town. Here, weeping with joy, women rushed upon these visitors from another world, as it seemed, and held out children for them to touch. Soon it was apparent that the secret of the joy lay in the hope that the French possessed healing power. First nine or ten men appeared, bearing "the king," a crippled chief, whom they placed on a mat beside Cartier. Round his head he wore a red band of porcupine quills, the symbol of his rank. Following him were brought "the blind, the one-eyed, the lame, the impotent, the aged," and Cartier saw before him a mass of human misery, praying for relief. He was a devout man and he did what he could by reciting the opening words of the Gospel of St. John: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God and the Word was God." Then he made the sign of the cross over the sick and offered up a simple prayer that God would heal them. Since no priest was in the company, Cartier himself read from a Prayer Book with slow empha-

sis the story of Christ's passion. Though the sufferers cannot have understood a word, they listened in awed silence and copied his gestures. He then distributed a few hatchets, knives and rosaries, and tossed rings and other trifles among the children.

All this was done under the shadow of the mountain. This Cartier was resolved to ascend, and when he set out a crowd of men and women followed him. The climb was easy and soon Cartier beheld so regal a panorama that he gave the mountain the name of Mount Royal. In all directions were mountains. A great plain "smooth, level, tillable," "the fairest possible to see," separated him from the mountains on the south and through this plain flowed the mighty river. Cartier followed intently its silver gleam, "grand, broad, extensive," stretching to the west, until lost in the distance. The natives said that it went far beyond the point which he could see, and that a second great river (the Ottawa) came also from the west. Always Cartier was thinking of treasures of gold and silver. Seeing his silver whistle and the copper shaft, golden in hue, of a poniard which hung at the side of one of the sailors, his guides pointed vaguely westward. This Cartier took to mean that there lay silver and gold. His clothing and his armour caused other gestures, indicating, so the French thought, cities where men dressed like Europeans and wore armour; so true is it that we think what we wish to think. The day had been long and, when Cartier turned back to his boats, the savages carried the tired sailors on their backs. Fearful lest the zeal of his new friends might delay his going away, Cartier set out at once to descend the river and, for a long way, the savages followed on the shore. We may wonder that the sight of the great river flowing out of the west did not make him try to press on farther. To do so would, however, have involved going on foot or in small boats which could be carried past the torrential Rapids

barring the way for his ship. Cartier, no landsman, was timid when away from his ships; moreover, he had with him only a small company; and the chill winter about which he had been warned was near.

On returning to Stadacona, Cartier found that his men had not been idle, but had prepared for the bold venture, planned in France, of spending a winter in these northern latitudes. Since the Indians, led by the two who had returned from France, seemed hostile, the Frenchmen built at the point where a tiny stream, the Lairet, joins the St. Charles, a fort of heavy timbers set upright and close together. On all its sides looked out the mouths of cannon, and the fort was impregnable to native attack. Near the spot the Jesuits built a century later their first house at Quebec, Nôtre Dame des Anges. Cartier had not yet entered Stadacona itself, and now when its ruler begged for a visit, he took with him forty men, well armed. There was little of interest, for Stadacona was only a savage village. Cartier saw stores of food for use in winter. He saw other things less pleasant, human scalps "stretched upon wood like skins of parchment," trophies of Indian warfare.

As melancholy winter settled down misgivings increased. Food was scarce and when the savages brought eels and other fish to the French, they demanded high prices, to be paid from the limited supply of hatchets and knives. As relations became more strained, Cartier dug a deep ditch round his fort so that it could be entered only by a drawbridge, fifty men remained on guard during the night, and the trumpet sounded at each change of the watch. The savages were not allowed to enter the fort. No doubt they were ready for any treachery; no doubt, too, the French, in a situation lonely and remote, may have magnified the danger. Whirling wintry gusts and bitter cold made nature seem, like man himself, stern and unfriendly. Snow to the depth of four feet covered the earth and piled up heavy

drifts against the ships, held in the grip of the frozen river. Even wine froze in the casks. With dismay the French saw how little the cold affected the savages. Daily over the ice, men, women and children came almost naked to inspect the fort, "an incredible thing to one who has not seen it."

Then opened a chapter of horrors. Disease broke out, the dread scurvy which attacks those living chiefly on salted meat and exposed to bad air and cold. By the middle of February the distress of the French was pitiable. No priest had gone to Hochelaga, but probably there was one in the company, for mass was said. Cartier reared against a tree, at a little distance from the fort, an image in remembrance of the Virgin, and on a given Sunday those not too sorely stricken walked to the place in solemn procession, singing penitential psalms and repeating that Litany which during so many ages has been a human cry of need to God. Cartier made a vow to go on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Virgin at Rocamadour, in Brittany, if she would stay the plague. Relief was not immediate. On the day of this solemn service died Philippe Rougemont, of Amboise, a youth of twenty. Seeking a cause of the malady, these unskilled men opened the body. From the heart burst "a great jet of foul, black blood," but this knowledge gave no help, and praying that "God in His holy grace might have mercy on his soul and on all dead men" they gave the corpse sacred burial. Soon, in all the company, not three were in health and among the dead were twenty-five of the best sailors. With the ground hard frozen, it was not possible to bury them in the earth, and they were laid under the snow. The fear of massacre made it necessary to keep up a show of strength to the Indians and, when any of them came near the ships, Cartier, whom the malady spared, accounted for the absence of his men by saying that they were busily engaged within in caulking and in other repairs.

He arranged that two or three of those able to walk should follow him outside the palisade and when they stood there, as if idle, he drove them back with blows saying that he would not have any loafers when there was so much to do. To seem busy, even the sick beat with sticks and stones on the sides of the ships. But despair was in the hearts of these Frenchmen and their leader admits that he almost lost hope of ever seeing again the fair land of France.

Now, however, as they believed, God gave almost miraculous relief. Walking one day on the ice near the fort, and burdened with sorrowful thoughts, Cartier met a group from Stadacona, among whom was Dom Agaya, one of the two returned from France. Ten or twelve days earlier Cartier had seen him pitiably ill, but now he seemed strong and Cartier asked him how he had been cured, since the same remedy might cure one of his servants who had caught at Stadacona what seemed to be the same disease. The man replied that the juice of a certain tree, seemingly the white spruce, or the white pine, had healed him. Cartier secured some branches and the sick who drank of the brew from them improved at once. During the next eight days the French used up a large tree and the plague was stayed.

Meanwhile Donnacona and many of the Indians had disappeared. It was, apparently, for the usual winter hunt, but Cartier feared treachery, and resolved, as spring came, to strike the first blow. He had no adequate force and but little courage to try again to press on to the interior into the hoped-for realm of the Grand Khan. The only thing to do was to go back to France as soon as possible, and Donnacona, "a savage king," would be a fine trophy to carry home. From the chief's gestures and his words, only half understood, Cartier believed that he had "been in the land of the Saguenay, where is infinite gold, rubies and other riches, and where the men are as white as in France and

clad in wool." To have the old savage tell his story face to face with Francis I would create a marked impression and help to make possible another voyage. Accordingly Cartier planned to seize the chief. When Donnacona returned from the hunt the fear of treachery increased, for now Stadacona seemed full of warriors. As soon as the river was free of ice, Cartier acted quickly. With so many sailors dead, one ship, the *Petite Hermine,* must be left to rot where it lay, but the other two were made ready to sail. It shows how iron was valued by the natives that they eagerly pulled the nails from the abandoned hulk.

On May 3, 1536, Holyrood Day, the French held a solemn ceremony. They planted in the ground a huge cross, thirty-five feet high, on which was written a phrase which claimed the country for France, *Franciscus primus Dei gratia Francorum rex regnat.* Donnacona, invited to a feast at the fort, proved wary, but at last, though with "an eye towards the woods and a marvellous fear," he passed inside. Then he and half a score of other Indians were held while the rest "ran away like sheep before the wolf." The captives were taken to the ships and all that night and till noon the next day the savages lined the shore howling like so many wolves. Meanwhile Cartier talked to Donnacona and promised him ease and comfort in France, and that, after a few months, he should return to his people with rich presents. When at last the old chief said that he was well content to go, friendly relations were renewed. Indians came to visit Donnacona, and Cartier gave him two frying-pans of brass and eight hatchets, to send to his wives and children. On the 6th day of May, Cartier sailed away and two months later, on the 6th of July, he was at St. Malo, devoutly thankful for God's mercies. He could make but a poor showing. A dozen Indians, whose disgusting habits and squalid helplessness made them a burden, were poor trophies of a costly venture.

Cartier's report, backed by Donnacona's testimony, was enough, however, to keep alive the king's hope to rival Spain in tapping the riches of the east. The next four years were full of strife. Henry VIII of England had just broken finally with the Church of Rome and had sent to the block Sir Thomas More, the noblest Englishman of his age. In 1536, the year of Cartier's return, Henry beheaded his wife, Anne Boleyn, and began to scatter the property of the monasteries. Catholic Europe was horror-stricken. The dangers to the Roman Catholic Church revived its energies and in 1540 Ignatius Loyola, combining the zeal of the crusader with the calm judgment of a man of affairs, secured a Papal Bull creating that famous "Company of Jesus," the Jesuit Society, destined to play so striking a part in the history of Canada. But the Catholic powers were still not united. In 1536, for the third time, Francis I and Charles V of Spain went to war. Charles invaded southern France, while in turn Francis invaded the dominions of Charles in Italy. Only after peace was restored in 1538 could France consider another search for Cathay and the coasts of the Grand Khan.

In spite of depressing experiences, Cartier had made a glowing report. As compared with earlier explorations his was in truth a great achievement. Verrazano had reached the mouth of the Hudson River but he had failed to push on to the interior. Cartier, on the other hand, had entered one of the great waterways of the world, hitherto unknown in Europe, and had sailed into a land of mystery until at Hochelaga, a thousand miles from the open sea, advance was barred by impassable rapids with their torrents of fresh water. From the mountain at Hochelaga he had had a glimpse of a beautiful region farther inland, which he called Saguenay, no doubt by some misunderstanding of the gestures of his Indian friends, who used the same name for a river far east of Quebec. Naturally such a glimpse could

not satisfy the ambitions of Cartier, and he desired to go back and to go farther.

By 1540 there was in France maritime activity which pointed to some new effort, and this both Spain and Portugal watched jealously. A Spanish spy at St. Malo reported that he had learned from Cartier himself what was on foot. Thirteen vessels were to carry across the sea two thousand five hundred Frenchmen, as colonists, with stores for two years. When experienced advisers of Charles V learned that this French colony was to be in the north, they were relieved rather than alarmed. That region they felt sure was barren and unfruitful, for every returned ship had brought the same report. The real danger to Spain at the hands of France would be to the Spanish treasure-ships from French corsairs. In Portugal opinion ran on the same lines. One fiery official urged indeed that the French should be completely destroyed, wherever found overseas. But the saner view prevailed that France would do less harm to Portugal in a cold land of tempestuous seas than anywhere else. True, the French had discovered a great river, but they could not reach by it the southern sea, and the opinion held that Portugal should pretend not to grasp the meaning of what was going on.

In France religious zeal fortified political views. Pagan natives had been brought from Canada, and now the king himself expressed the desire that the tribes from which they came, men "well made in body and limb," should be converted to the Catholic faith. The savages were presented to the king and Donnacona, called in France "King of Canada," chatted with his fellow monarch in what we are told was tolerable French. These savages became the first fruits of missionary zeal, for all were baptized and received French names, Donnacona, it seems, taking the royal name of Francis. They were kept apparently at St. Malo and interest in them quickly flagged. With their uncouth habits

they must have soon have been shunned and, in uncongenial surroundings, all sickened and died, except the little girl whom Cartier on his way to Hochelaga had received as a gift from her father. This melancholy outcome only made clearer the necessity of carrying light to the distant tribes. Cartier appears to have had some influence at court: the king expressed confidence in his good sense, ability, loyalty and courage, gave him the rank of "Captain-General and Master-Pilot," and prepared to equip him with "a good share of ships and of men of all kinds."

Now, however, a new leader appears on the scene. A despotic ruler is certain to be influenced by court intrigues and after the king had, on October 17, signed the commission to Cartier, some influence, obscure to us, led him to give far greater powers to another man. Jean François de la Roque, Sieur de Roberval, was a noble from the Somme valley, an aggressive man, it seems, rather hard and quarrelsome, but active and determined. At court he had heard much of Canada, supposed to be on the borders of Tartary, and was eager not only to secure its gold but also to plant there colonies of Frenchmen. The king gave him letters patent dated January 15, 1541, three months after the commission of Cartier. Captain-General and Master-pilot Cartier was still to be, but Roberval was made Viceroy with power to found colonies, build forts, carry on war, administer justice, grant fiefs and lordships, and so on. There was to be a veritable New France and this name now came into use. New Spain was to have a serious rival.

It was not easy to secure men for the adventure. A few gentlemen were indeed eager to go, among them a certain Viscount de Beaupré, a friend of Cartier. Hitherto the fishermen of St. Malo had sailed without any restraint to Newfoundland. Now they feared that an expedition under royal control would set up a monopoly, and they did what they

could to discourage volunteers. The French, moreover, are too fond of France to migrate freely to other lands, and it became necessary to compel men to go. One source was available—the jails, and the king permitted Cartier and Roberval to take condemned prisoners. Those under sentence of death were offered the alternative of beginning in New France a new life with the warning that to return to France without leave would involve instant execution at the place where they had been condemned. Convicts guilty of crimes against the king's sacred person, or of uttering false coin, were not to have this release from the death penalty. We need not regard all such condemned persons as degraded criminals. Men were then sent to death for even minor theft, and heresy was deemed an offence as vile as treason. None the less, condemned prisoners were not the best material for France's first attempt at colonization. We have a glimpse of gangs of prisoners chained together, marching under guard to St. Mals. Women as well as men were to go and we hear of a girl of eighteen chained to a hideous wretch whom she was to marry. Horses and cows were, it seems, too great in bulk to be taken, but pigs, goats, and other animals were loaded on the ships, to breed in Canada and to remove the lack of domestic animals.

Roberval was warned by the king not to go to any land under a Christian ruler, for no excuse to renew war was to be given either to Spain or to Portugal. It was early in May that Roberval reached St. Malo, and there met Cartier probably for the first time. He had in charge military affairs and now he found that the waiting ships lacked what to him seemed vital,—artillery, powder, and other munitions of war. Without these, he decided, he could not set out. Cartier, however, was unwilling to wait, for the king had ordered, on pain of his displeasure, that there should be no delay. Indeed, if anything was to be done during the summer, May was late enough to set out and Roberval

agreed that Cartier should go in advance. The munitions were still in the north, and he planned to secure one or two ships at Harfleur and to follow Cartier quickly. It seems that he had on hand some privateering exploits which caused delay. Accordingly, on May 23, Cartier went on in advance with an imposing array of five ships carrying some hundreds of people and a store of provisions for two years. He had a stormy passage; for all but thirty hours the wind was against him; fresh water gave out and the animals had to drink cider. In Newfoundland Cartier waited long in vain for Roberval, and when, at last, he went on, it was not until August 23 that he reached his old anchorage near Stadacona.

Cartier may well have had misgivings as to his reception by the natives, for no one of the dozen whom he had seized had he brought back, not even the little Indian girl presented to him by her father. It is quite likely that she was left safe in some convent school in France. Since Cartier's last voyage, no other ship seems to have pushed up the great river, though many were engaged in the fisheries near its mouth. In their own interests, however, the natives were glad to see Europeans. One touch of the culture of Europe had been enough to arouse eagerness for its products. Axes, hatchets, knives of steel, made the native stone and copper implements seem of little value, and we may be sure that any Indian who, during the six years since the last visit, had retained an axe or a knife felt himself by so much a superior person. If, by any unlikely chance, he had secured and could use a musket and powder, he would have seemed a wizard to men armed with the bow and arrow. Cartier was, therefore, met with signs of joy. The new so-called king, Agohanna, escorted by six or seven boats, paddled out to Cartier's ship, and seemed relieved when told that Donnacona lay in the grave in France. Cartier added the lie that the other Indians had become great

lords in France, that they had married, and had no thought of returning to their former barbaric life. The new chief probably doubted the tale, but he was quite ready to appear friendly for he received some presents and was promised more.

The old anchorage at the mouth of the St. Charles was linked with painful memories of disease and death, and also it lay too near the resentful Indians at Stadacona. Cartier, therefore, decided to take his ships seven or eight miles farther up the river to Cap Rouge where a small stream enters the St. Lawrence. Here to-day stretches across that river, a triumph of engineering, the great Quebec bridge. In the haven at the mouth of the stream three of the ships found a secure anchorage, while the other two set out at once to France with letters to the king and news that Roberval had, as yet, failed to appear. With glowing hopes, the French began their tasks and the scene delighted them. There were noble trees—oaks, maples, cedars and beeches and the ground seemed fertile. In a single day men cleared an acre and a half and, though it was already autumn, they planted turnips, cabbage, lettuce and other seeds, and were charmed when, in eight days, the shoots appeared. On the strand near a spring of water they built one fort, and on a cliff, towering above it, another which could command the ships with its artillery and was impregnable to native attack. They hewed steps in the rock and dragged up the cannon. Pigs, goats and other animals which had survived the voyage were no doubt housed. In the bright autumn days, the men laboured bravely and in good hope. Cartier himself took two boats up the river to Hochelaga to learn what he could about a route to Saguenay. He returned with no very enlightening knowledge. The natives had seemed friendly and wished to secure hatchets and knives, but none the less was Cartier certain that only his greater strength saved the party from massacre.

Before winter the French had discovered what transported them with joy. Quite near their forts, they found crystals glittering in the sunlight like sparks of fire,—diamonds, without doubt. Better still, in the rock were veins of gold and silver, and there, on the beach, were scattered little leaves of gold as thick as a man's finger-nail. They found iron, "the best in the world." But bleak days came when autumn changed to the cold of winter which brought gloom and depression. Some of the men who visited Stadacona found it crowded with warriors, and feared that an attack was planned on their settlement, now named Charlebourg Royal.

Two things seemed clear. There was no urgency to press farther westward to seek wealth, for here were gold and diamonds. We know now that these crystals, though real diamonds, were of little value compared with those of pure water from Africa, and that the gold was to be found in only small quantities, but this was a secret for the future to unfold. The second thing was that Cartier seemed not to have force enough for safety. It may be that he was unduly nervous for while he knew the perils of the sea he could not estimate those of a savage land. To him the Indians seemed to be growing more menacing and Roberval had not come with his munitions of war. Cartier's mind was divided between panic and hope, panic in dread of a sudden massacre, hope that a quick return to France might bring glory for the finding of gold and diamonds. In the end he decided that, when spring came, he should abandon the fort and return to France. When the day of departure arrived, he appears to have re-laden his ships with everything of value. Whether the pigs and the goats were left free in Canada, or killed, or taken back to France, we do not know, nor are we told whether the natives were glad or sorry to see the French go. The three ships set out and when, on a day in June, they sailed into the harbour of

St. Johns in Newfoundland Cartier was astounded to find Roberval there with "three tall ships."

We know little of the causes of his delay in setting out from France. He had, however, secured adequate munitions and now brought with him two hundred men and women. No doubt, most of them had been gathered from the jails, but there were also divers gentlemen of quality. What Cartier told made their interest acute. Since he had found gold the specimens must be tested at once. It was on Sunday that, with what science they could command, the company tried the gold in the fire of an extemporized furnace and to every one's joy found it to be good. Moreover, Cartier reported the country to be rich and fruitful. Though his reasons for returning to France were in part removed by the arrival of Roberval, who now gave the order to proceed to Canada, he was accustomed to be his own master, and he decided to disobey this untried leader. The king, he was sure, would welcome his news and there would be glory in bringing it. Accordingly, in the night, with no word of leave-taking, he weighed anchor and sailed away to France.

Roberval went on, resentful, we may be sure, at this desertion. He appears to have revealed himself as a stern, cruel man. A tradition, perhaps only a legend, is preserved that he had with him a niece, Marguerite, and that, finding an undue intimacy between her and a gentleman of the company, he now landed them and a nurse on a desolate island near the Straits of Belle Isle to live if they could or to perish. Only the niece survived and after two years of lonely hardship she was rescued by a fishing vessel and carried to France. Roberval, arriving at Stadacona at the end of July, built near there "a fair fort," which means apparently, though the point is not clear, that he extended that of Cartier at Cap Rouge. His large company of two hundred people landed their stores and made themselves

secure from attack. Roberval intended that Cartier should not have it all his own way in France and sent back to France two ships to report to the king, to show him some of the diamonds, and to return in the spring with renewed supplies.

With winter came bitter cold, scarcity of food and, worst of all, scurvy. This Cartier had learned how to meet, but apparently no one with Roberval knew the secret. His men suffered terribly and fifty died. Provisions were scarce. In the company, composed largely of convicts, disorders occurred and Roberval was severe. He hanged one man for theft and kept in irons other offenders. Men and also women were flogged. By this means, we are told, "they lived in quiet." The natives seemed to the French to have a good physique and skins almost white, when not disfigured by paint. They were migrant, carrying in boats from place to place all their effects. They fished in summer, hunted in winter, and managed to live very well, being indeed such gluttons as "to take care for nothing else." They seemed obedient to their "king." In the narrative Roberval is called "General," which indicates the military control of his company. When spring came, he wished to press on westward to the land of Saguenay, where he might find the riches of the east, and, on June 6, he went up the great river with seventy men, the greater part of his company.

Should he fail to return the thirty left behind were to sail for France early in July. We know that eight of the men with Roberval were accidentally drowned and that he sent back a message to delay sailing until July 23. Here the narrative breaks off abruptly and we hear little more of him. Certainly he returned, for later both he and Cartier were in France with, we may imagine, no very friendly feelings towards each other. In 1544 there was some dispute about their accounts and, forty-five years later, two

nephews, heirs of Cartier, were claiming that a considerable balance due to him had not yet been paid by the king. The nephews were both sailors, captains in the navy. They claimed to know the St. Lawrence region well, and to have brought to France natives whose influence would promote both friendship and trade. Canada, they said, was a country rich in promise of minerals and of furs and, with no excess of modesty, they asked that, in view of the debt to Cartier and of their own services to the king, they should have a monopoly of the trade to Canada during a period of twelve years. As their fellow townsmen in St. Malo would undoubtedly resent this and refuse to serve under them, they asked leave to take each year from the prisons sixty persons under sentence of death, or other corporal punishment. We find the spirit of those hard days in the assumption that threescore persons and probably more could be found each year under sentence of death. The king, Henry III, granted the request. But a great clamour arose at St. Malo, for by this time the trade to Canada had, it seems, become the concern of many people. Cartier's nephews were attacked as making fraudulent claims and telling gross falsehoods about Canada and, in the end, St. Malo was left free to continue its trade.

Cartier had opened the door on a land which offered glimpses of rivers and inland seas, of mountains, plains and forests. It was vast and mysterious and imagination might picture there rich mines of gold and silver and populous cities. But barring access to it were savage tribes, bloodthirsty and treacherous, and destined to remain, during two centuries, a menace to the French in Canada. While Cartier was revealing the nature of this task, by way of the St. Lawrence, farther south Spain also was exploring the interior of North America, by way of another great river, the Mississippi, flowing out of the same mysterious north-west. From 1539 to 1542 a Spanish leader, Ferdinand de Soto,

with six or seven hundred men, more than a hundred of them on horses, was pushing his way overland from the Florida peninsula in search of mines, said to be rich beyond those of Mexico and Peru. After three years he reached the Mississippi near the point where now stands the city of Mobile. Though he perished in the end, and only a bedraggled remnant of his company ever returned, he had gone to the borders of the prairie country. Then it was, perhaps, that some of the horses were turned loose to breed, like the buffalo, on the grass lands, and long after, when explorers from Canada reached those regions, they found the Indians mounted and troops of wild horses roaming the plains.

During the sixty years after 1541 French fishermen and fur-traders visited the St. Lawrence in search of those products of the sea, and of the wild life of the forest and plain, which still remain more enduring sources of wealth than the mines of Mexico and Peru. The sea gave cod-fish, sturgeon and turbot; great whales and walruses and seals were found in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; from the land came the skins of the beaver, marten, fox and other creatures which the natives were anxious to exchange for the knives and axes and iron kettles of Europe. A great trade developed. The French did not, it seems, again ascend the river as far as Quebec, but they went in the summer months to Tadoussac, at the mouth of the Saguenay River, to secure furs, while fishermen went to the neighbouring coasts. Before the end of the century, as many as four hundred fishing vessels sailed yearly to Newfoundland. Though this island was claimed by England, France disputed her right to any part of North America as in time England did that of France. One based her claim on the work of Verrazano and Cartier, while the other urged the prior right created by Cabot. Nearly two centuries of strife were needed to decide the issue.

II

We should have an imperfect view of France's efforts in this period if we did not glance at another scene in which her rivals were Portugal and Spain. Both France and England were torn by religious strife, and during this period in each country discontent led to colonising efforts. In time, Englishmen went out and founded colonies in which they might do as they liked, and it came about that while in England the state Church was persecuting Nonconformists, these in their turn created colonies overseas which oppressed members of the state Church. At the same time both groups proclaimed their loyalty to a common sovereign. Even the beginnings of tolerance appear only in the next century and had a slow growth. We cannot imagine a tolerance under Queen Elizabeth which would have encouraged the planting overseas of Protestant Nonconformists hating the Church of England, and even less can we imagine the advisers of Elizabeth allowing the creation overseas of Roman Catholic colonies of Englishmen. The time came when these things were possible, but their accompaniment was civil war and revolution.

In France religious strife went to even greater extremes. England's strong monarchy carried the nation with it in the break with the Roman Church. For a long time, indeed, the issue was uncertain; from 1553 to 1558, England, under the Catholic Mary, returned to the Roman allegiance. But, during this revolution in opinion, England was not torn by civil war. In France, on the other hand, where the monarchy held to the old Church, the dissenting element was from the first strong, with the result of repeated outbreaks of civil war, until at last, in 1598, a Roman Catholic king, Henry IV, who had been a Protestant, granted to the Protestants by the Edict of Nantes the limited toleration which endured for a hundred years, and yielded to them

such power that they became a state within a state. It was natural that, before this peace was achieved, some of the harassed Protestants in France should think of leaving that distressed country for colonies in which their opinions might have free play. Owing to Spain's success the desire for colonies was in the air. Frances I had sent out under Cartier and Roberval some hundreds of colonists to create a new France, which should be Catholic; and inevitably the time came when the powerful Huguenot element took steps to found a New France which should be Protestant. They made their effort more than half a century before the dissenting element in England founded colonies overseas. They tried thus early and they failed. It is a tragic story, and it throws light upon the difficulties which blocked the way of the nations of Europe in occupying two empty continents.

France had never admitted the claims of Portugal and Spain to the whole of America, and since attempts on the St. Lawrence had failed for the time, it was natural that those who hoped to found colonies should turn to other regions. The first leader in this movement was a remarkable man. Nicolas Durand, who took the name of Villegagnon, had fought as a soldier in the service of Charles V against the Moors in Algiers, and, as a sailor, he had performed an exploit which involved far-reaching consequences for both France and Scotland. The two nations had agreed on a plan to marry the infant Mary, Queen of Scots, to the young Dauphin, Francis, heir to the French throne, and that Mary should go to France to be educated; but this policy was opposed to the English plan of a marriage between Mary and the young King Edward VI, which should bring about the union of the crowns of England and Scotland. In defeating this aim Villegagnon had an important part. He was sent with a royal French galley to fetch Mary to her future home and, while English ships

watched the Channel to prevent the passage, he dodged them with great skill and delivered safely his precious charge. He was more than a man of action; he was a theologian, and like many others in that age, he did not accept the extreme views of either Catholics or Protestants. He hoped, as he said, to create a haven in some far-off land where he could serve God free from persecution and carry out Christ's teaching in its purity. The region selected for this experiment was Brazil. Since Villegagnon had talked as if he were a Protestant, Admiral Coligny, the leader of the French Huguenots, encouraged the plan, as also did John Calvin of Geneva when informed of it secretly. The interest of the king of France, Henry II, was aroused but he was not told of the Protestant influence in the colony. France was at war with Spain and what appealed to the king was the plan to rival in America the colonial empire of Spain. There was enthusiastic hope of a rich Antarctic France and the king furnished Villegagnon with two vessels and with ten thousand francs for expenses.

In mid-July, 1555, the two tall ships, each of two hundred tons and heavily armed, sailed from Havre for Brazil. Though the Portuguese claimed Brazil they had made little use of it, and Villegagnon hoped to be strong enough to defy them. On the long voyage the heat was great, and the water became so foul that, as we are told, those who drank it were obliged to shut their eyes and hold their noses. Many fell ill and five died, but in November when the ships reached the noble harbour of Rio de Janeiro gentlemen and labourers toiled side by side with pick and shovel in building a fort placed for safety on a tiny island. Though the few Portuguese scattered on the coast spied on the place and were hostile, the natives seemed friendly. Letters urging others to come went on the returning ships to France and to Geneva.

Soon, however, in what was to be a model Christian com-

munity, dissension appeared. In the company were gentlemen of good birth, seeking new homes and indifferent or hostile to Protestant teaching. While the cramped life on the island was uncomfortable, to live on the mainland was dangerous. Discontent grew among the thirty workmen, ill-fed, since the provisions brought from France were inadequate, overworked, reckless in a rough and lonely country. Some of them went ashore and formed connections with Indian women. The French interpreter was a chief offender and, in February, he led in a plot to murder the leaders, including Villegagnon and seven or eight gentlemen. The plot was revealed by three faithful Scotsmen among the labourers, with the result that one of the conspirators threw himself into the sea and was drowned; another was strangled; two were made to serve as slaves; and more than a score fled to live among the savages.

Meanwhile other settlers were coming from France and Geneva. It must have been widely known that some three hundred people, chiefly Protestants, with whom were two ministers from Geneva, were going out to reinforce an Antarctic France; yet the Roman Catholic king of France furnished at his own cost three armed ships. This second squadron sailed from Honfleur in November, 1557. We are told that no cannonade, nor clamour of trumpets, or fife or drum, marked its sailing, for it was not wise to flaunt too boldly this Protestant venture. When, on March 7, 1557, the ships sailed into the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, Villegagnon received the new colonists in an open space on the island with warm expressions of welcome. After Dupont, one of the leaders, spoke in reply of the pains and perils endured in order to set up in that country a Church reformed according to the Word of God, Villegagnon declared his fixed purpose to ensure in this New France the most completely reformed of all churches. In the interests of the service of God he would repress all vice, including,

we are amused to note in that rude scene, luxury in dress. With clasped hands he raised his eyes to heaven, offered fervent prayers and thanked God for bringing about what he had so ardently desired. The delighted colonists believed that they were to be led by a second St. Paul. Every day, at the close of work, there were public prayers. On each week-day the ministers were to preach for an hour and on Sunday twice in this new and better Geneva.

Events soon proved, however, that no more than the old was the new Geneva to be a land of religious liberty. When, two weeks later, the communion was celebrated, the Catholics were excluded from the service. Villegagnon devoutly took the bread and wine from the hands of the Protestant minister; but he counted himself a theologian, and soon he was disputing with the stiff-necked preachers from Geneva. As against their views, he insisted that water should be mixed with the wine in the communion, and salt and oil with the water at baptism. He had been a fellow student with Calvin at the Sorbonne and now he declared that Calvin was a heretic. His intolerance grew into something like madness; he threatened to break every bone in the body of the first man to anger him, and for a conspiracy, real or fancied, he executed some of the offenders by throwing them into the sea. He was fond of wearing clothes of vivid colours, and observers noted that, on days when he wore yellow or green, trouble was brewing. The Protestants held that Villegagnon's apostacy from their faith freed them from obedience and, since they were the larger company, some of them proposed to throw him into the sea "to feed the fishes with his fat body," and only respect for his authority from the king restrained them. When, unknown to him, they celebrated their communion secretly at night, he ordered them to leave the island, and after eight months they withdrew to the mainland. There, during two months, they were harassed by

the natives and when the situation became intolerable, fifteen sailed for France in so crazy a trading ship that their arrival at their destination was little short of a miracle. Villegagnon, we are told, gave secretly to the master of the ship a letter urging the first judge in France to whom he should hand it to have the whole company tried and burnt as heretics. In the end, Villegagnon returned to France and warred on Protestants for the rest of his life. The few colonists whom he left behind scattered among the natives or were killed by the Portuguese.

The French Protestants made one more effort, this time in Florida, and their colony was finally ruined by the hostility of Spain. On the strength of Verrazano's discoveries France claimed Florida. But Spain, too, claimed it; and with tenacity, for the side of Florida on the Gulf of Mexico was a natural continuation of New Spain, while that on the Atlantic commanded the route of Spain's treasure-ships to Europe. In the hands of an enemy Florida could become a dangerous base for attacks on the Spanish islands and a home for the corsairs with whom Spain found herself unable adequately to cope. She had already made great sacrifices to hold Florida, and that low-lying, forest-clad land of swamps and marshes, of small streams and brimming rivers, had been the grave of many hundreds of adventurous Spaniards. It was believed to contain riches to rival those of Peru or Mexico. To secure these, Spain had made costly efforts under Ponce de Leon, de Soto and others. In 1561, because these had failed, Philip II had ordered further efforts to cease, but he abandoned no claim by Spain to Florida.

Since Spain resented even the going to Newfoundland of the ships of other nations, she was the more certain to resist efforts to occupy Florida and, when Coligny planned to found there a colony, she was doubly defied: the colonists

would be Protestants, and they would intrude on her domain. None the less did Coligny go on with his plan. Henry II, who had at least winked at the project of the Protestant colony in Brazil, died in 1559, and a lad of twelve, Charles IX, was King of France when, in 1562, Coligny began the new venture. He had to move warily, for the circle of the king, dominated by his mother, Catherine de Medicis, was hostile. Little was known of Florida but imagination pictured it as rich in gold, silver and precious stones, and somewhere in the interior might be peopled cities. Thus it came about that in February, 1562, to occupy this land of promise, Jean Ribaut, a capable sailor and leader, and also a firm Protestant, sailed from Dieppe with two ships, and a mixed company of settlers, sailors and soldiers. Most of them were Protestants though there were also some young nobles seeking only adventure.

Ribaut reached the low-lying coast of Florida at some point near the present Matanzas Inlet and then turned northward. He showed the serious purpose to make this a real New France by naming rivers on the coast after rivers in France—the Seine, the Somme, and the Loire. At the top of a little hill at the south side of the mouth of a broad river, the St. Johns of our time, he landed and reared a column of hewn stones, bearing the arms of the king of France. Farther north the French landed at a point in what is now South Carolina at the mouth of a beautiful river which, with a vague sense of geography, they took for the river Jordan of the Holy Land. Here the Spanish had had a post which they called Saint Elena, but they had abandoned it in the previous year and the French now called the place Port Royal, and built there Charlesfort, named in honour of the young King Charles. Here Ribaut left a small company and, with his mind fired by the riches and beauty of this promised land, sailed away to France to bring out more colonists. Of those left behind we have

the common story of that age; an eager but vain search for gold; famine, mutiny and bloodshed. When the leader, Captain Albert, for a slight offense, hanged one of the men with his own hands and threatened others, he was himself put to death. In the spring of 1563, the despairing survivors built a rough ship from hewn trees, made sails of their sheets, and set out for France. Hunger drove them to cannibalism. It is a marvel that their uncouth craft was in sight of Europe when a small English vessel picked them up.

Coligny was still resolute and, in 1564, René de Laudonnière, a French noble of fine character, led to Florida the main company for whom Ribaut's voyage was intended to prepare the way. Laudonnière established his colony, not at Charlesfort but on the St. Johns river where Ribaut had reared the stone column, and again the king was honoured in the name of Fort Caroline. This was the beginning of a story, hardly surpassed in horror in human annals. We hear once more of a restless search for gold, of strife, of mutiny and massacre. In the company were many soldiers, too indolent to till the soil or even to secure food by fishing in the river, and so reckless as to think that they could grow rich by raiding the Spanish settlements. In December, about eighty of them mutinied against Laudonnière, seized the fort, put him in chains, and threatened to cut his throat if he opposed their designs. Loading a bark and pinnace with most of the available food, they sailed away on their adventure, with threats as to what they should do if they were not received when they returned. They roved about the coasts of Haiti and Jamaica, plundering the Spaniards on land and sea. But their hour came. When they captured two caravels with supplies of wine, they lingered so long in drunken idleness at the mouth of a harbour in Jamaica that the Spaniards caught and hanged many of them. Twenty-five escaped in a Spanish brigantine which

they had captured and when this forlorn remnant reached Florida, Laudonnière put them in prison. Soon the bodies of four were swinging on gibbets at the fort. Spain now had a crowning grievance: the French colony was a nest of pirates.

By the summer of 1565 the situation of the colonists seemed desperate. They tried and failed to seize food from the natives, and had to resort to ground acorns and roots and sorrel. The natives were ready to sell fish in exchange for shirts and met protests against the high price by the jeer, "You eat your shirts and we will eat our fish." Plans to sail to France seemed futile for the ships had gone home and food was not available; but they began to build a ship. Meanwhile daily from a high point near the fort they scanned the sea for a sail and we can imagine the excitement when, on August 3, four ships stood in to the mouth of the river. They were English, one of them a huge craft of seven hundred tons, under Captain John Hawkins who, after a successful venture in seizing negroes in Africa and selling them as slaves in the Spanish colonies, was now seeking fresh water for the homeward voyage. Hawkins came ashore bringing wine and wheaten bread and, to greet him, Laudonnière made a feast by killing some sheep and hens carefully preserved for a rare occasion. As fellow Protestants the two men had much in common. When Hawkins found that the colony had food for only ten days he offered to all a free passage to France but this Laudonnière refused, since it might mean abandoning Florida to the English. Hawkins remained for three days and furnished to the French flour, beans, and generous quantities of other food, together with fifty pairs of shoes. On the security of Laudonnière's promise to pay, he sold him a bark of fifty tons, quite adequate for a voyage to France. Then he sailed away. We have Hawkins's notes upon what he saw in Florida: its promise of gold; its meadows and fruits of

which "better cannot be in the world"; its strange animals including, as he heard, the lion and the unicorn in perpetual strife; all inspiring his hope that some day his own sovereign should possess that fair land.

The French began to load their English ship in order to sail for France with the first fair wind and, like Cartier at Stadacona, they planned to carry off "some good-looking men and women," in order that when these came back they should tell their people of the greatness of France. But they had not been abandoned and rescue was near. On August 28, seven French ships under Ribaut, carrying three hundred colonists, anchored silently at the mouth of the river and next morning seven boats filled with armed men rowed to the fort as if to attack it should resistance be offered. Complaints sent to France that Laudonnière was "lording it and playing the monarch" had caused Coligny to send him an order to hand over his command, and to return to France to meet these charges. The unhappy man easily refuted the accusation, but he took to his bed, ill from mortification. As it chanced, his illness saved his life.

Now appears on the scene one of the striking figures of the age. Pedro Menendez de Aviles, a Spanish noble, was a man of genius who ranks with Drake as one of the great maritime captains of the time. Already he had made a great fortune in America while in command of the Spanish fleet and army. To him Florida was a necessary part of New Spain and he conceived the ambition to occupy this great region and thus to gain for Spain further riches. He had religious zeal so furious that to him Protestantism was a deadly pestilence which, once planted in America, would undermine all public order and ruin the power of Spain. Only a great effort would save Florida; colonists must go out in hundreds, even in thousands, on a scale not yet dreamed of by French or English. Since Philip II could furnish only ships and no money, Menendez was ready to

do the work at his own cost, and he declared that within three years he should conquer and settle Florida. North America was still but vaguely known. Sixty years later, Lescarbot, who had lived in Nova Scotia, thought that a lake which the French saw in Florida might be a southern extension of Lake George in the present New York, described by Champlain. Menendez believed that an arm of the sea ran inland from some point near Chesapeake Bay to the waters of the St. Lawrence, so that the stretch of land from Virginia to Gaspé was a great island. This vast region Spain claimed, and in it, Menendez declared, no Protestant should live.

Twenty Spanish ships carrying some fifteen hundred persons sailed from Cadiz on June 29, 1565, and many more were to follow. Menendez carried eight hundred in his ship of nearly a thousand tons, the *San Pelayo,* and he expected to fight, for seven hundred of his company were soldiers and sailors. In the squadron were priests and women and children and domestic animals—horses, cattle, sheep and pigs. A fearful hurricane, lasting two days and a night, nearly wrecked the expedition and Menendez was obliged to throw overboard some of his many guns. He had in his company two Frenchmen to tell him all that they had learned about Ribaut's setting out and he hoped to arrive before him and to give him a deadly reception.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of September 4, the great ship of Menendez, coasting northward, came in view of four of Ribaut's ships which, a few days earlier, had anchored at the mouth of the St. Johns river; and by ten in the evening Menendez dropped anchor between the two principal French vessels. Then in the dark a Spanish trumpeter called out to the French to ask whence they came. They replied that they were there by authority of the king of France. Menendez then asked a further question: Were they Catholics or Lutherans? When some cried "Luther-

ans" Menendez replied that his king had ordered him to destroy all Lutherans whom he should find on land or sea and that he had no power to show mercy; "he should board at day-break and then every heretic should die." "Come on now," answered the French defiantly, "don't wait till morning."

To fight the big ship at close quarters would have involved ruin to the French and, when Menendez seemed ready to attack, they cut their cables and put out to sea. Since their small ships were so swift that pursuit was useless, Menendez sailed to a point fifty miles farther south, there landed his stores, and thus began St. Augustine, the oldest city within the present United States. Ribaut soon followed in his ships, in the hope of defeating the Spaniards before their defences were ready, but, on September 10, a terrific storm overtook him and in the end every one of his ships was wrecked on that dangerous coast. After this disaster, five or six hundred Frenchmen managed to reach shore, but there they were helpless. They had lost even their small boats and had no means to cross the mouths of the rivers as they tried to march northward to Fort Caroline. Menendez now had his chance. He resolved first to destroy the French still at Fort Caroline. It meant for five hundred Spaniards a march inland for fifty miles through swamps and tangled forest. When, after terrible hardships, they reached the French fort, the defenders were absent with the wrecked ships, and only about eighty camp-followers with many women and children and sick were in the fort. It was on September 4 that Menendez had appeared by sea at Fort Caroline, and so prompt had he been that on September 20 he reached it by land. In the night he aroused the sleeping inmates by the cry of "Santiago, Santiago," and the massacre began at once. A few of the French escaped to the forest, and the invalid Laudonnière, with some others, managed to wade through

marshes to the seashore where, after standing long in water to their necks, they were picked up by a French vessel which lay in the river, safe from the storm. On the strand of the River St. Johns the Spaniards made a pile of a hundred and forty-two French corpses. When the first fury was over, they spared the women and the children under fifteen. It was believed in France that Menendez had hanged his victims on trees with the inscription: "I do this not as to Frenchmen, but as to Lutherans."

After the massacre the Spanish searched for the shipwrecked French sailors scattered along the coast. They found on the banks, as it seems, of the Matanzas inlet, about a hundred and fifty, and later Menendez reported to Philip II what he had done: "I caused their hands to be tied behind their backs, and put them to the knife. . . . It seemed to me that to chastise them in this way would serve God our Lord as well as your Majesty." A little later, three or four hundred more shipwrecked Frenchmen, under Ribaut, reached the same spot. In order to march northward to Fort Caroline they must cross the inlet. Menendez waited on the north side, while Ribaut, and a few companions, men of high birth, were brought across in a canoe. We can imagine the interview of these two remarkable men; Menendez, the embodiment of arrogant dignity which Spain has given to the world; Ribaut, as Menendez said of him, "the most skilful sailor and corsair that was known," for Drake was still too young to have made a name. When Ribaut pleaded for life and offered a heavy ransom, Menendez took him to see the heap of corpses of the earlier party of French, festering near the spot. He refused to give definite pledges but, in the end, Ribaut and seventy or, by another account, a hundred and fifty, decided to surrender. The remaining two hundred French on the south bank slipped away, more ready to starve on that unfriendly coast, or to confront the natives, than to trust the Spaniards.

Menendez asked those who surrendered whether they were Protestants. They said that they were and he thus reported briefly to Philip II: "I caused Ribaut and all the others to be put to the knife." He added that Ribaut with five hundred ducats could have achieved more for France than any one else with five thousand and "would do more in one year than any other in two." In all, as he hoped, a thousand French had perished. Of their bodies he made vast funeral pyres on the Florida beach. Such was the first serious struggle between rival European nations in America. It is probable that its savages had rarely carried out massacre on such a scale.

The day of vengeance came. A Catholic king in France would do nothing to avenge the massacre of the Protestants and it was private persons who took action. Without any announcement of his purpose, Dominique de Gourgues, a renowned soldier, invited volunteers for a venture by sea. It is doubtful whether he was a Protestant, but he was a patriot, resolved to punish the Spaniards. He sold his property, borrowed money and, in August, 1567, was able to put to sea with three small ships. The report ran that he was going to seize slaves on the African coast. He went, indeed, to Benin, seized a cargo of slaves, and then sold them in the Spanish West Indies. Not until he reached Cuba did he make known his further purpose, of which some of those with him were already aware. In April, 1568, he was sailing northward along the coast of Florida. A few leagues beyond Fort Caroline he landed and took counsel with some of the native chiefs. When they learned of his plan to attack the Spaniards, they were eager to help. The French took Fort Caroline, re-named by the Spanish Fort Mateo, and killed some four hundred Spaniards. Gourgues reserved some for special ignominy. The bodies of the French, hanged by Menendez, were, it seems, still swinging from neighbouring trees and now, side by side with them,

on the branches of the same trees, Gourgues hanged fifteen Spaniards, one of whom, he was told, had with his own hands hanged five of the Frenchmen. Over the bodies he placed the judgment: "I do this not as unto Spaniards, nor as unto Mariners, but as unto Traitors, Robbers and Murderers." Immediately after the massacre, he sailed to France before the Spanish, in force at St. Augustine, could attack him. Four years later, on the day of St. Bartholemew, French Catholics massacred French Protestants and, in the streets of Paris, the home of the most refined culture in Europe, lay the bodies of many thousands, slain not by alien Spaniards but by men of their own nation.

To found a colony in that century was an all but impossible task and Spain succeeded by that ruthless exercise of force which gave her leaders the name of Conquistadores or conquerors. She used torture and massacre on a scale so great that, as the Spanish writer, Las Casas, declares, twenty million natives perished in forty-five years. While this is almost impossible, the Spanish even burnt ignorant savages when they were found not to hold the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. It is a paradox that in Mexico, Peru and other regions, thus mastered, the Indians remain to this day the most numerous element in the population while, in the territory occupied later by the English and the French, the natives have almost disappeared. The explanation is that because Spain was from the first master, she saved many natives for her service, while the weaker French and English were obliged to wage against them a more equal warfare which involved the destruction of one side or the other. After the failure in Florida no serious attempt was ever made by French Protestants to found colonies. During the next century, under Richelieu and Louis XIV, the monarchy became even more despotic than had been the Tudor monarchy in England, and forbade to Protestants any share in colonizing effort.

CHAPTER V

THE ENGLISH ON THE PACIFIC

THOUGH it was on the Atlantic side of America that the rise and fall of New France took place, we are concerned here with the Canada which sprang from New France and now extends to the Pacific, and in its history early events in the far north and on the Pacific have their place. Just as Cartier on the St. Lawrence laid the foundations of French claims to Canada, so also did Frobisher in the north and Drake on the Pacific lay those by England, which endure in the Canada of to-day. In the early years of discovery, the English lagged behind the continental powers. It is true that Cabot raised the English flag in America only five years after Columbus raised the Spanish flag, but this English enterprise was due to the energy of the Italian leader, Cabot, and it flagged after Cabot's failure. The young English prince who became Henry VIII was married to the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and was ready in his early years, no doubt, to accept without challenge Spain's chief claims, as his father Henry VII had accepted them. When, however, Henry put aside his Spanish wife and broke with Rome, he really made that challenge to Spain which his daughter Elizabeth was to carry into active defiance. Henry seems to have given little thought to the problems of a new route to Asia and a new world in America. He had business enough at home. During the years in which France sent Cartier to the St.

Lawrence, Henry was fully occupied in his hard and ruthless task of forcing English religious life into new channels, and in crushing those who opposed him. In all ranks his victims were many. Not only were hundreds of humble men hanged on village greens; devout women and mitred abbots went to execution, as did also a Cardinal, Fisher, and a former Lord Chancellor, Sir Thomas More.

Henry VIII has, nevertheless, some part in causing the later expansion of England, for he gave much thought to maritime effort, and to the designing of fighting ships to confront those of his rivals in Europe, Francis I of France and the Emperor Charles V, who ruled Spain and the Netherlands. Henry took pleasure in the society of seamen, and encouraged their enterprises. Though it was to defy the claims of Portugal, one of Henry's captains, William Hawkins, father of the famous seaman of Elizabeth, Sir John Hawkins, sailed, about 1530, to both Africa and Brazil and traded there. Henry died in 1547 and under his son, Edward VI, the English were prepared to take part in the much-talked-of trade with Asia and especially to find a short route by sea to the east. Portugal had reached Asia by going round Africa. Spain had found another route by a tedious passage through lands in South America, stretching, as was believed, illimitably southward, as well as northward. Could England find a passage to equal or surpass that found by Magellan? English seamen were bent on finding one in the north, either by turning eastward like the Portuguese in the south or westward like the Spanish.

The English made their first serious effort to reach an eastern sea by sailing along the coast of Russia, in hope that its ice-bound shores might lead to the ports of China. To-day, with our knowledge of the difficulties, we know that such valiant efforts must fail, but they developed a great school of English seamanship. On a June day of 1553, when the young king Edward VI lay dying, three

English ships headed for the far north, along the high, snow-capped coasts of Norway. In command was Sir Hugh Willoughby, a man of birth and reputation. Though he had no special fitness for Arctic discovery, he was a gallant gentleman and, to that age, this seemed qualification enough for almost any field of enterprise. The chief practical mariner was Sir Richard Chancellor, and the mariner who seems to have urged the expedition and who drew up the directions was Sebastian Cabot, now an old man, who had, perhaps, sailed to America with his father, John Cabot, more than fifty years earlier. The ships went past the North Cape to the desolate stretches of Lapland. In a storm Willoughby lost sight of Chancellor's ship and never saw it again. When Willoughby's sailors rowed to the shore they found numerous animals, but of human dwellers hardly a trace. At last he decided to spend the winter at the head of a deep bay where he had hoped to find the long-desired passage eastward. He sent out expeditions overland to search the country for inhabitants, but all in vain. There could be only one terrible result to his situation. For months the company kept up the struggle against nature but, at last, Willoughby and all his companions perished miserably of cold on those frigid, woodless shores. We know what they did from Willoughby's diary found with the bodies. The loss of this gallant company was England's first great sacrifice in the work of discovering a new route to the east.

Meanwhile Chancellor, with his one ship, had reached the White Sea. When he met natives who told him of a great capital lying far inland, he set out on a long journey overland and reached a vast and populous city, even greater, as he thought, than London. Its ruler lived in barbaric pomp and Chancellor was invited to a banquet at which two hundred guests ate off gold plate, and the ceremony observed was not unlike that which Marco Polo describes

at the court of the Grand Khan. At every turn profound reverence was shown to the monarch. Though the wooden houses did not impress a man familiar with the fine architecture of London, the evidences were many of wealth and magnificence. Chancellor was at the heart of a great empire hardly known to Western Europe, whose ruler commanded two hundred thousand men in the field. The city was, however, not in Asia but in Europe. It was Moscow. This journey led to the founding of the Muscovy Company and to the building up of trade between England and Russia. Though it was now clear that, by way of the north, a great city with signs of wealth might be reached, the expedition threw no light on the mystery of mysteries, that of finding a new route to the far east.

England's successful opening of trade with Russia and the creation of the Muscovy Company marked that reaching out to distant regions which brought her in the end world-wide trade, the founding of great companies, such as the East India Company, and the building up of a vast empire overseas. If, under the first Tudor, the devout Catholic, Henry VII, England had been docile in accepting the Pope's division of the new world between Spain and Portugal, under the last of the Tudors, the Protestant Elizabeth, she flouted such claims. Her ships attacked Spain's colonies in America, sacked their cities and carried off their treasure. The story of these doings makes a memorable drama, but it is something more than a tale that is told. The spirit aroused in the reign of Elizabeth gave the English the courage and the enterprise to create in time new societies in every continent, and in this sense the United States, Canada, and Australia are the fruits of the spirit of the Elizabethan age.

All the Tudors were despots. The Parliament which, in the early years of the fifteenth century, had dictated to Henry IV even in respect of his choice of a confessor and of

the people whom he should employ in his own household, was the submissive servant of the Tudor kings. If the Lancastrian, Henry IV, uncertain of his hold on England, was meek in tone to Parliament, the Tudor Elizabeth, though a woman ruler, spoke harshly to the members, when they touched her pride, and called them "a lot of hair-brained politicians." "I am your anointed queen," she tells a committee of Parliament, "I will never be by insolence constrained to do anything." She had ever before her mind the regal majesty of her father, Henry VIII, and the awe which he inspired in his subjects. The Tudors looked upon themselves and were regarded by their people as half divine. Elizabeth made magnificent progresses through her realm, and places where she stayed became memorable by an honour of which to this day they are proud. As her father's child she was, she said, "a lion's cub." At home, she would have but one thought, the good of her people, but there she would rule; and abroad she would brook no affront from any fellow sovereign. She took such pride in saying that no other ruler could make her afraid that once, when she had to speak publicly in Latin, she declared that her dread of making a fault in that tongue was greater than any fear she had of Spain, or France, or any other power: "I rule in justice . . . I fear no other princes. I trust in God who is the author of justice." She never set foot out of England; it was her world and she could say with truth that she loved her people with her whole heart and that to them belonged all that she had: "There will never queen sit on my seat with more zeal to my country, care to my subjects, and that will sooner with willingness yield and venture her life for your good and safety than myself."

We see that the Tudors resented, above all, the thought of deference to any other authority. Henry VIII did not break the tie between England and the Church of Rome because he rejected its doctrines. It was because, even in

religious matters, his despotic will would bend to no one. He would himself be head of the Church in England. There is evidence that Henry's daughter, under whom England turned finally Protestant, had some sympathy with the religious teaching of the Roman Church, for mass was said at her coronation. None the less did she exact from her subjects an oath of allegiance to her as the Supreme Governor, not only of the state but of the Church. With claims so high she yet showed feminine weaknesses. In dress she indulged a florid taste; she yielded to moods and caprices; she was a shameless flirt and accepted odious flattery. But her energies were masculine. She tired out strong men by hunting all day and by dancing most of the night. Few people of rank, in a coarse age, showed rougher manners than the queen who swore strong oaths, struck her personal attendants, and spat on the unpleasing dress of a courtier. She had no tenderness nor pity; even in a cruel age she was notably merciless. She would tolerate no division of power and in the first days of her reign she announced that she would never sacrifice her independence by marriage. Though she had able ministers, she aimed to direct the policy of the state herself, and her temper was so virile that her will is found at the heart of all great activities. When a ship sails on a distant voyage, the queen says farewell in person to the leader. She risks her own money in perilous enterprises and is an exacting partner when the time comes to reckon profits or to endure losses.

England was not yet the leading maritime power. Though Henry VIII had tried to improve shipbuilding by importing skilled Italian workmen, the Portuguese and the French were accounted better shipbuilders than the English. Henry's interest in ships and sailors led him to set up in the later days of his reign the Navy Board which, down to 1832, conducted the affairs of the Royal Navy. This helped to inspire in his daughter Elizabeth new ambitions which

were aided by the social changes of her time. Though England seemed to be overcrowded she had not then one-seventh of the population of to-day. She had, however, a narrower range of activities. Agriculture was her chief interest and adventurous spirits who sought other occupations found few openings. The society of the time made scant provision for the pursuits of an educated middle class. Compared with the professions of our own time, there were few lawyers, physicians, engineers and civil servants. In an earlier age the church had given the means of living to large numbers, but now the great monastic buildings, which had sheltered hundreds of monks and friars, were in ruins. Fewer services were held in the stately cathedrals and fewer clergy were needed. Women, too, lacked occupation. No longer could daughters of the well-to-do find shelter and spheres of usefulness in the nunneries, for these had gone. Clearly Englishmen must push into new spheres of life and, inviting them, was the heaving ocean across which lay unexplored lands promising new riches.

At one time Spain had wished to seem England's friend, to stand with her against the old enemy, France. Philip II, the husband of Elizabeth's sister, Queen Mary, had had the title of King of England and Mary herself had had that of Queen of Spain. But the two nations were really hostile. With Philip religion was always the dominant motive in policy. He felt himself called of God to destroy Protestants and declared that, rather than rule over a single heretic, he would sacrifice, a hundred times, not only his dominions, but his life. The world knows the melancholy story of the tens of thousands who went, in consequence, to their death. In Spain the burning of heretics marked great public festivals and even ladies of rank were burned. Once, when a great noble cried out in protest to Philip, who watched him and others as they walked in the procession to the

place of suffering, the king answered: "If my own son were as perverse as you, I myself would carry the faggots to burn him." Nor was he, in this, running counter to the feeling of Spain. The king's rigour delighted his people. At Spanish seaports he seized and executed foreign sailors only because they were Protestants, and the English were aroused, when in 1560, he burned two Englishmen solely on the grounds of religion. From such causes an intense bitterness grew up in Protestant England against Spain. She was vulnerable to a maritime people, and this the English now became on a scale previously unknown in their history.

The man in whom this new spirit centres is Sir Francis Drake. His early history is obscure. He was born in Devonshire, but his father seems to have been Vicar of a church in Kent and the head of a family ardently Protestant. There is a probable story that Drake went in early years as a page to a lady of rank travelling in Spain. He knew Spanish and for the use of it his career was to give him abundant occasion. He was, it seems, only a youth when he went to sea. In earlier years English seamen had been warned not to enter into fields occupied by Spain, but awe of her power had died out, and now venturesome English seamen found the Spanish colonies a profitable field of enterprise. These colonies needed the labour of negro slaves. It is estimated that on the island of Hispaniola (Haiti) alone, there had been two million natives in the time of Columbus, but in an incredibly short time they were killed off by forced labour and disease and it is doubtful whether to-day any one of their blood is alive in Haiti. Negroes seized in Africa and carried to the Spanish colonies might supply the needed labour. Drake made one voyage in this loathsome trade, but only one. He had in view the more congenial pursuit of plundering Spanish ships on the sea and Spanish settlements on land. By her cruel

pursuit of all Protestants, Spain had done two things; she had flouted what little there was of international law, and she had aroused the bitter hatred of those who held Protestant views. When Drake had just grown to manhood there appeared Fox's *Book of Martyrs,* describing the tortures of those who had suffered for their Protestant faith. It was widely read. Drake carried it with him when he made his voyage round the world, and often pondered over its grim text and pictures. To rob Spaniards who did such things seemed less a crime than a duty.

In this spirit it was that Drake and others preyed on the possessions of Spain. Elizabeth encouraged them, but was also prepared to repudiate them if this should suit her policy for the time. By 1572 Drake had an extensive knowledge of the Spanish islands and the Spanish Main (mainland) in America, and he proved the reality of the treasure of which explorers had dreamed since the time of Marco Polo. At the end of July, 1572, when he landed at Nombre de Dios, on the Atlantic side of the narrowest part of the Isthmus of Panama, and seized the town, he told his men that he had brought them to the treasure-house of the world. He showed them a room with a vast store of gold and jewels and an immense pile of silver bars said to be worth a million pounds. But he could not carry off this weighty treasure. When he was severely wounded in an attack by the Spanish his men forced him back to his boats. He continued his efforts on that coast and in February of the next year, 1573, he saw what he had long desired. Negroes who were refugees from the Spanish settlements offered to lead him to a point where he could see both the Atlantic and the Pacific. On the ridge of the isthmus his guides showed him a tall tree with notches cut to make a kind of ladder. When he climbed to the top and looked out, as long before Balboa had looked out, on the waters of the Pacific, he prayed that God would spare him to sail on

it in an English ship. One of his men, John Oxenham, vowed that by God's grace he should go with Drake. Both were destined to reach the Pacific and Oxenham to find there a tragic end.

The longing to sail on the Pacific reveals the desire of many Englishmen to have a share in a more capacious world. Why should not Englishmen go where Portuguese and Spaniards went? The sea and the air, Drake said, were open to all. As yet no English ship had been in the Straits of Magellan. So full of danger was the passage that the Spanish rarely used it, but sent their goods to Panama on the Pacific side of the Isthmus and then carried them across to the Atlantic. Some Englishmen believed that in the far north lay the better and safer route. Drake thought that both routes should be explored and he chose for himself the effort in the south. He was not thinking only of treasure. There were to be "Dominions" [1] across the sea, the homes of Englishmen who, as yet, held not a foot of land beyond their own island.

The route in the north first received attention. Sir Humphrey Gilbert was one of a gallant group of Englishmen keenly interested in these problems. With great labour he prepared a treatise on the nothern passage and when, in 1574, a friend asked him how he spent his time, he took him into his study and showed him a long discourse written by his own hand on a new passage to Cathay. To him, since America was a huge island, there must be a passage to Asia by the north, to parallel Magellan's passage by the south. England, thought this ardent spirit, might not only have this northern region but she might even drive Spain from the West Indies. Already in Russia had been found barbaric magnificence like that of an eastern court, and also rich avenues of trade, and the same things might be found in the east. The enthusiast to press this

[1] Drake uses this word. Nuttall, *New Light on Drake*, p. 430.

view into action soon appeared. Michael Lok, was the son of Sir William Lok, a prominent London merchant who had entertained Henry VIII at his own table. After a visit to Spain, Michael Lok came home full of wonder and envy at her vast trade with both the East and the West Indies. He had travelled widely and at one time had commanded a merchant ship of a thousand tons, trading to Turkey. A keen student, he gathered a costly library dealing with the routes to Cathay. Martin Frobisher, a sea captain of good birth and standing, was his friend and helper and aimed not only to tap great sources of wealth by a north-west passage but also to create a new dominion for England. After many years they found a patron in the Earl of Warwick and, in the end, Queen Elizabeth herself took keen interest in their plans.

Man is an incorrigible idealist. Even still, in those stormy days of Elizabeth, the belief survived that, somewhere on the earth could be found a land of fair meadows and brimming rivers, with trees bearing delicious fruits, with rare spices and stores of gold and silver, a land where man himself lived in perfect happiness. The vision inspired rugged men to brave privation and danger. On Friday, June 8, 1576, three small ships commanded by Martin Frobisher, dropped down the Thames from Deptford, anchored at Greenwich, and made the best show they could in firing a salute to Queen Elizabeth whose court lay there. The queen returned the salute by waving her hand out of the window and sent word that she had good liking for the effort. This from a source deemed half divine was an inspiring message. The three ships sailed away. They were tiny craft, two of twenty-five tons, one a pinnace of only ten, and the whole company numbered thirty-five. The venture was on a scale not much greater than that of Cabot in 1497. They sailed north-westward and soon were in a region of ice and mists. They saw a great iceberg crack

in two with a noise "as if a great cliff had fallen into the sea." Small wonder that, in a storm, the little pinnace, with her crew of four, was engulfed in the waves and never seen again, and that one ship turned back. Frobisher held on in the *Gabriel*, and at last, to his joy, sailed into what he took to be the channel between America and Asia, the northern equivalent of what Magellan had found in the south.

For sixty leagues Frobisher sailed in what was really a bay and is still known by his name. Probably he was not the first European to visit that region. Following in the track of Cabot, Portuguese and Spanish ships had pushed into the far north and it is hardly doubtful that natives had been seized by them and carried away to be sold as slaves. It is almost certain from hints in maps that, sometime before the year 1570, Portuguese ships had reached the wide passage, a little south of the bay found by Frobisher, and had sailed into Hudson Bay by the long four hundred miles of the Hudson Strait with its violent tides rising as high as thirty-five feet. Thus the natives, who were Eskimos, may have had experiences with earlier voyagers which now made them hostile. At one point the lure of knives, bells, and looking glasses brought about a score of natives to the ship. They were, however, treacherous and they killed five men who went ashore. So convinced were the English of the devilish character of these people that, on a later voyage, they removed the buskins from one old woman to find whether her feet were cloven. Frobisher thought that the natives were cannibals. He seems to have had no doubt that he had found a fair route to China, and that his first duty was to carry back the news to England of a channel by which ships could sail to the far east, with Asia on the right hand and America on the left. Magellan had not been content with a surmise but had banished uncertainty by pressing on and doing the thing which he imag-

ined might be done. Frobisher in his tiny ship was not so well equipped. Accordingly, he turned back and reached England in August, having been absent about two months, two fruitful months, as it seemed, for had he not found the long-sought passage?

England showed more interest in another result of the voyage. A sailor had brought back with him a black stone. When heated it yielded a glittering metal which looked like gold and this caused great excitement. When the ore was treated by an Italian goldsmith in London he showed a gold powder as the product. Though prudent goldsmiths shook their heads in doubt, the public believed what it wished to believe, that ship-loads of the ore could be brought to England, with fabulous wealth as the result. The queen was ready to join in the risk and subscribed a thousand pounds for shares in the Company of Cathay, now founded, with Lok as governor. Frobisher received the office of High Admiral, and also the use of a fine ship of the Royal Navy, the *Aid*. It may be that the high hopes were due to the energy of some clever person wishing to secure funds for a second expedition. If so this succeeded only too well. On the second voyage "The General", as Frobisher was called, had orders to defer the work of discovery and to bring back cargoes of ore. Accordingly, in 1577, amidst great excitement, he set out again. The *Aid* was an imposing ship of two hundred tons, and with her went the two smaller ships of the previous year. The crews numbered a hundred and twenty men.

The earlier experiences were repeated. The ships met chill winds as they passed Iceland and Greenland. Continuous daylight eased, however, the perils of the sea in a region of ice and mist. In a fair harbour on the shore of that supposed channel leading to the east, which was only Frobisher's Bay, the company landed and, with due ceremony, Frobisher took possession of the country for Eng-

land, a claim destined to endure. Then they set to work with a will to fill the ships with the precious ore, which proved abundant. Frobisher had had leave to force condemned prisoners to sail with him, but this had not been necessary, for volunteers were many. Gentlemen now worked side by side with the rough sailors. In twenty days they piled in the holds of the ships two hundred tons of ore. Then, with shoes and clothes worn out, legs lame, and bodies overstrained, but with joy in their hearts at the riches of their cargo, they sailed back to England. By the Queen's order, the ore was piled in Bristol Castle and in the Tower of London, under special guard. Then England watched expectant while science tested the ore. We have recorded, almost from day to day, the hopes of Michael Lok. He was confident that the ore would yield at least forty pounds for each ton, above all charges. Definite results came slowly. It was said that the furnaces could not be made hot enough. And in the spring of 1578, before the ore had been fully tested, the cry was still to secure more.

There was now no lack of support. For his third voyage Frobisher had fifteen ships. Before he sailed in May, 1578, the queen received him and threw a fine gold chain over his neck. Burghley himself, Elizabeth's great minister, revised the instructions to the Admiral. Some clergymen were to go with the expedition and to hold service twice daily. Swearing, the use of dice and cards, lewd talking, and all other vices, were to be banished from the ships. Even the wachwords were to have a religious flavour for, when a ship should hail another in the night, the cry was to be "Before the world was God," and the answer "After God came Christ, His Son." One hundred Englishmen were to be left to winter in the far north, and to be the first English colony within what is now Canada. That north was a treeless land and the ships carried in their holds heavy

timbers with which to build a house for these hardy adventurers.

Frobisher sailed into Hudson Strait but he soon turned back into the supposed passage of the previous year and thus failed to reach the land-girt Hudson Bay whose western shore lies half way to the Pacific. This great company of Englishmen spent the summer of 1578 digging ore and in other activities. They hunted seals on the ice with success. They made cautious advances inland to look for gold mines. With them were experts to tell them what was truly gold, and they believed that they had found ore in such plenty as to sate all the gold gluttons of the world. They studied the habits of the natives. We see in the narrative the Eskimos as they are still, fat, broad-faced, sallow in colour, with hair jet black, bodies strong and nimble, and an ingenious industry in getting the means to live in the hard north. Even in his small ships Frobisher had brought horses, and the Eskimos feared the huge beasts. The natives had only clumsy pans of stone for cooking and were eager to secure iron implements. They liked the music of the Europeans and quickly imitated it. Frobisher still believed that to reach China he had only to go on boldly in the passage before him, though he was perhaps less confident than his words implied. As summer wore on there were flurries of snow, and at night frosts so heavy that he was anxious lest the ships should be held in the ice. In the end a universal homesickness seems to have seized the crews, as they saw signs of winter on those bleak shores, woodless and backed by snow-clad mountains. The hundred men who had been willing to stay in the north made such excuses that, in the end, the thought of leaving any one behind was given up and on the last day of August Frobisher set out for home with great cargoes of ore. By the end of October he had reached England.

Frobisher told a brave tale. Not only was the passage to

China now certain; precious ore had been brought home. But somehow there was error. Only slowly was the truth clear; the passage to China was a dream and the ore was worthless. Frobisher, a disappointed man, quarrelled with Lok, the paymaster of the expedition, demanded money, raged, on one occasion, at least, drew his dagger and, as Lok declares, behaved generally like a wild beast. Lok was ruined; for himself, his wife and his fifteen children there was, he wrote, to the queen, no prospect but beggary. He lived to great old age and more than forty years later was still being pressed for debts incurred in this venture. Frobisher lived to command a squadron in the great fight with the Spanish Armada. It was left to others to continue in the north the search for a route to Cathay; and meanwhile Drake made the journey to the Pacific coast in a manner which startled the world.

II

We hardly link Drake's name with Canada; yet was he the first to take active steps to found an English state in North America. There exists a map "seen and corrected by Drake," as a legend on it declares, in which England's share of North America is marked as extending across the whole north from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the Canada and part of the United States of to-day.[1] When, in the autumn of 1577, Frobisher returned from his second voyage, all England rejoiced over the many tons of ore piled high under strong guards. In his doings there was nothing to conceal, but a secret venture was on foot. Later Drake and Frobisher were companions in perilous labours against Spain and now, no doubt, they talked over what Drake had in mind. It was to sail by the Straits of Magellan to the Pacific, to take from the Spaniards what booty he could seize, and then to go on to the north to claim that part of

[1] The map is reproduced in Nuttall, *New Light on Drake*, p. LVI.

the Pacific coast for the queen. After this he expected to find the western end of the passage which Frobisher believed he had already found on the Atlantic side, and to sail through it at the north of what is now Canada, and then across the North Atlantic to England in ships ballasted by Spanish gold and silver, and to reveal a new world of adventure to Englishmen.

Secrecy was necessary since, while the queen favoured the plan, the cautious and rather timid Burghley, her chief minister, feared possible consequences to himself. Should Elizabeth die, her successor might well be Mary Stuart, a Catholic, supported by Spain, and then ruin might fall on the minister who had been a party to Drake's ventures. Forty years later, Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded by a Protestant king, James I, for less provoking acts against Spain than those of Drake. Elizabeth talked with Drake and was herself keen to strike a telling blow in retaliation for Philip's acts against England. She expected, also, the lion's share of the profits. Drake always claimed that, in what he now did, he had full warrant from her, and he carried with him a formal commission as her representative. In November, 1577, he sailed away with about one hundred and seventy men in five ships, the largest of them the *Pelican,* of one hundred tons, a good strong ship, built, it seems, for this voyage by the queen's command. Not until Drake was far out at sea did his company learn whither they were bound. Spanish spies had inevitably reported Drake's setting out, but while he was heading for the Straits of Magellan many thought that he intended once more to reach the great treasure-house at Nombre de Dios.

Drake carried stores for a year and a half and also the timbers of pinnaces to be put together when small vessels should be needed in shallow waters. The commander of such a squadron had powers extending even to life and death. It was an age of ceremony and Drake ruled with

studied pomp. His cabin was richly furnished and he had sweet perfumes and delicacies, the gift of the queen. He was served on richly gilt plate, bearing his coat of arms, and expert musicians played while he sat at table. In his company were many gentlemen and he insisted that they should be prepared to pull ropes and perform other services side by side with the sailors. He promised that the meanest cabin boy should grow so rich from the spoils of Spain as to live like a gentleman. Though an exacting leader, he seems to have been kindly, and his men were devoted to him.

When he had sailed past the Cape Verde Islands he met two Portuguese merchant ships. There was no war with Portugal, but this did not matter. Drake seized the ships, took off whatever of their cargoes he desired, placed the Portuguese crews on one of the ships, and sent her on her way. He kept the other ship and the skilful Portuguese pilot, Nuno da Silva. In charge of this ship Drake placed Thomas Doughty, an intimate friend and partner in the venture. Before leaving England, Drake had been warned against Doughty. In spite of the queen's stern prohibition, Doughty had informed Burghley of Drake's plan to attack Spain, and some treachery may have carried this knowledge to Philip II. Doughty himself had urged Drake to give up the effort to reach the Pacific and, instead, to remain in the Atlantic, where there would be booty in abundance. When he knew Drake's resolve to go on, he talked rashly among the sailors and seemed ready to mutiny and even to kill Drake and then to sail back to England, something which might have pleased Burghley. At first Drake would not believe in the guilt of Doughty whom, as he said, "he loved so dearly," but in the end he was convinced. Then it was life against life. The story was well known of what, sixty years earlier, Magellan had done, when in consequence of mutiny he had hanged his own vice-admiral, a man highly connected in Spain. Now, a second execution was

to take place at the same spot where Drake paused for refitting.

Doughty was tried by Drake himself, with a jury of some

DRAKE'S ROUTE ON THE PACIFIC COAST

forty men, including the captains and the principal gentlemen. The evidence astonished them. It involved a charge which will not appeal to our age, that, by witchcraft,

Doughty had brought on foul weather to wreck the expedition. A hundred years later grave New England Puritans sent many to death for similar magic. The penalty to Doughty was death. When asked for the authority to try him, Drake gathered on shore every man in the company, stood on a high spot where all could see him, took out some papers, touched them reverently to his head and then read them in a loud voice. All were free, he said, to inspect this, his commission from the queen. Doughty behaved with dignity. He asked that he might take the communion and die the death of a gentleman, that is, be beheaded, and not hanged. Drake took the communion with him. They sat down at a farewell banquet, and drank to each other as those drink who are going on a journey. Then they embraced and, near the gruesome remains of the scaffold on which Magellan had hanged his chief companion, Doughty knelt for the blow. When the executioner struck off his head, Drake caused it to be held up before the company and himself cried out: "Lo, this is the end of traitors." He had done what he thought was necessary in the queen's service, and he added: "Long live the Queen of England."

This was a harsh preliminary to Drake's effort to get through the Straits. In this very summer, Frobisher was battling in the north with his hard problems but, instead of pressing on through the passage to China which seemed to lie clearly before him, he was filling his ships with worthless ore. Drake now braced himself for a mighty effort. Since two of his ships and the Portuguese prize were unfit for the new perils, he broke them up and went on with three ships. The strong *Pelican* was the best of them and now he changed her name to the *Golden Hind*. In this he had method. He knew that the Spaniards would probably hang him if they could catch him, and that, even if he should return to England, Spain might demand what later she demanded in respect of Raleigh, that he should be sur-

rendered to her vengeance. It was urgent to have a powerful friend at court. Such a person was Sir Christopher Hatton, whose crest was a Golden Hind.

The passing of an English ship through the straits to the Pacific would be an event to startle the world, for it would mean England's final defiance of Spain and her assertion of right to plant colonies on the Pacific. The Portuguese pilot seems to have known the straits, and he gave invaluable aid. We are told that there was no thing on which Drake did not inform himself. The straits are nearly four hundred miles long. He took constant soundings, sometimes himself going ahead in a boat. For a long way he hugged the north shore and saw natives making great fires, apparently as signals. On both sides rose snow-clad mountains, but in places the coast was flat and trees came down to the water's edge. There were vast numbers of sea birds, the size of geese, and so clumsy that they could not fly; at one island the sailors killed three thousand. When half way through, Drake cut down a tree so thick that two men with outstretched arms could hardly engirdle it and he had the trunk stored as ballast in his hold. He would take it, he said, to the queen to show her what he had found in the straits. Clearly he did not intend to pass again that way or he would have delayed carrying this clumsy memorial until his return.

For sixteen days the passage continued, and then Drake had his heart's desire; he was sailing an English ship on the Pacific Ocean. While still in England he had planned to hold a solemn ceremony when this was achieved. With him he carried a statue in metal of the queen, and he intended to land his whole company at the Pacific end of the straits, and to erect there this monument, which he hoped would endure for all time as witness to the world of the rights which England claimed on the Pacific. There was to be a religious service, with a sermon which, no doubt,

Drake intended himself to preach. The plan reveals Drake's certainty that in entering the Pacific he was acting for his sovereign and also disclosing a new world. Nature, however, baffled his designs. He could find no anchorage near the desired spot and he had to run before a terrific storm. It swept him far into the South Sea and for the almost incredible period of fifty-two days he battled with the winds. His ships separated and, though he did not know it, one ship, the *Marigold,* went down with all on board. Another, the *Elizabeth,* fought her way back to England in June of the following summer, not without some suspicion that her commander, Wynter, had deserted Drake as Gomez had deserted Magellan. Drake alone, in the strong *Golden Hind,* held on.

The storm which swept Drake into the far south enabled him to prove false the old theory that land stretched indefinitely into antarctic regions. It was Drake who first made it known that a vast ocean lay south of what we now know as Cape Horn and that the Atlantic and the Pacific were really one ocean, with no precise frontier between them. This was, of itself, the momentous discovery of a route by the open sea from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Drake was now free to sail up the Pacific coast. At a quiet spot he put together the pinnace carried in his hold so that he should be able to sail into harbours too shallow for his big ship. He still hoped to find his two missing ships and, when he landed or stopped Spanish ships, he made anxious enquiries whether they had been seen. His coming was a staggering surprise to the Spanish authorities, who deemed that coast forbidden to all other nations and hitherto had had no need to protect its ports. Drake was bent on plunder. He landed and plundered towns. He stopped ships and took from them everything that pleased his fancy, even to the clothing of the passengers. He seized gold and silver, jewels, spices, silks and linens, food and even ships'

tackle. Sometimes he carried off prisoners, but invariably he detained them for only a short time and, in the end, sent them all to land without personal injury. Along the Pacific coast the alarming news spread that an English corsair was in the Pacific, and that it was Drake, "a low man, the son of vile parents," as one Spanish account relates. At first Drake's ships sailed northward faster than the news travelled, and he could rob a port before the defence had time to rally. We are told that as he sailed up the coast he made sketches of what he saw. With him was a nephew, John Drake, of similar tastes, and they constantly shut themselves into Drake's cabin and were "always painting." They made pictures in colour of the coast line, so true to the reality that, as the Spanish thought, they might serve as guides to other English corsairs. Drake, like the French explorer, Champlain, at a later time, kept a book in which he made drawings of birds and beasts. His curiosity and interest were intense. The Spaniards he said, with some humour, thought him a devil who robs by day and prays at night in public, and he added, "This is what I do," and all for the glory of his queen.

Drake knew that his former companion, John Oxenham, who in 1573 had vowed that, by God's grace, he should reach the Pacific, was a prisoner in Spanish America. Oxenham had not waited for Drake. Resolved to do the thing himself, he secured a ship in 1575 and sailed to the isthmus. With a small party he crossed the height of land and, in a secret place, far up a stream which flowed into the Pacific, he built a pinnace. In this he put out to sea in the first English ship on the Pacific coast. With six negroes as guides, Oxenham played the pirate. He captured two small Spanish ships carrying gold and silver, and took the booty up the stream to the spot where he had built his pinnace. In his remote hiding place he thought himself free from Spanish vigilance, but he carelessly allowed the feathers of

plucked fowl to be thrown on the stream and, by this means, the Spaniards tracked him. When, on February 13, 1579, Drake sailed into Callao in Peru, Oxenham was in prison at Lima, a few miles away. Drake was afraid to stay at Callao for more than two hours, but in that time he cut adrift the ships in the harbour and they were blown out to sea. He asked a prisoner whom he released to tell the viceroy of Peru that, if Oxenham were killed, he should cut off the heads of more than three thousand men of Peru and cast them into the port of Callao. But such threats availed nothing. Drake heard that, just at this time, twelve Englishmen were burned in Lima on the sole ground of their Protestant faith. Oxenham was sentenced to the galleys for life but, in the following year, he was hanged. He told the Spaniards that there were too many people and too little land in England, and that the English sailed through the Straits of Magellan in order to found on the Pacific settlements wherever a good country for such could be found. In the British Columbia of to-day has been realized this old desire.

We have from captives, freed by Drake, evidence given at the strict enquiries by the Spanish authorities as to his courtesy and pleasant manners. They were struck with the dignity which he maintained and with the deference to him of the gentlemen in his company, some of them born of the best blood in England. These stood uncovered in his presence and would sit down only at his asking. He told his captives with pride that his luxurious perfumes were the gift of the queen; sanitation was defective in those days and strong perfumes were perhaps necessary for refined noses. Though he asked others for counsel he made decisions alone. When he and his men faced danger together he spoke to them devout words of cheer and comfort. They should trust, he said, in the loving care of God for His children, revealed in the Blble. Among the captives whom he

released on the Pacific was the Portuguese, Nuno da Silva. This pilot describes Drake as about thirty-eight years old, short, thick-set, bearded, very strong and ruddy. On one cheek he bore the mark of a wound by an arrow, and in his leg he carried a bullet received in some earlier fighting. Drake spoke of himself as from a family of seamen, among them John Hawkins, with whom he had long served. He studied books on navigation, one of them in French and, as we have seen, he painted incessantly. He had some knowledge of surgery. When the surgeon of the expedition died, Drake sometimes performed his duties.

These Spanish witnesses, used only to the Roman ceremonial, describe quaintly the layman, Drake, leading the ship's company in prayers. When they gathered, he told his Catholic prisoners that, if they did not wish to join, they should go to the prow and make no noise. Drake read the Psalms in English, "knelt on his knees on a cushion in front of a table and chanted in a low voice and all the others responded to him." They "made lamentations and sang together with the accompaniment of the stringed instruments." Another Spaniard tells us how Drake had "a large book brought to him and read it for some time. . . . It contained many illuminated pictures of the Lutherans who had been burnt in Spain." No doubt it was Fox's *Book of Martyrs*. Drake spoke of the Pope "in words of great audacity."

In plundering the Spanish, Drake showed a certain sense of humour. To one gentleman he apologized gravely for taking his porcelain, linens and silks, by saying that he needed them for his own wife. When he took money belonging to the king of Spain it was, he said, to act as the king's treasurer; a standing jest of his company was that, in seizing Spanish treasure, they were relieving its guardians of burdensome responsibility. When, in an exploit on land, they find, lying asleep, a tired Spaniard, guarding thirteen

bars of silver, they make excuses for waking him from his nap and add that, having done him this injury, they would free him from further anxiety by taking away his charge, and they beg him to renew his slumber. A Spanish gentleman with a boy is found engaged in the plebeian work of driving eight llamas laden with silver, and the sailors protest that they cannot endure to see a gentleman performing the common task of a carrier and so relieve him, with apologies for hurrying away to their boats. Even a Spanish boy or, by one account, an officer, on the *Cacafuego* (*Spitfire*), a Spanish ship, joined in the jesting. When he saw the English carrying treasure out of her hold, he said that the *Spitfire* might better be called the *Spitsilver* (*Cacaplata*), and that the English ship had the better right to the name *Spitfire,* a jest which delighted the sailors and was long repeated. A whole week was needed for transferring to Drake's ship the cargo of the *Cacafuego* and it included, besides gold and jewels, twenty-six tons of uncoined silver. Gold and silver were, indeed, Drake's ballast. To his joy he captured a ship with a quantity of ship's rope and tackle of which he was much in need.

It was in this spirit that the English claimed a right to sail on the Pacific and there to occupy land. But both they and the Spanish were wondering how, once on that sea, Drake was to get back to England. The Spanish viceroy would not believe that Drake had sailed through the straits and thought that, like Oxenham, he must have crossed the Isthmus and have built or seized a ship on the Pacific. To prisoners whom he released Drake expressed an intense desire to get back to England, in which we may well believe, and sometimes he declared that he should return by way of China. Since he said this, the astute Spaniards judged that it was the last thing which he would attempt. They ridiculed the thought that he could carry provisions for such a voyage and were certain that, should he dare to enter any

port on the way, the Portuguese would catch him. The Spanish decided to lie in wait for Drake at the Straits of Magellan. Meanwhile he was bent on finding still another route. He would push into the north to the western end of the straits, found, as he believed, by Frobisher, and by this route he would sail back to England. It was a light-hearted resolve but so had been that of venturing into the Pacific.

Drake was as certain as Frobisher had been that a passage in the north to the Atlantic was open, and that he could do his country great and notable service by proving this. His homesick men were ready for any effort, "through which," as they said, "we might return with joy to our loved homes." Drake sailed to what he calls the "Iland of Caines" to refit. On the way he relieved a passing ship of much linen, silk, and porcelain, and also a richly worked falcon in gold with a great emerald set in its breast. The island was tropical for they found there "alargartoes" (alligators) and what they took to be "munnkeyes," and also food, water and wood. As the two ships rode at anchor a mile from the shore, a terrific earthquake caused them to shiver as if they were on dry land. Drake then made his final raid. Guatulco was the port on the Pacific side of the isthmus to which goods were brought from the Atlantic side to be reshipped. At eight o'clock on the morning of Monday, April 13, 1579, the governor (chief alcalde) was informed that two strange sail were in sight. Two hours later they appeared abreast in the harbour, the larger a huge ship, possibly, as he was told, of more than three hundred tons. It anchored, but the small ship, with more than forty armed men, "began to come," as the alarmed alcalde reports, "very suddenly, in a resolute manner, towards the shore." Then he realized that, in very truth, this was the dreaded English corsair. With a few Spaniards and some Indians he tried to oppose the landing,

but the English soon settled this with their artillery, and the Spanish fled to the heights above the town. When the English had secured needed water, flour, biscuits and maize, they plundered the town, carried the spoil to their ships and then sailed away. At ten that night the alcalde was writing to the viceroy an account of his stirring adventure.

After this Drake headed for the north, sailing far out at sea in order to make sure of a wind. His is our first account of a voyage to Arctic regions on the Pacific. From April 16 to June 4 he held on his course and his experiences in this long voyage were exactly like those of Frobisher. The weather grew so cold that meat taken away from the fire quickly froze. Rain falling on the ropes turned to ice so that the men could hardly work the ship. It is no wonder that, after many days, "sudden and great discouragement" fell on them. When Drake went close to land he found "vile, thick, and stinking fog," and a frozen coast with snow-capped hills. Turning southward, he anchored on June 17 in a safe harbour and there remained during five or six weeks. It was a bleak place. Snow lay on the mountains and the trees were still leafless. There was no green herbage and, even in July, the cold was so biting that the natives appeared in furs. Sailors who had been as far as seventy-two degrees north in the Atlantic declared that here the cold was more severe. The native houses were covered with earth as protection from intense cold. Clearly no navigable passage to the Atlantic was to be found in this ice-bound region. The natives received Drake as a god, brought him their sick to be healed and, to propitiate him, the women, in particular, engaged in frantic rites which involved the laceration of their bodies. Drake rebuked their idolatry and read in a tongue strange to them passages from the Bible. These natives were particularly pleased when the English sang psalms, and some gestures of the chief seemed to Drake to mean that he offered to the

English the sovereignty of the country. This, at any rate, was what Drake intended to assert, and he proclaimed Elizabeth the ruler of this New Albion, as he called it, with the solemn wish that the people might find happiness in obeying her and be brought to the "right knowledge and obedience of the true and living God." On a great post he nailed a plate of lead bearing the name of Elizabeth. Before it the natives knelt and offered worship.[1]

Now, with New Albion founded on the Pacific and with vast treasure in his ship, Drake's one desire was to reach England. The poets of the time declare that he had sighted both the North and the South Pole. But since, in the north, Nature, and in the south, man, barred the way, he decided to head across the Pacific. On July 23 he sailed away amid lamentations from the new subjects of Elizabeth and during sixty-eight days he was out of sight of land. Fourteen months after he left New Albion, on September 25, 1580, his battered ship entered Plymouth harbour. Those on board thought the day was Sunday but they had lost a day in travelling with the sunlight round the world and the day was Monday. During nearly three years Drake had had no news of England, and we need not wonder that, on entering the harbour, he enquired anxiously about Elizabeth. He was told that she was well. Had she died and had her successor, a Stuart, come to the throne, Drake might well have feared to put foot in the homeland. He sent at once messages to the queen and from her received orders to bring to the court "samples of his labours." His answer was a procession of horses laden with gold and sil-

[1] The description of the weather in July and of the habits of the natives indicate that New Albion lay in the Arctic north. Yet the latitudes named by Drake put it in the neighbourhood of the present San Francisco where such weather is unknown. Either there is a mistake in the latitude which is given as about 38° or the account of the climate is fanciful. It would be easier to mistake the latitude, owing possibly to defective observation or record, than to be quite wrong in a detailed account of the people with the habits of an Arctic region.

ver. The Spanish ambassador was making furious charges against him, not only of robbery but of murder, and of the cruel barbarity of cutting off the hands of Spanish prisoners. Elizabeth first made sure that Drake's treasure should be safe. He brought bars of silver, chests full of gold pieces of eight, pearls and other precious stones, rich spices, fine silks, linen and other cloths, the whole reputed to be worth a million and a half pounds. All was carefully registered and lodged in the Tower; enough, as he said, to pay for seven years the cost of war with Spain. It was not long before Elizabeth told Drake that he had nothing to fear and, in the end, she knighted him on the *Golden Hind* and declared that the vessel itself should be preserved as a national memorial. His character appealed to the eager, greedy, arrogant queen, to whom England was the world. In a single day she talked with Drake no fewer than nine times, and we can imagine her questionings on every feature of his exploits. He had set out with about one hundred and seventy men and he brought back only about sixty. He had achieved more than plunder. In name at least New Albion endured. Two hundred years later when another sailor, Captain James Cook, was sent to the Pacific he was instructed to go to Drake's New Albion. It was Cook who revived the claims made by Drake and British Columbia is an enduring monument to two of the greatest seamen in British annals.

Drake had revealed England's will to play a part on the Pacific Ocean and in an adventurous age he was certain to have imitators. Thomas Cavendish had been with Sir Robert Grenville on a return voyage from Virginia in 1585 when they fell in with a ship from St. Domingo. Grenville decided to board the Spaniard. He had no boat but he made a raft of old chests and, though it went to pieces just as he reached the Spanish ship, he captured her. Like other English gentlemen of the time Cavendish retrieved

his fortunes by piracy. He planned a venture in the Pacific similar to Drake's and set out in 1586. In the Straits of Magellan he found that, to stop the ships of other nations, the Spaniards had built a fortified town, King Philip's city, at the narrowest point. The wretched colonists had, however, been so preyed upon by the natives and by famine and disease that they had "dyed like dogges in their houses, and in their clothes." When Cavendish entered the town it was "wonderfully taynted with the smell . . . of the dead people." After six weeks in the straits he sailed up the Pacific coast and secured vast plunder. He returned by way of the Cape of Good Hope and on September 9, 1588, "by the mercifull favour of the Almightie" he reached Plymouth just in time to hear of the defeat of the great Spanish Armada.

Neither Drake nor Cavendish achieved any settlement on the Pacific, for "New Albion" remained only a name. It was rather in the region of the North Atlantic that the English carried on discovery and colonization. The failure of Frobisher did not end effort in the far north. In 1585 John Davis, a seaman of high character, set out with two ships to find the passage to Asia. As he sailed into the north we hear the old story of fog, of the roar of the clashing ice-floes as they closed in round the ships, and of a shore so bleak in its wintry setting that Davis called it the "Land of Desolation." He was not discouraged by a first failure. Again in 1586 and still again in 1587 he went into the north. His name is on the map in Davis Straits but he achieved nothing, nor did other English efforts until well on in the next century. Henry Hudson spent the winter of 1610-11 on the shores of the vast Bay known by his name, but the Hudson's Bay Company, which survives still, was not founded to trade and to occupy the land about the bay until the third quarter of the next century.

As early as in 1578 Elizabeth had given to Sir Humphrey Gilbert a charter for "the inhabiting and planting of our people in America." Like his half-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, he lived in a circle so eager for adventure that it seriously treasured a plan to expel Spain from America. They both served Elizabeth in Ireland where their record shows that Spain was not peculiar in her severity. Gilbert hunted down Irish rebels as if they were wild beasts. When he encamped at night, his practice was to have the heads of the Irish who had been slain during the day laid in rows along each side of the pathway to his tent. We are told that it chilled the hearts of the Irish to see the heads of fathers, brothers, children and friends marking the approach to Gilbert. No doubt it did. Gilbert founded a colony across the ocean. He organized a company called "The Merchant Adventurers with Sir Humphrey Gilbert," and there were great names among the adventurers,—the Earls of Leicester and Warwick, Lord Burghley, Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir Philip Sydney, and others. We are reminded of the "Merchant Adventurers" whom some eighty years later Prince Rupert secured for the great Hudson's Bay Company. Gilbert considered that under his warrant from the queen he was free to make grants of land on any part of the coast from Florida to Labrador, though Spain gave warning that any English, Catholic or Protestant, settling in Florida should be massacred.

The moment seemed happy for Gilbert's venture. Raleigh was in high favour with the queen and her support was likely. The first effort, in 1578, failed but, in 1583, Gilbert was ready to set out with five ships and two hundred and sixty men. The queen sent him a message that she wished him the good fortune and safety which she should desire were she with him in person. He intended to make a beginning with Newfoundland. For a long time fishermen of all nations had recognized the English as lords

of its soil, in virtue, no doubt, of Cabot's raising of the English flag in 1497. In the first days of August, 1583, Gilbert sailed into the harbour of St. Johns. Of the thirty-six fishing vessels in the harbour, twenty were Spanish and Portuguese and only a few were English. Yet all seemed to desire some rule which should check strife and violence and, on August 5, with dignified ceremony, Gilbert proclaimed Elizabeth as sovereign. Henceforth the only religious services to be permitted were those of the Church of England. To plot against the queen's authority would be treason. The age indulged in much ribald gossip about her, and Gilbert now decreed that any one speaking words to her dishonour should lose his ears and have his ship and his goods confiscated. He lacked, however, the qualities of a great leader. He was imperious and obstinate, and events proved that he had no adequate means to enforce his bold challenge to the lawless. When he was unable to control the motley elements at St. Johns, he decided to return to England in order to come back better equipped in the next spring. He himself sailed in the little *Squirrel,* of ten tons, in order, on the way, to explore bays and inlets farther south with a view to future settlement. Near the Azores the tiny vessel was engulfed in a great storm and Gilbert perished.

The indomitable resolve endured not to accept failure. Since England seemed over-peopled, and there was crowded misery at home, the call to found colonies was urgent: it was a duty to "the magnificent God" says Hayes, the captain of one of Gilbert's ships, who wrote the account of his last days. Sir Walter Raleigh secured the reversion of the patent granted to Gilbert and in 1584 sent out an expedition to found a colony. He too was free to select any spot on the coast from Florida to Newfoundland and he began the settlement for which Elizabeth chose the name of Virginia. The defiance to Spain was complete and on the

Atlantic coast Drake now repeated exploits like those on the Pacific. Town after town he plundered and burnt. During five weeks at San Domingo he gathered all that was worth taking away, even the church bells, and he exacted a heavy ransom for sparing some of the churches. "Nothing remains," writes a distressed citizen, "but life itself, which has to be spent in great poverty. The distress is great. . . . The populace is affrighted and in a dangerous temper. Would that His Majesty took pity on us." [1] To plunder was, however, easier than to colonize. By 1586 the Virginian colony had failed and Drake carried home the depressed colonists. Next year Raleigh tried again and left more than a hundred men and women in Virginia to make a secure beginning. Two years later, when England had passed through the perils of the Spanish Armada, no remnant of these unhappy people could be found. It was one of the first of many lessons that the founding of a colony is a difficult and costly business.

Meanwhile the enmity between England and Spain, enduring because based on cleavage in religion, approached a climax. The power of Philip II was still expanding. When in 1580 a direct heir failed to the ancient Braganza line of rulers in Portugal, Philip claimed the throne, to which, through his mother, he had some, though not the best, title. His costly wars had already obliged him twice to declare himself bankrupt, but now the wealth of Portugal seemed to afford the means to bend Europe to his will. He sent into Portugal an army under the ruthless Duke of Alva, who had put thousands to death in the Netherlands because of their Protestant faith. Alva marched to Lisbon and there wrought awful slaughter. "The dead lay heap on heap of swine," says an eye-witness. . . . "All the streets are filled with dead men and horses so that we had to

[1] *The Fugger News-Letters* (London, 1925). Report from San Domingo, January 11, 1586.

walk across them as on a bridge. Some are still alive, one man lifted a foot, another a hand. Altogether it was a pitiable sight." [1] Philip added Portugal to his dominions and eight years later it was from Lisbon that his great Armada sailed to add England to his conquests. During sixty years the proud little state of Portugal which had brought India, China, and Japan into contact with Europe, was captive to the hated Hapsburg rulers of Spain. With Portugal in his power Philip was the more resolved against England. His nature knew no compromise and he never swerved in his resolve to destroy anything tainted by Protestant teaching.

We see this relentless spirit, which overlooked no detail, in the pursuit of those who had come into contact with Drake on the Pacific. There the Spanish officials knew the master whom they served and no enquiry was too trifling for their vigilance. We have grave reports from the officers of the Inquisition even about the losses in clothing of those whom Drake had disturbed. On the lists we find "two felt hats," one old and one new; "one sheet," sixteen shirts," "one wooden pail," "a pair of women's high boots." When the woman's high boots are missing the Inquisitors are told, on oath, that a covetous maid had been seen wearing them. The vital enquiries were into any action of Drake's captives which might imply taking a willing part in Protestant services. The Portuguese, Nuno da Silva, who had been long with Drake, was put to torture to bring out the whole truth. In spite of his denials, witnesses testified that at the English services he had seemed to join in the prayers, though, as one said, he might well have been offering prayers of his own. He took part in the singing; he read in a book which looked like a Bible; he listened to the preaching; and he ate meat during Lent. To the Inquisitors he was a guilty man and he was banished for

[1] *The Fugger News-Letters.* Letter from Lisbon, September 1, 1580.

life from America. This temper helps to explain the drift into war after Drake's return. When, in 1587, Elizabeth sent to the block Mary Stuart, the Roman Catholic claimant to the throne, Philip, with the Pope's blessing, resolved to depose the heretic queen and himself take the crown of England.

His failure is to be found in the story of the Spanish Armada. Hawkins and Drake and Frobisher were in the thick of the great fight of 1588. Spain was beaten on the sea, but she was not shattered. It is true that her vast losses by the English plundering of her treasure-ships from America weakened her; and after her seizure of Portugal the Portuguese ships from the East Indies were open to similar attacks. Since Spain's solvency depended on the safe arrival of these stores of wealth, the perils of each voyage caused acute anxiety not less to her than to her creditors and her losses involved bankruptcy and the ruin of her credit. Nor was this all. By the end of the century both Holland and England formed companies for trade in the east, and since Spain could not enforce her monopoly and lacked credit the eastern trade was lost to her. None the less did she remain strong enough to repel any serious English invasion of her vast territories. The British Empire of to-day contains great areas taken from France, which remained always a power of the first rank, but little from the far-flung, yet decadent, empire of Spain, and during well-nigh three centuries after Columbus, she remained vigorous and aggressive in the colonial field. English seamen won brilliant successes at the expense of Spain, but they struck no mortal blow such as two centuries later they struck at France in the colonial field.

During this early period, indeed, the French derided the English lack of enterprise. Archdeacon Richard Hakluyt, who died in 1616, was a fervent believer in the "peerless government" of his sovereign Elizabeth and, towards the

end of the sixteenth century, he was alarmed at the number of French and other ships in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. So strong were the French that, as he urged, they might "deprive us of Newfoundland," while we stand "idle lookers-on." When he went to France he was angered by hearing England described as torpid in "sluggish security," with no heart for remote adventure. This led him to gather with great labour the records of what Englishmen were doing. He searched, he tells us, for everything, printed or written, "either in the Greeke, Latine, Italian, Spanish, Portugall, French or English languages." The result is now open to everyone in his *Principall Navigations, Voyages and Discoveries of the English Nation.* It is an amazing record. He runs through the list of countries to which Englishmen had gone, and concludes that the English "have excelled all the nations and people of the earth" in going to remotest regions. "Whoever heard," he asks, "of an Englishman at Goa before now?" Who had heard of an Englishman on the Pacific? Nevertheless, when Elizabeth died in 1603, the English had founded no real colony and not even a trading post overseas, though the spirit was working which should create them. Hakluyt deplored the sordid phases of society in England, the beggars, the thefts, the gallows. In the new world, he urged, the victims of a social system might lead profitable lives. Perhaps it was the many failures of the age of Elizabeth which taught Englishmen the needed discipline. At any rate, the next century had barely dawned when Englishmen laid the secure foundations of colonies, the fruits of which are to-day among the wonders of the world.

CHAPTER VI

THE FRENCH IN ACADIA (NOVA SCOTIA)

During the last half of the sixteenth century England and France had at least one interest in common, for both were menaced by the ambition of Philip II to dominate Europe. Before Mary Stuart, heiress to the English crown, died in 1587 on the scaffold, she disinherited her Protestant son James and made Philip her heir to the crown of England. This seemed to give him a footing in England and two years later he gained one in France when Henry III, the last of the Valois line, was murdered, and the direct heir to the throne, Henry of Navarre, was a Protestant, and so, in Philip's view, disqualified. Philip's daughter, Isabella, was the granddaughter on her mother's side of Henry II of France and, with Henry of Navarre brushed aside, was, as Philip claimed, by right its sovereign. Thus before his eyes was the glittering prospect of being master of both France and England and of dominance in a world where no Protestant should be permitted to live.

Philip's plans were baulked chiefly by a fact written large in the history of Europe. There, from time to time, a mighty ruler, a Spanish Philip II, a French Louis XIV, or Napoleon, has aimed to be master, but Europe has always rejected this single sway. Philip's plans aroused the menaced nations. The Dutch, at bay in defence of their Protestant faith, denied all allegiance to the Hapsburg house. The English feared and distrusted Philip; against his mar-

riage in 1554, with the Tudor queen Mary, the House of Commons had protested and revolt broke out. Though most of the French were Catholics, they too would not follow Spain. During centuries they had considered themselves the light of Europe and of all the nations they were probably the most tenacious of their own views and least willing to follow an alien lead. But dilemma confronted French Catholics. To accept a Protestant as their king would be, as they said, an act of treason to God; while, to oppose him, with the support of Philip II, might make France almost a vassal of Spain. Extremists of the Catholic League declared, indeed, that a bad king would be better than a heretic king, and that it was safer to follow a Spaniard than a Huguenot.

During the gloomy years after 1589 the bitter strife went on. Without doubt, by right of birth, Henry of Navarre was king of France, and many Catholics, who held this view, were kept from his support only by his Protestant faith. Henry himself held lightly the belief that salvation might be found in either system. He was, however, linked by sacred ties of common danger and sacrifice to Protestant supporters with whom he had won brilliant victories—Arques in 1589, Ivry in 1590. But since, while he remained a Protestant, he could not win his Catholic subjects who were the great majority, he took in 1593 a step, long foreseen; he renounced the Protestant faith, and was received into the Roman Catholic Church. At the same time he promised the Protestants toleration. When the French rallied to a Catholic king, open war with Spain seemed less menacing than the secret intrigue and plots of Philip. Accordingly, in 1595, Henry declared war. It lasted during four years and showed so decisively the hold of Henry on France that on May 2, 1598, Philip II, a dying man, had to agree, under the Treaty of Vervins, to withdraw all his soldiers from France and to restore to Henry IV the French

towns in Spanish hands. It was soon clear, too, that Spain could no longer exclude France from America.

On April 15, 1598, just before making peace with Spain, Henvy IV issued the Edict of Nantes, giving his Protestant subjects full rights as citizens, and permitting their public worship. It was excluded from the court of the king; from Paris, the capital; and from the see cities of bishops and archbishops. But, in some two hundred towns and cities of France, and on the estates of the more important Protestant landowners, the Protestants were to be free to worship in their own way. They were even allowed to hold some fortified towns and, in guaranty of their rights, to maintain their own armed forces. Owing to her religious passions, France was weak in the sense of constitutional life. It was not less dangerous to give a political party the right to arm than it had been to deny religious toleration.

In Henry IV the French had a remarkable ruler. Perhaps of only two of their kings do they still retain any affectionate memory. One is a Saint, Louis IX; the other the lovable sinner, Henry IV. The French peasant still sings "Long live Henry IV, our good king." From early days, Henry dreamed of building up for France a colonial empire to rival that of Philip II. With her large population, three times that of England, and a capable ruler, France might have secured in North America a position equal to that of Spain in South America. This man of genius lived intensely and used to tell how, in a single night, in 1585, half of his moustache turned grey, when he heard of the decree of Henry III, abolishing all previous concessions to Protestants, banishing their ministers, and declaring any one of that faith incapable of holding public office. In war he could urge men to follow his white plume, which would be always at the point of chief danger. His charm, his insight into character, and his ready wit appealed to all classes. During his boyhood, spent in the little mountain state of

Navarre, he had mingled with all ranks. Perhaps from these he learned his free manners and his language, sometimes coarse and obscene: "I have seen the king but not his majesty," said a lady of the court. When defending Arques, in 1589, Henry worked with a spade, side by side with his men. In his sympathy with the people, he wished that no one in France should be so poor as not to have a chicken in the pot on Sunday. Taught in the school of adversity, he could show foresight and economy. But he was swayed by careless passions, and prosperity spoiled him. In the days of his power, he was often vain and boastful, and would spend in extravagance the money of an impoverished people. Always he was pursuing some passionate love affair, and he had within him a demon of unrest, a craving for excitement, which made him incapable of steady labour and unfitted him for pursuing the slow, strong policy of building up colonies. None the less, under him it was that France made good her footing in America.

With the death, on September 13, 1598, of Philip II, disappeared the chief obstacle to the founding of colonies in America by other nations. Fortune struck shattering blows to Philip in his last days. To the end he remained at war with England and in June, 1596, an English fleet sailed into Cadiz, burned or sank thirteen men-of-war and forty merchant ships, destroyed a vast quantity of merchandise and well-nigh ruined his richest city. "Neither ship, nor fleet, nor Cadiz remains," was the disquieting message sent to Philip. But misfortune did not dismay him; he was sure that, in the end, God would vindicate his aims. In pursuing them he ruined his own and his country's credit by repudiating many times his debts to the bankers of the time. He gave orders that no gold should be exported to pay Spanish obligations. He seized private property; after the sack of Cadiz, an alarmed correspondent wrote from Lyons on September 19, 1596, to the great house of Fugger;

"The king of Spain intends to confiscate and keep for his own use . . . the . . . gold and silver belonging to different persons which the fleet has just brought home. This comes to nearly ten millions [of ducats]." [1] To Philip it hardly mattered that the merchants would be ruined and cease the operations which produced this wealth: the truth must and would prevail. When he lay on his death-bed in fearful torture, his body offensive with malignant tumours, he showed a serene patience and an ecstatic faith. The Spain which he left was a far-spreading realm, so proud and masterful that during more than two centuries she was able to retain a vast colonial empire, shattered in the end only by the revolt of her own sons. It is true, however, that when Philip's body was laid away in a vault of the Escorial, the vast palace in which he had lived like a monk in a cell, an era in world history had come to an end.

Philip's successors boasted of Spain's undiminished power. Philip III plotted to make himself king of Ireland, and to put his sister on the throne of Elizabeth in England. He talked as if he were the leader of all Christendom. But though he tried to build armadas, and planned crusades, he did not restore Spain's credit and trade sought the better security offered by other nations. The Dutch pushed freely into the east where the power of Portugal, enslaved to Spain, was no longer formidable, and soon cargoes of cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon and other spices were reaching not Spanish but Dutch ports. English ships too were not backward in entering this field, and Spain could not keep the trade of the east from passing to the two Protestant nations. She maintained the old arrogant tone. When, at last, in 1607, the English made their successful effort to found the colony of Virginia, the Spanish ambassador in London protested against the invasion of what he called Spanish territory and urged Philip III to exterminate the

[1] *The Fugger News-Letters* (London, 1925), p. 190.

daring colonists as, forty years earlier, his father had exterminated the French in Florida. But no longer could Spain keep France or England from creating in America a New France or a New England and the north was destined to go to these nations. When Elizabeth died in 1603 her people had become so firmly Protestant that there was no prospect of reconciliation with Rome and England's rôle in America was to be that of champion of the Protestant faith. Catholic France, on the other hand, tolerated no other faith in her colonies, and thus it happened that the age-long enemies in Europe, divided now by religion, engaged in a struggle to master a continent.

The discovery by Cartier of the St. Lawrence had established a claim by France which was rarely challenged. Even when torn by civil war, renewed no fewer than eight times, France had tried to make sure of this region. In 1578, five years before Sir Humphrey Gilbert raised the English flag in Newfoundland, Henry III chose, to assert France's claim, a Breton noble, Troilus de Mesgouez, Marquis de la Roche, a man of that lawless type which comes to the front in times of public unrest. He had made himself so agreeable to Catherine de Medicis as to receive a marquisate, and the king gave him a commission to occupy for France a part of Newfoundland, and thus to make one more effort to establish a colony. It was not, however, until 1584, the year after Gilbert's death, that La Roche set out with a hundred colonists. He abandoned the effort when his largest vessel was wrecked near Brouage. We get a glimpse of the prevailing disunion in France, one chief cause of her lack of colonizing zeal, when, some years later, we find a rival noble laying hands on La Roche and holding him for seven years as a prisoner in the castle of Nantes. Enforced quiet did not subdue his spirit. He was bent on a career in the new world and in 1598, when civil war was fading out, he received from Henry IV renewed approval of

his plan to found a colony in the region of the St. Lawrence.

La Roche was to have the extensive powers conferred upon Roberval half a century earlier. With the high rank of a Lieutenant of the King, he was to rule Canada, Newfoundland, Labrador, Sable Island, and other regions. Ignorance is shown in naming Sable Island, for it is only a desolate stretch of sand, twenty miles long and a mile wide, lying out in the sea nearly a hundred miles south-east of Nova Scotia. Sailors call it the graveyard of the Atlantic. It has no harbour; it is swept by tempests and liable to fogs; it is surrounded by sunken reefs, and lies so low that often storm-tossed ships learn their danger only when it is too late to avoid shipwreck. France chose the island for settlement because it might be used to keep foreign fishermen and traders from going nearer to the coasts of the New France which was to be. La Roche laments that, in dread of separation from all that they loved in France, colonists would not volunteer to go. In consequence, his settlers were a motley gang of criminals and beggars, gathered from jails and slums. So small or so heavily laden was his ship that those on board could lean over the sides and wash their hands in the sea. La Roche needed only a look at the desolate sandbar of Sable Island to see that it was ill-suited for settlement; but he landed some sixty colonists and then went on to seek a better site. Again fortune was hostile. When trying to return to the island, he was caught in a storm and forced to run before it until at length he reached France. Meanwhile his settlers remained on the reef of sand. They could find the means to live, for cattle and pigs, left many years earlier, had multiplied, and there were also fish and walruses and seals. Later when La Roche, having once more found his way to court, told the story to Henry IV, the king's pity was aroused, and, in 1603, he sent a fishing vessel which carried to France the dozen men

who had survived the hardships and the murderous quarrels of five years. They had gathered a considerable store of furs, and we are hardly surprised to learn that their rescuer tried to rob them. But kindly Henry IV received in person and protected the rugged men, clad in sealskins.

Now appears upon the scene the man destined to make New France a reality. Samuel Champlain was born about 1570 at Brouage, a port near the famous Protestant stronghold of La Rochelle. The town influenced Champlain's outlook. In his youth it was an important seaport, but it lay in the country where Catholic and Huguenot long struggled for mastery, and its spacious harbour was ruined when Henry IV sank at the entrance twenty vessels laden with stone. To-day the little place shows proudly the ramparts and fortifications reared in its golden age, but the receding sea has left it two miles inland. The young Champlain, son of a marine captain, knew the sea from childhood. He had fought for Henry IV against the Spaniard in Brittany, had served as quarter-master, and had become known personally to the king. When the end of the war brought also the end of this employment, his active mind found a new prospect. The last place in France to be yielded by Spain was the Breton port of Blavet. Since, under the terms of the Peace of Vervins, in 1598, the Spanish garrison was to be carried back to Spain by sea, Champlain planned to go with them and from Spain to go farther to the Spanish colonies. These, jealously guarded as they were from foreigners, no Frenchman had been able really to study. Henry IV, dreaming of a great French Empire overseas, wished to learn about them and Champlain's aim was to report to the king on their condition.

He was aided by family influences. An uncle, Captain Provençal, a seaman of some note—he had succeeded Sebastian Cabot as Pilot-Major of Spain—was at Blavet, commissioned by the king of Spain to conduct his troops from

Blavet to Spain. Champlain hurried to Blavet, was kindly received by his uncle, and behold, early in August, 1598, he is at sea on Captain Provençal's fine ship the *St. Julien*, of five hundred tons, one of the squadron bound for Cadiz. The passage was stormy, but soon, with eyes wide open, Champlain was in Spain. During a month at half-ruined Cadiz and three months in the neighbourhood of Seville he made careful notes, and we have still his drawings of Seville and other places. Then once again came opportunity. The *St. Julien* had proved so good a ship that the Spaniards chartered her for a voyage to America. It was intended that Captain Provençal should go in command, but he was drawn off to some other service, and Champlain, to his joy, was put in charge of the *St. Julien*. Thus it happened that a keen French patriot found his way to the Spanish colonies. He set out in January, 1599, and during two years and two months he had every opportunity to study Spanish character and Spanish colonizing methods.

The English had just taken and devastated Porto Rico and the Spanish armed squadron with which the *St. Julien* sailed was intended to attack the intruders. The ships stopped for water at Guadaloupe, soon by a daring invasion of Spain's domain to be colonized by the French, and then went to Porto Rico, San Domingo and Cuba. Finally Champlain landed at the seaport of St. Jean de Luz, on the main-land, and from there went inland to Mexico. The scenery delighted him. Than this kingdom of New Spain, he writes, "a more beautiful country could not be seen." The infinite variety of trees, the plumage of the many birds, the vast plains, dotted with droves of horses, mules, oxen, cows, sheep, and goats, the temperate climate, the many rivers and streams, the fertile soil, all seemed enchanting. But even these wonders he thought trifles when he saw the city of Mexico itself, surrounded by water and beautiful with superb temples, palaces and gardens. He heard of

mines from which the king of Spain received "five millions of gold in each year." He crossed the isthmus to the Pacific Ocean and his keen eye saw a possibility already noted by others, that a canal was practicable linking the Atlantic and the Pacific.

It was by an odd chance that France's chief pioneer in colonial effort was able before he began his own work to study at close range the Spanish system. The colonies were in reality conquered dependencies. So few settlers went to New Spain that, half a century after the time of Columbus, there were probably not more than fifteen thousand Spaniards in the colonies. The policy of excluding foreigners must have been less rigorous than it seemed, for Champlain makes no mention of obstacles placed in his way. Since he himself served a despotic monarch he was not shocked by Spanish despotism. He knew that Henry IV desired exact particulars as to the resources of New Spain and in his notes he records the varied products which he saw, the birds, the fish, the animals, the fruits and vegetables, and all with an eye to the king's enquiries. In France there was, as we shall see in the writings of Champlain's contemporary, Lescarbot, dislike of Spain's harshness in forcing her religion on the natives. To save them from the corroding vices of Europe she isolated them in villages in the charge of priests and treated them like children at school. At religious services the roll was called and absentees, without valid excuses, were punished. Champlain describes a scene outside a church when, in the presence of all the people, each culprit was baten with thirty or forty blows. This shocked him less than the sight of naked slaves, formerly the free sons of the forest, forced to work in the mines under conditions which involved fearful mortality. He tells of natives who, in hatred of Spanish rule, fled to the mountains and not only killed but ate many of the Spanish who fell into their hands. Never did the

French, in their efforts to convert the natives of Canada, think of means other than free persuasion, and in this respect the two Roman Catholic nations were far apart.

Champlain returned to France, keen for further discovery, and prepared to devote his life to building up a French colonial empire. Henry IV received with interest his report containing crude but vigorous drawings and notes of things, some seen by Champlain, and some imagined—such as birds which remained always in the air, and birds without feet. For a time he continued at the court and received a small pension, and now or a little later he was raised to the rank of the lesser nobility.

During at least a century, indeed, as some claim, during many centuries, the seamen of Dieppe, St. Malo, and other places had frequented the shores of Newfoundland and of Canada, and an extensive trade had grown up. It is estimated that, by 1600, at least a thousand vessels, belonging to many nations, annually visited these northern coasts. They carried back not only fish, but furs. The fishermen remained only for the summer season and did not colonize, yet Frenchmen were asking why France could not found colonies. The young lawyer, Marc Lescarbot, who went out to Acadia in 1606, thus addressed the king: "Sire, shall the Spaniard boast that the sun, from his rising to his setting, shines on regions under his rule; and shall you, the foremost king in all the earth, the eldest son of the Church, not be able to say the same thing?" The ancient Greeks and Romans, he added, pagans though they were, had carried their culture to darkened nations and founded colonies; could France, knowing the true God and inspired by the gospel, fail to carry it across the sea to those living in pitiable ignorance, without laws, without religion? Spain, Lescarbot thought, had made the discovery of America not a blessing but a curse by breeding universal war; France would go with the gentle message of peace and love and

she should rule from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Cuba to the North Pole.

A colony is more than a trading venture. The best test of a trading venture is that, by honourable means, it earns profits for the promoters. The value of a colony cannot, however, be measured by this standard. During long years it may bring no visible profit. To tame the wilderness, to make houses and gardens, involves labour, of which those who give it may never see the fruit. Perhaps only in a long future will a contented and prosperous community grow up. To-day, indeed, men can build a railway into a remote land and bring it quickly into touch with populous centres for a market, and on one voyage a steamship can carry thousands of people, sufficient to establish a goodly town. But, in a slower age, English and French effort involved heart-breaking delays, through privation, disease and native wars. If, in the end, came success, it was usually not for the pioneers but for their happier descendants.

We are thus prepared for suffering and failure in the early days of colonial effort and the record in Canada is sufficiently disheartening. Cartier and Roberval had failed and, a hundred years later, the results still remained meagre. By that time, however, New France had become a reality. The story of the beginnings is one of sordid rivalry in trade, side by side with patient and high-minded endurance and sacrifice for the deeper things of life. In this the quick sympathy of Henry IV might well have made him a forceful leader. He could see past the transient aim of securing gold and silver to the nobler one of planting French culture in America, and of saving its natives from their degrading barbarism. But Henry was fickle and always he was hard-pressed for money. Moreover, he was checked by a minister who looked for the solid realities of profit. Though the Duke of Sully was not too nice in feeling to build up a great fortune while he served Henry as

chief minister, he was an honest servant of France. He believed that to create colonies in northern regions would be folly, and moreover that the French had no taste for colonisation, as their whole world was in the life immediately before their eyes and they would not make the sacrifices needed for future success.

Since Sully's financial sway endured during the reign of Henry IV, the state would give little aid and the idea prevailed that colonies should pay their own way. This, it was believed, France could bring about by linking monopoly in trade with colonizing effort and thus making one pay for the other. But to carry out such a policy was not easy. Sully disliked monopolies and, even had he liked them, it was difficult to enforce in Canada the only monopoly of great value, that of the fur-trade. Spain had in her colonies rich stores of precious metals, while England's first colony, Virginia, soon found wealth in the cultivation of tobacco. In New France, however, there were no quick possibilities of mines or agriculture. What she had was seas full of fish, and rivers, plains and forests with many fur-bearing animals. The rights of other nations in the fisheries made monopoly impossible and to control the fur-trade was difficult. The skipper of a French fishing vessel could land at a point where the natives would meet him, he could secure their furs, and make off with his purchases, in spite of any monopoly granted to others. If he went back to France and was threatened by the law, he had in his support the powerful fishing interests in all the French ports, determined to retain the profitable by-product of the fur-trade. When to this we add that Sully, the most powerful man in France next to the king, was on the side of the fishermen, we need not wonder at the disastrous financial history of France's first colony.

In our time men wear furs chiefly for warmth; in those days they wore them also for ornament, as women wear

them still. When gentlemen in high society appeared at court in elaborate trimmings of fur, the demand for furs was keen and the trade highly profitable; and to the fur-trade was due the founding of Canada. In the year 1599, while Champlain was probing the mysteries of Spanish America, Pierre Chauvin, a French fur-trader, sought from the king a monopoly of the trade in New France. Associated with him was a rugged sailor and trader, François Gravé, Sieur du Pont, usually known as Dupont-Gravé, who had made voyages to the St. Lawrence, and knew well the perils and the profits of such an enterprise. The king granted Chauvin a monopoly of trade for ten years but, since he was resolved to create a real New France to rival the empire of Spain, he insisted on the condition that Chauvin should take out fifty colonists in each year. Interest in the plan was keen. When, in the spring of 1600, Chauvin sailed for Canada, the Sieur de Monts, an important friend of Henry IV, went as a volunteer. A few, but not as many as fifty, colonists also went. The place of barter was Tadoussac, on the St. Lawrence, frequented since the time of Cartier by fur-traders from St. Malo, and there Chauvin seems to have had prosperous trade. When, in the autumn, he sailed away to France, he left, huddled in a cabin at Tadoussac, sixteen men as the first instalment of the five hundred colonists whom he was to place in New France. There were no women and these miserable men were probably the scum of some French seaport. They quarrelled and were lazy and idle. In that hard region the natives themselves could not always secure food enough for the winter, but, even so, the shiftless, starving men were saved only by the kindness of the savages who took them into their wigwams. In the next year those who had not died of disease seem to have found their way back to France.

This was so bad a beginning that the pledge to take out colonists was never kept. Moreover, the fishermen who had

traded freely on those coasts during scores of years were clamorous against the new policy of monopoly and, after it had lasted for three years, the harassed king named a commission to enquire into the whole matter. During its labours Chauvin seems to have died, and in 1603 his place was taken by the Sieur de Chaste, Governor of Dieppe. He was no trader but a tried sailor and soldier. He had commanded a French fleet sent on an unsuccessful venture to attack the Azores in the days of Philip II and, though a devout Catholic, he had given Henry IV, while still a Protestant, and in his darkest days, a refuge in Dieppe. At Arques, in 1589, when Henry won his first great battle, Chaste fought by his side and proved, as Henry said, the salvation of himself and of France. He was a member of the commission on the monopoly granted to Chauvin, and the commission reported that the monopoly should not only endure but that it should be extended to include with the St. Lawrence the region about the Bay of Fundy, the present Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Chaste himself took over the monopoly and he prepared to go out to spend his last days in creating a great New France.

Chaste required first a report on a suitable site for a beginning and thus it happened that in 1603 a small expedition was to go to the St. Lawrence to carry on the fur-trade, but also to ascend the river to the regions where Cartier had found the Indian towns of Stadacona and Hochelaga. During sixty years little advance had been made in the knowledge of the upper waters of the great river, which it was still imagined might flow from the heart of populous Asia. In command of the two small ships which crossed the Atlantic was Dupont-Gravé, of St. Malo, who had gone out with Chauvin two years earlier. Now, too, Champlain appears on the scene of his future work. When he returned from New Spain, ready for further adventure in America, Chaste, his former leader, offered to send him again across

the sea. Of this Henry IV approved and he charged Champlain to bring back a full report, and to include accurate maps, in the making of which Champlain took special delight; he was now, indeed, Geographer Royal and in March, 1603, with joy in his heart, he embarked at Honfleur.

Champlain's first voyage in the north proved long and stormy. One ice-floe was, he says, eight leagues in length. Off Newfoundland, in heavy fog, the seamen caught the ominous beating of the surf upon a dangerous shore, but on May 26 the ships anchored safely at Tadoussac and for the first time Champlain met the natives. He had to check a natural squeamishness when, at a feast, men with dirty hands drew meat from great unwashed kettles, placed it on a piece of bark for a plate, handed it to the guest, and then wiped their greasy fingers on their own hair or on that of their dogs. Women, stark naked, took part in wild dances. There was no lingering at Tadoussac. In a small boat Champlain and Dupont-Gravé, with five sailors, pushed up the river. If Champlain had read the narrative of Cartier's voyages he must have noted many changes. The scene of thronging life at Stadacona was now deserted and he found nothing to record of Hochelaga, where, nearly seventy years earlier, an eager crowd of natives had expected Cartier to perform miracles of healing. Near-by boiling rapids blocked the river and Champlain declared that he had never before seen such a force. It was now possible to get the exact meaning of what the Indians said, for the fishermen had often carried home natives who learned the language of France and became interpreters on their return to Canada. Champlain lay in the uncertain light of camp fires and talked to the bronzed, half-naked savages, puffing their acrid tobacco. He was anxious to be assured that on going farther he should find lands, not savage, but civilized, and he hoped that the St. Lawrence was but one branch of a vast river

while another branch emptied itself into the Pacific Ocean. Though the savages know nothing of this, they spoke of great lakes and of a passage from one to the other blocked by a great fall, past which they must carry their canoes. It is our first word of Niagara. Of mines with precious metals, so eagerly sought by the French, these natives could tell nothing; those who talked to Cartier seemed more expansive.

For the time, however, the St. Lawrence was still to be left in savage isolation. There was bad news when, in September, Champlain again reached France, for Chaste was dead. His place was, however, quickly taken by a nobleman of equally fine character, who had already seen Canada. Pierre du Gua, Sieur de Monts, had fought with Henry IV on the Protestant side in the wars of religion. Now, in days of relative calm, he held the secure post of governor of Pons, in Saintonge, but, like Chaste, he was still ready for wider adventure. When he went out with Chauvin in 1600, he had realized how difficult was the task of creating a colony in the region of the St. Lawrence, and he now believed that a more favourable site should be sought farther south. The death of Chaste gave him an opening long desired, and his monopoly included the region deemed so fair that it seems to have been called Arcadia, and then Acadia. Monts assured Henry that, if the monopoly of the fur-trade was enforced, not a penny from the royal exchequer would be required to create a New France, and accordingly in the seaports were now posted notices of the penalties for unlicensed persons who should trade in furs with the savages. It is perhaps ominous that Sully declared that the renewed monopoly was granted against his advice. No good, he said, would come of efforts in regions north of the fortieth parallel of latitude, which is south of the present state of Pennsylvania.

In the new effort, Henry IV took a keen interest. Cham-

plain tells us of talks with the king and of Henry's insistence on receiving exact knowledge about New France. Monts stirred the king's imagination by hopes of profits too great, he said, to be stated exactly, and by nobler promises of taking the Christian faith to barbarous and degraded natives; and this mixture of earth and heaven suited Henry's taste. Preparations advanced rapidly, and early in March, 1604, two large ships, one of a hundred and fifty tons, the other of a hundred and twenty, set out from Havre. They headed for Acadia. On board were a hundred and twenty workmen and a goodly number of men of noble birth, among them an elderly friend of Monts and also of the king, Jean de Biencourt, Sieur de Poutrincourt, weary of the strife of Europe and anxious to find for his wife and family a haven in the new world. Champlain, too, was there, with his special task, as geographer, of making maps and charts.

The ships separated and early in May the one in which Monts sailed had reached the southern coast of Nova Scotia and was feeling its way carefully into port after port in search of the best site for a settlement. It was dangerous work. At a spot where two little rivers flow into the sea, the ship lay long at anchor, while Champlain went on in a pinnace of eight tons to survey the coast. He tells of his fascination with the new scene. The trees charmed his eyes; there were birds of many kinds,—wild duck, wild geese, snipe, plover; on one island the company filled a barrel with the eggs of the cormorant; at another place they killed gannets with sticks; one stretch of shore was covered with seals, "whereof we took as many as we wished." But the serious business of charting went on. Between islands, and past dangerous reefs, the little pinnace made its way. Once, in a storm, it was driven ashore and nearly lost. While Champlain was absent searching for a route, the company on the waiting ship went ashore. One of a pair of sheep, intended for breeding in the colony, was drowned

and they called the place Port Mouton, a name retained to this day. The young nobles found sport in shooting hares and water-fowl and the days passed pleasantly, though Monts was growing impatient when, at last, Champlain returned.

Both of the ships from France had now arrived and they sailed up that great inlet which Champlain calls French Bay and which we know as the Bay of Fundy. The tide in roaring volume rushes into this arm of the sea, shaped at its head like a narrow funnel, and rises at times to a height of more than fifty feet. The soil is blood red. When, by a narrow entrance, the ships entered the noble harbour, almost land-locked, now called Annapolis Basin, where there was anchorage for as many as two thousand vessels, the place so enchanted Champlain that he called it Port Royal, and it deserved a regal name. Here the company did not linger but sailed on round the head of the Bay of Fundy and then coasted southward on its west side. At last, at a river, the St. Croix, which is now the boundary between Canada and the United States, they stopped. The fair scene on the June day was enchanting. Before them, in the delta of the river, down which the natives might come for trade, they saw gleaming beaches of white sand, on a beautiful island. It had trees of many kinds, firs, birches, maples, and oaks; the anchorage was good, and the waters abounded in cod, bass, herring, halibut, and that joy of the sportsman of to-day, the salmon.

Since this appeared to be the spot for a settlement, the French landed and soon all were busy. They divided into groups of five or six and apparently noblemen worked side by side with labourers. Some timbers had been brought from France, and of these were built the house for Monts and also the storehouse. There was much digging, much felling of trees and hewing of timbers. Champlain built his house quickly and in this Monts lodged until his own was

ready. A few built log cabins on the mainland, a dangerous venture, for the temper of the neighbouring savages was uncertain. There were Swiss in the company and they had their own spacious barracks apart, possibly because of their Protestant religion. A mill was built to be run by water-power. Though the season was late they made gardens, but the sandy soil of the island was ill-suited to agriculture, and the hot sun soon burnt up what was planted. Not far off, they were informed, was a copper mine.

In August the two big ships set sail for France, to return in the next spring with renewed supplies. Champlain was now busy with the map-making, in which he delighted, for Monts sent him to explore during two months the coast farther south. In his elaborate notes we have the first accurate survey of the shores of New England and we can identify nearly every point at which he touched. Thus passed the summer in fruitful labours and the story has the fascination of that of Robinson Crusoe. These pioneers in the wilderness were peering into the mysteries of a strange land and were founding the first enduring European occupation in what is now Canada.

St. Croix itself was, however, not destined to endure. It was ominous that, as early as October 4, snow fell, and in time lay three or four feet deep. The cold became severe and on December 3 ice floes were sweeping past the island. Of the many hogsheads of wine all froze except the Spanish wine. Cider was served out by the pound. The available fuel from the trees on the island was quickly burned; it had no fresh water, and the threatening ice-floes, joined with the swirling tide, made it difficult to go for water to the mainland. For a time the company was gay. Hunters went our merrily to shoot rabbits and birds, and they even brought down game with snowballs; the young French gentlemen issued a kind of newspaper, skated on the ponds, and sat round the fire talking of the joys of Paris and espe-

cially of its good cooks. The greatest lack was the society of women. The little company reflected both the religious tolerance and the religious passion of France; tolerance permitted the presence of both a Protestant minister and a priest, and passion brought them to encounters with their fists. Gay Parisians and austere Huguenots could hardly make a united company. With winter came the dread scurvy from which, seventy years earlier, Cartier had suffered at Stadacona. It seems odd that these later pioneers did not know his remedy, and thirty-five died in the company of seventy-nine. Time dragged wearily. "There are six months of winter in that country," says Champlain grimly, and only with spring came relief.

Clearly St. Croix would not do. In June, to seek a better site in the south, Monts and Champlain with some gentlemen, twenty sailors, an Indian guide and his unwelcome squaw, the only woman in the company, set out in a crowded pinnace. For five weeks they sailed on, landing many times, meeting now friendly, now hostile Indians. When it was time to turn back they had reached a point south of Cape Cod but no spot had pleased them and, on August 2, they were back at St. Croix where to their joy they found a big ship from France. The prospect of another winter there was dreadful, and Monts decided to move across the Bay of Fundy to the harbour of Port Royal, a situation described by Lescarbot, who saw it at this period, as the most beautiful which God made upon earth. It was necessary to take to pieces some of the houses so recently built, and Champlain, the handy man, helped to load the timber on two pinnaces. Then at Port Royal the work of the previous summer was repeated. They settled on the north side of the basin and Champlain gives a sketch of the compact enclosure in which the houses stood. While the felling of trees, the digging and the building went on, Monts

sailed away to France in order to bring further aid in the next year.

Meanwhile Champlain remained at Port Royal to carry out in the spring a keen desire to make his third trip southward in order to explore the coast of Florida. The map which he made is happily still perserved.[1] At Port Royal Dupont-Gravé was in command and the company numbered forty-five. Champlain had placed his house so as to be protected from the dreaded north-west wind; it was to be his second winter in the colony and he tells with delight of his activities. In the autumn he prepared a garden and, unwilling to wait for spring, he planted some seeds and was charmed when they sprouted. He turned into the ditches surrounding the garden a stream of fresh water in which he placed some fine trout, while in a second reservoir he placed fish from the sea. Among some big trees he arranged a summer house. The birds of the neighbourhood, not yet afraid of man, seemed to welcome the visitors gladly: "They collected in large numbers and made a warbling and chirping so agreeable that it seemed as if I had never heard the like." Then settled down winter, much milder than in the previous year; instead of snow came frequent rain, and once a storm of such terrifying strength that it blew down great trees. The dread scurvy came too and carried off twelve of the forty-five.

By spring the lonely company was watching anxiously for supplies from France. Monts had ordered that if they had not arrived by July 16, the French should abandon Port Royal and go in small boats to Cape Breton or Gaspé, in order to find passage to France in some fishing vessel. No relief came and on the exact date named by Monts, in two pinnaces, the colonists set out, no doubt with the joy of Frenchmen at the thought of a return to France, but with sorrow at what seemed failure at Port Royal. Two men

[1] It is reproduced in Vol. I of his *Works* (Toronto, 1922).

had, however, agreed to stay behind to hold this outpost for France, and Membertou, an old Indian chief of the neighbourhood, with the kindliness which marks one side of the Indian character, promised to care for them as if they were his sons. He had the reputation of being the most treacherous man of his tribe, but proved a steadfast and helpful friend to the little colony.

New France had not been abandoned. In France, Monts, with means straitened, had to face the malicious gossip and the active opposition of the enemies of his monopoly. The task kept him in France and never again did his eyes fall on the scene in New France of his high hopes. But to his aid came his devoted friend Poutrincourt, who was bent on returning to Port Royal where the grant of a tract of land made him owner of a vast estate. It so happened that his legal adviser in Paris was Marc Lescarbot and one day he offered to take this young man to New France. Lescarbot came from Vervins, where he must have been known as a man of letters for, in 1598, when the treaty with Spain was there signed, he had been called upon to make two Latin orations in praise of peace. The study of the law had disgusted him and some injustice made him long to fly from an evil world. Lawsuits, he says, in which men waste money and health, are the bane of their existence. For a day he meditated on Poutrincourt's proposal and then hurried to La Rochelle to join him.

While day by day at Port Royal the anxious men were watching for a ship, Poutrincourt was bringing together his rescuing company. It was not easy to secure colonists. Only when definite wages were promised would men agree to go and they had no thought of remaining, for no women or children went with them, and they demanded part payment in advance, perhaps to support their families. A motley company gathered, so disorderly in the eyes of the strict Protestants of La Rochelle that they were kept under

guard until the day of sailing. Just when the ship, the *Jonas,* was ready, she dragged her anchor, dashed against a stone wall, and sank. The engaged workmen, when asked to help in floating her, only looked on and laughed; since they were not sailors, the ship, they reasoned, was no affair of theirs. From the ramparts the whole town watched the muddy task of emptying her at low tide, until she was afloat and re-laden. Poutrincourt tried in vain to get a priest to go with him to join the priest at Port Royal, who, in fact, had by this time died. Reports of the dread winter at St. Croix had, however, reached France, and we may be sure were eagerly circulated by the enemies of the monopoly. While, as Lescarbot heard in Protestant circles at La Rochelle, prayers were offered daily for the conversion of the savage tribes, no Catholic priest would volunteer. That hard service, Poutrincourt was told by clerical friends, required the special zeal and piety of the Jesuit fathers, and a little later they were called to New France.

The ship sailed away on its mission of saving New France. To Cartier and Champlain, men of the sea, a voyage across the Atlantic required only the few words due to a common experience. With Lescarbot, poet and author, however, we miss no vivid incident. On setting out he wrote a poetic "Farewell to France" the cherished mother, the home of sweet joys and of upright justice. After a month without sight of a ship, a suspicious craft, well manned by English and Flemings, came up and asked to join them. Lescarbot noted the green moss on her sides, a sign of her having been long at sea, and felt sure that she was a pirate, but she made no attempt on the large French ship. Whales came in view, showing, says Lescarbot, more than half an acre of back. Thousands of porpoises played about the ship and the sailors thought their meat a delicacy. Lescarbot must have watched closely the cutting up of a porpoise, for he makes the acute remark, hardly known to the science of the time,

that its bones are not those of a fish but of a quadruped. He describes the squalls which, hissing, roaring, snorting, so tossed the ship that the dishes flew about on the table. On calm days the company danced and sang and bathed in the sea. When land came in view "every one leaped for joy" but the neighbourhood of land had its dangers for, in a gleam of sunlight during a fog, the ship was found to be heading for breakers, and only a sharp turn saved her; Lescarbot moralizes that the land so eagerly desired is like a lady long sighed for, who, when approached, repulses the eager lover. Odours from the shore, sweeter than all the Orient could produce, reached the ship and men stretched out hands as if to gather the treasure. Even the dogs sniffed the air with signs of delight. It is worth while to recount such an experience, for it illustrates the endurance required to cross the ocean in days when the voyage might last for three and even for four months.

Meanwhile the two pinnaces from Port Royal with the company which had abandoned that place were threading a perilous way along the coast of Nova Scotia. We can imagine Champlain's impatient sense of failure as he went on day by day for nearly two weeks with these discouraged men. But a happy hour came. At two o'clock on July 24, they sighted an approaching pinnace and, after a tense moment, found to their delight that she had been sent forward from Poutrincourt's ship, not far away. The desired relief had come at last and all went back to Port Royal.

It was on Thursday, July 27, that the returning French re-entered the harbour. Lescarbot watched the scene with eager eyes. That beautiful panorama with the surrounding mountains and hills was, he says, "a marvellous sight." "What made me wonder was that this fair region should remain a desert, covered with forest, while there are so many needy people who would profit by this land if only they had some one to lead them." He longed to bring to

this waste some of the great deserted buildings of France, already given over to the owls. As the ship sailed up the basin she fired off two cannon. It was about noon and when the sharp ears of the old Indian Membertou caught the sound, he rushed to the fort shouting like a madman "a great ship is coming in," only to find the two Frenchmen who had remained there sitting idly at the table. Since the ship might be an enemy they dashed out prepared for defence. But the white ensign of France was at the mast-head, and French cannon and musketry made a great echo in the harbour. The voyagers landed, returned thanks to God, and spent the rest of the day wandering about in the meadows, and in inspecting with curious eyes the wigwams of the Indians living near-by.

Poutrincourt's grant of the region about Port Royal did not lessen his dread of its harsh climate and he had decided to found another settlement in the balmier south which, as we know, was soon to be occupied by the Dutch and by the English. With autumn near, it was urgent to lose no time in finding the spot to which to go in the spring. Champlain had already surveyed the coast as far as Cape Cod, and he urged Poutrincourt to steer at once for this point and from there to go on to Florida. Poutrincourt insisted, however, on re-exploring the nearer coast. This involved loss of time, and summer had ended before the pinnace was much farther south than the point to which Champlain and Monts had gone two years earlier. The French turned back from what we know as Nantucket Island. Had they reached the beautiful river which, three years later, Hudson explored in the interests of Holland, and had they remained there, the power of France might have barred the way to Dutch occupation. If this had happened, who knows what New York might be to-day? French tenacity is unconquerable. After nearly two centuries of British rule, Montreal and Quebec are still French. A slight turn in history

at this time of beginnings might have made the valley of the Hudson French, like that of the St. Lawrence.

Lescarbot, left in charge at Port Royal, records the delights of this fascinating spot. Since the colony might be moved in the next year, there was no call to make extensive plans, but the leaders were anxious to know whether, in a climate little known to them, agriculture would succeed, for they had the sound view that it must be the basis of colonizing effort. Men cannot eat gold and silver, says Lescarbot: the true wealth is in the grain, the corn, the cattle, the fish, the clothing, the implements of iron by which come the means of life. Accordingly, though it was August, they planted many varieties of seed so that when, after a few weeks, the *Jonas* should sail for France, she could carry a message of promise for tillers of the soil.

On August 28, a sense of desolation might well have settled down on the little group which was to spend the winter at Port Royal. The *Jonas* sailed away to France. For the occasion Lescarbot, of course, wrote a poem in which, during a moment, he regretted that, while some were going back to that dear France, enriched during the centuries with all that was most precious in the world, he was left in the savage wilderness. But he turned quickly to the other note, that this fair land had glowing promise for the future, and France which, long ago, had fought so valiantly for the cross in Palestine might win here an enduring and a more profitable glory. Hitherto, he says elsewhere, New France had been "a painted show," a mere name. Now it should be made a home for Frenchmen. The mother-land would have no valid excuse before the throne of God if her heart did not go out in pity to the darkened natives, living as beasts, and the revenues of a fat benefice in the gift of the king, used for this purpose, would give France the rule of the west.

Poutrincourt and Champlain were late in returning from

their voyage southward and Lescarbot had to keep the peace in a rather turbulent company. Wine was abundant for, on their arrival from France, a whole tun, the gift of a friend of Poutrincourt, had been placed so that every one might drink as he wished, and while it lasted there were merry days. After this three half pints were the daily allowance. Lescarbot bursts into eulogy of wine as preventive of disease, especially in the malarial air of a new land.

He tried to keep the men occupied, but for the mechanics, iron-workers, carpenters, and masons Port Royal had little work. Some of them proved adaptable and learned to make bread equal to the best in Paris. The idle men had, at hand, abundant sport. At shooting game they proved particularly awkward, but they were in a fisherman's paradise, with salmon and trout in the rivers, and such a multitude of fish in the salt water that one might put a kettle on the fire and be sure to take fish enough for dinner before the water should boil. One day a young whale came to disport himself in the basin. Yet in spite of such diversions some of the exiles, far from home and family, showed discontent which made Lescarbot fear mutiny.

Daylight was too brief for Lescarbot's many labours and he toiled on in the moonlight. When others went to bed and the "cackle, noise and din" of the day ceased, he shut himself in his study to read, and to write the story of the colony. He dug in his garden, he staked pathways, built summer houses, planted seeds, and made safe enclosures for those precious domestic animals, the pigs. There was no horse nor cow, but there was one sheep, the mate of the one drowned at Port Mouton. He explored the surrounding regions. There were great stretches of open meadows, caused by floods in spring and autumn which prevented the growth of trees. He went up what we know as the Annapolis Valley, in our time, in spring, a scene of ravishing beauty with its apple blossoms, and he was charmed. He

worked his way through tangled forests and, always critical of Spain, takes the occasion to deride a Spanish writer, Joseph Acost, who said that in Peru the trees were so close together that for a fortnight he had walked on their tops and never once set foot on the ground. He went hunting, which he thought a noble sport: "the solitude and silence which accompany it bring beautiful thoughts to the mind." The sportsmen saw to it that the table was furnished with game and fish. In appreciation of the abundance and variety Lescarbot quotes from the book of Deuteronomy: "The Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land . . . where thou shalt eat bread without scarceness." He hoped that he might die in that fair region.

The long absence of Poutrincourt and Champlain ended only as winter drew near. When, on November 14, after many perils, they sailed into the basin, they were welcomed with a joyous ceremony. The king's arms over the gate were crowned with laurel; a hoary-bearded Neptune in a floating chariot, drawn by six Tritons, put out to meet them, and stage savages declaimed in French verse in the leader's honour. We may well believe Lescarbot's boast that the ceremony was completely new on that side of the ocean. In spite of the lateness of the season the cheerful labours still continued. Champlain, trying to make up for lost time, surveyed and worked upon needed roads, while Poutrincourt built a dam and a mill. The winter was not severe; there was little snow, a misfortune, not a gain, for the rains kept the Indians from hunting. So mild was the weather that on Sunday, January 14, a walking party sang for very joy in the balmy air. The dreaded scurvy appeared, but only a few were seized, and these the downcast and the slothful, for cleanliness, warmth, wholesome food, were all preventives. Since there was no priest in the company, Lescarbot himself undertook the task of teaching spiritual truths to the men, with, as he thought, a measure of success for some

told him that, until he taught them, they had understood nothing of Christian doctrine. He knew a little Hebrew and it is interesting to find this liberal Catholic using the translation of the Bible made in the Geneva of Calvin.

The welcome by a mimic Neptune had shown the lighter side of Lescarbot and during the winter even Champlain, whose writings have no touch of lightness, displayed something of the Gallic gaiety. Under his lead the gentlemen formed an "Order of Good Cheer" (*Ordre du Bon Temps*) which ensured savoury food for their own table. Each in turn became Chief Steward for a day and about once a fortnight must supply the table. There was, of course, the sportsman's rivalry in hunting game. These gentlemen of France, who sat round the table, had tasted the rich delicacies of Paris, but even the epicures among them had now little cause of complaint. We have an impressive list of venison, geese, partridge, larks and other game, and beaver's tail, the most coveted delicacy. It was a gay scene when daily, led by the Chief Butler, with napkin on shoulder, the members of the Order, each carrying a dish, marched with elaborate ceremony to the table. The leader for the day wore the collar of the Order and he handed it over to his successor with ceremonious toasts. Sometimes old Membertou and other chiefs sat with the leaders and shared their food and wine. We were glad to have them, says Lescarbot, and sad when they did not come. It illustrates the eagerness of the savages for trade that, from far and near, many had now come to live near the French. A wondering, perhaps hungry, group of twenty or thirty savages, men, women and children, usually watched the gentlemen at table and the French could assume a brotherhood with the natives which English aloofness often found difficult and which was wholly alien to the Spaniard. "This tribe loves the French", says Lescarbot, and French tact deserved the tribute. When the Indians took one of the Frenchmen

on a hunting expedition of six weeks, he came back marvelling at the hardships which they endured. They had, he reported, no salt, no bread, no wine, and they slept only on skins, even when the ground was covered with snow.

Spring was slow in coming. On May 10 it snowed all night. When, however, as Lescarbot puts it, the sun began to cast amorous eyes upon his mistress, the earth, the little company was again busy with gardening. Even though another site for a colony should be chosen, Port Royal was to continue. As a precaution, should a ship not arrive from France, the two long boats were put in order, so that the company might again go to seek a passage from some fishing vessel. Many eyes were watching furtively the entrance to the harbour and, as always happens, a ship was sometimes seen when no ship was there. In the end one came unexpectedly. On May 24, just after the prayers, at which probably Lescarbot officiated, and the distributing of rations to the men for breakfast, old Membertou came rushing in to say that there was a sail "in the lake," as he called the harbour. The eyes of the old chief, who was believed to have met Jacques Cartier more than seventy years earlier, were still keen. All rushed to see the ship and when it was certain that she was French the cannon of the fort roared a salute. It was only a little vessel of six or seven tons, sent on from the *Jonas*, which waited at Canso. In command was a young man of St. Malo, named Chevalier. He handed letters to Poutrincourt, who read them aloud.

The news was disastrous. The monopoly of Monts was cancelled and the company was dissolved. Efforts to enforce the monopoly had stirred opposition in France which we can well understand. In the summer of 1604, when Monts, on his way out, had found a certain Captain Rossignol, of Havre, trading for furs with the natives, he confiscated his ship. Rossignol, held as a prisoner, was sullen and resentful and a little later, in a time of danger on the voyage back to

France and while half crazed, he drew a great knife, and attempted to kill the captain, who, he said, was trying to add murder to the financial ruin of his victims. We can imagine the passions aroused by such incidents. During perhaps a hundred years fishermen on the coast had bartered freely for furs with the savages. When they had secured their cargoes of fish, it was easy to linger at some suitable spot and to sell knives, hatchets, fishing-lines and biscuits to the natives for furs and at lower prices than were possible at a trading post with the heavy cost of maintenance. In time, the fishermen sold fire-arms and brandy to the natives and then their trade was mischievous. They regarded it, however, as a right, and while fishing was still free, it embittered them that to trade in furs might bring the loss of both ship and liberty. The sense of injustice made the traders so unscrupulous as to use bribery with persons of influence. It was suspected that even the captain of the *Jonas* was in the pay of foes of the monopoly. A certain Boyer, of Rouen, caught in illicit trading, had been freed at La Rochelle by the influence of Poutrincourt, on solemnly promising that he would offend no more. Yet he was soon found at the old game, which promised huge profits. We find Basque fishermen, by one illicit stroke, securing more than six thousand beaver skins. Foreign ships, guided by resentful Frenchmen, went to the St. Lawrence and the last blow to Monts fell when, in the summer of 1606, Dutch vessels reaped there the gains on which he relied to avert ruin. About the same time, his enemies bribed an important person at court and the result was that, without the knowledge of Henry IV, the monopoly given for ten years was cancelled at the end of three. Such was the news which Poutrincourt read out to the group of anxious men who stood about him.

Ruin seemed to have come to the colony. Lescarbot thought that one more year would have made it self-sup-

porting by agriculture and not dependent on the fur-trade. Champlain offers a bitter prayer that God would pardon those already dead and discipline the living who had had a share in this cruel injustice. After deep pondering, Poutrincourt declared that he should not give up. Since his grant of land was not revoked, he would return to France and bring out his family and live at Port Royal. When he asked for volunteers eight of the men agreed to remain, on condition of receiving each a cask of wine and also grain sufficient for a year. Poutrincourt's decision was important, for it involved that, without a break, Port Royal should endure as a French colony. Since the *Jonas* was engaged in fishing and would not sail until the autumn, the summer lay before the French and Poutrincourt spent it in further prospecting and in looking after the crops, in order to prove in France that farming would be successful. When Lescarbot, leaving Port Royal for the first time since his arrival, and the young Chevalier, went across the Bay of Fundy to St. Croix, they found the buildings, the piles of wood, the salt, and even some wine in the casks, left almost undisturbed by the Indians, and in the garden vegetables which were welcome. Riotous sailors soon made a bonfire of the casks and caused Lescarbot to declare in disgust that the savages showed finer restraint and honour than many who bore the name of Christians.

The time came quickly when, with heavy hearts, the company must return to France. Lescarbot misses no vivid incident of the life during these last days. Sailing back to Port Royal, he arrived at dawn when "fair Aurora began to show her rosy face above the summit of our shaggy hills." Soon all were active in preparation to depart. Since the *Jonas* was engaged in fishing at Canso, to this distant point they went, not without danger, in small boats to join her. Poutrincourt lingered until the grain was ripe for he wished to show the king what New France could produce. He took

up rye by the roots in order to display the length and beauty of the stems, and he had hemp, wheat, barley, oats and other grains. When, on September 3, the *Jonas* sailed from Canso the Indians wept. A few weeks later Poutrincourt was at court showing to the king his samples of grain, "the most precious thing," says Lescarbot, perhaps with a glance at the lust for gold seen in other efforts in America, "which can be carried from any country." It would be fitting, he thought, to preserve the grain in some church as a sacred memento of what a French colony might produce. Poutrincourt also gave the king some of the fine birds, now known as the Canada goose, and the king kept them at the royal seat at Fontainebleau.

The French held on at Port Royal and for this Poutrincourt now had a powerful if not welcome ally. After his first voyage in 1604, a Jesuit priest had asked him about the number of the native tribes and the prospect for converting them. When Poutrincourt said that a hundred thousand could be won for Christ, the Jesuit remarked "Is that all?" as if, says Lescarbot, who tells the story and disliked the Jesuits, so few would hardly be worth one man's time, while the Good Shepherd went out to seek the one lost sheep. Probably Lescarbot misreads the cause of the remark. The Jesuits were thinking of winning continents for their faith and of converting not thousands but millions. It was in such a spirit that this aggressive society was now preparing for the labours which were to play so large a part in the history of New France, and their model in missionary labour, St. Francois Xavier, a Spaniard of noble birth, had set them an example in aiming high. He had been educated at Paris and there came under the influence of his fellow Spaniard, Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Society of Jesus. When it was approved by the Pope in 1540 no task seemed too difficult for its members. First they would convert the Moslems in Palestine and make Jerusalem once

more a Christian city. When war with the Turks blocked this plan, they turned to the millions of the far east and in April, 1545, Xavier sailed from Lisbon to convert India and Japan and China. Though he had the high rank of Legate of the Pope he lived on the ship with the common sailors, sharing their fare, nursing them in illness, and always teaching them his faith. His ascetic life appealed to the spirit of India and he secured many converts in Travancore. Then he went on to Japan and, after prosperous beginnings there, turned to the supreme task of converting the millions of China, and in China he died in 1552, at the age of forty-six. Within a hundred years the Jesuits were scattered all over Asia, even in secluded Thibet, and they had missions in Africa and in South America where, in Paraguay alone, they claimed in time a hundred thousand converts. In Europe with their thousands of members and five hundred colleges they played a leading part in education.

Since the Jesuits had been among the chief enemies of Henry IV in his Protestant days, in 1594 when Chastel, a pupil of the Jesuits, wounded Henry IV, they were banished from France and only reluctantly had Henry permitted them to return. When he took as confessor Father Coton, a Jesuit, and when the queen, Marie de Medicis, and devout ladies at the court were strong in support of the society, it was able in 1608 to induce the king to provide two thousand livres a year for the support of two Jesuit priests in Acadia. Though Poutrincourt keenly disliked the project, he was hardly his own master. He had difficulty in securing needed means and only early in 1610 was he ready again to set out with a company of gentlemen and artisans. The two chosen Jesuit fathers, Pierre Biard, a professor from the Jesuit school of theology at Lyons, and Ennemond Massé, had waited long at Bordeaux for Poutrincourt's ship, when late in February he showed his dislike of their company by sailing from Dieppe without them.

On reaching Port Royal Poutrincourt had to prove that the Jesuits were not needed. He had brought with him a priest from the diocese of Langres, the Abbé Fléché who proved so zealous that after three weeks, on June 24, 1610, the day of St. John the Baptist, twenty-one natives received baptism and chief among them Membertou. After the solemn ceremony a salute of cannon boomed from the fort to mark the first fruits of that zeal for missions to the natives which, during the next hundred years, was the most striking feature of French colonizing effort. Each of the baptized was given the name of some one of rank in France, no doubt in the hope of arousing among these persons special interest in the mission. Membertou became Henry and his squaw Marie, in honour of the king and queen of France, and a son of the old chief was called Louis in honour of the heir to the French throne. A fortnight later, on July 8, Poutrincourt's son, Biencourt, a capable youth of eighteen, sailed away to France with a carefully prepared list of the baptisms, to prove that Jesuit aid was not needed.

This did not divert the zeal of the order. On the way Biencourt heard the dire news of the murder of Henry IV and he found the Jesuit influence so strong at the court that he was obliged to agree to take out the two priests who had waited at Bordeaux for a whole year. But the order had many enemies, and two Dieppe merchants, Dujardin and Duquesne, partners in the enterprise, refused to proceed further if the Jesuits were to go. Biencourt seemed helpless, when a great lady of the court, the Marquise de Guercheville, came to the rescue, raised a subscription, and bought the interest of the two partners. This gave the Jesuits a share in the control of Port Royal. Their patroness bought also from Monts, no longer actively interested, his huge grant of land in Acadia and did not stop there; with the aid of the mother of the young king, Louis XIII,

she secured a grant of the whole of North America from Florida to the St. Lawrence—most of the present Canada and the United States, and in his vast domain the Jesuits were to be supreme.

Poutrincourt was still on his lands about Port Royal and his title was not disturbed, but in January, 1611, when his son Biencourt set out to join him in Acadia the two Jesuits were in the company. In elaborate reports to the general of the order at Rome, Father Biard praised the capacity and zeal of Biencourt with whom, during the long voyage of four months, he shared a cabin, but when, at Port Royal, he came into contact with Poutrincourt, there was strife on account of interference by the priest. So severe was it that the Jesuits, with a continent at their disposal, as they thought, decided to found a colony which should be in their complete control.

While Biard waited at Port Royal, the Jesuits in France spent more than a year in equipping an expedition and on March 12, 1613, the ship *Jonas* sailed again from Honfleur with a company of forty-eight, including two more Jesuit fathers, Quentin and Du Thet. At Port Royal the ship picked up Biard and Massé and then sailed across the Bay of Fundy. The leaders appreciated beauty, for they planned to begin their colony, to be called Saint Sauveur, on a deep inlet of the island of Mount Desert in a pleasant setting of sea and mountains and so near the mainland as in our time to be connected with it by a bridge. They pitched four white tents, the gift of the queen, and were discussing plans, when a ship came swiftly in, hove to beside the *Jonas,* and without warning fired a broadside from some of her fourteen guns. Father Du Thet fell mortally wounded and within a few hours the newcomers had pillaged the abundant stores of the Jesuits and had made prisoners of the colonists.

The ship was English, and France and England were at peace. But Saint Sauveur, though a mere speck in a vast

continent, was a symbol of France's claims while, far away in Virginia, Jamestown embodied the rival claims of England. When to its governor, Sir Thomas Dale, word had come of the French intrusion, which ignored the English charter from James I, he decided that he ought not to tolerate even so remote a neighbour. He had at hand a man fitted for the task of expulsion. Samuel Argall, of vigorous and rather brutal character, who played later a prominent part in the affairs of Virginia, sailed to the north and on that day in May it was he who descended on the colony at Saint Sauveur. He turned adrift fifteen of the company in a small boat and went back to Virginia with the *Jonas* and with Biard and other prisoners, whom he threatened to hang as pirates in the manner of the Spanish who had destroyed the French in Florida.

At Port Royal still remained Poutrincourt's colony and Lescarbot, an enemy of the Jesuits, declares that it was Biard who now urged the English to destroy it. In any case, Argall sailed again to the north from Virginia and took with him Biard. He paused at Saint Croix, to destroy what was left of the buildings reared by Monts and Champlain, and then crossed to Port Royal. Poutrincourt had gone to France; Biencourt was in command and for the moment absent with some natives. Argall landed his men and soon they were plundering and burning the houses and killing cattle and other domestic animals. We see the hatred for the Jesuits in a letter to Lescarbot in which Poutrincourt described what happened. Biard, he said, went out to find some of Biencourt's followers, told them that Argall was a good fellow, and asked them to join him as against "their poverty-stricken captain [Biencourt], with whom they would have to live like beasts." From his refuge among the natives Biencourt sent a challenge to Argall to personal combat. Instead, Argall agreed to an interview on a neighbouring island and then told Biencourt that it was Biard

who had urged him to attack Port Royal, on the plea that it was a nest of pirates who had already seized an English ship. To stimulate English wrath, Biard had added that aid was coming from France, and that the colonists at Port Royal would soon be strong enough to drive the English from Virginia.

Biencourt and a few followers were able to find refuge among the natives and Argall sailed away with the Jesuits and other captives. A storm came up. Argall reached Virginia; another ship was never seen again; the third, the *Jonas,* with Biard on board, put out to the open sea, reached the Azores, and finally Pembroke in Wales. Here Biard was treated with courtesy and soon was allowed to go to France. Though Argall's attack was really an act of piracy, France received no compensation beyond the return of the *Jonas* to its owners, and the French colony in Acadia was ruined. Poutrincourt was bankrupt and his enemies, the Jesuits, were able to send him to jail for a time on account of debt. After his death in 1615, Biencourt held on at Port Royal for a time, but devoted himself to trade rather than to colonization, and later we find him Director of the Royal Academy in Paris. The few scattered French who remained in Acadia multiplied with little further recruiting in France and from these remote and ignorant people were descended the Acadians, conspicuous in the last days of New France when the English expelled them from their lands.

CHAPTER VII

THE FRENCH IN THE VALLEY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE

It had been in the summer of 1607, when some discouraged French left Port Royal and sailed back to France, that the English made at last a settlement in North America. They, too, had experienced many failures. Though repeated efforts under Elizabeth had fastened to a long strip of the coast of North America the name Virginia, in honour of the unmarried queen, the early adventurers had dreamed of riches from the plunder of Spanish ships and the discovery of mines of gold and had invariably failed to colonize. Now, however, greater sanity had come and grave men of affairs in London were ready to risk capital to found a colony. They secured a charter for what was known as the London Company. Like the Spanish and the French, the English claimed the whole coast from Florida to Newfoundland. James I was now king and on May 13, 1607, about one hundred settlers, sent out by the London Company, landed in Virginia, near the mouth of what they called the James River, and founded Jamestown.

On this marshy spot grew up a town marked to-day by only some ruins and a few graves. Though, by the year 1620, five thousand English had reached Virginia, the hardships had been such that fewer than a thousand remained. Hundreds had perished in war with the natives. For needed labour the settlers had brought in negro slaves, useful to cultivate tobacco, which the climate favoured, and which could be produced by unskilled labourers. The chief

tobacco plantations fronted on tidal rivers and each planter might have his own dock and could send a cargo direct to the mother country. By 1619 an elected legislature voiced the needs of the landowners, most of whom were of a superior social class.

According to our present standards, England had then few people, but the pressure of population was acute. The towns and the country roads were haunted by lawless vagabonds, the hangman was busy, and each year, in perhaps every county, the bodies of scores of men creaked on gibbets by the wayside as warnings to evildoers. Some of this class were sent as labourers to the new world and, in the early annals of Virginia, these indentured servants rank little above the negro slaves. Patience, sanity, and sacrifice saved the Virginia colony. Among its founders we are interested to find the Earl of Southampton, the friend of Shakespeare, and he and his friends spent vast sums on colonizing. For the work of the Virginia Company, during fewer than twenty years after 1607, two hundred thousand pounds were secured in England, a sum equal in value to ten times that amount in our time. In contrast with this outlay, that of France seemed indeed petty.

The beginning of the seventeenth century saw in many directions expansion by European nations. Holland was a colonizing power eager to exploit Asia as well as America. The Dutch East India Company and the English East India Company, founded in 1600, became bitter rivals, and the Dutch Company long proved the stronger. At one time it had ten thousand soldiers in its service. It was the Dutch who occupied the Cape of Good Hope to command the route to the east; and in the west, too, the Dutch were active and enterprising. By no accident Dutch traders gathered in 1606 a rich harvest of furs on the St. Lawrence and in 1609 the Englishman, Henry Hudson, who had already explored for England in the far north of America,

transferred his services to Holland and was sent by the Dutch East India Company to survey the American coast. After working northward from Virginia, with care equal to that of Champlain in what is now New England, he sailed up the Hudson River for a hundred and fifty miles. At its mouth the Dutch founded New Amsterdam in a New Netherland, which, as New York, was destined one day to become English.

In France the man of letters now aided the man of action in support of colonizing effort. Though Lescarbot returned to the practice of the law, his alert mind was bent on the creation of a powerful New France. Already French effort extended back for nearly a hundred years and in Paris he set himself to search out "among the mouldy papers of booksellers" this vivid story of France's past enterprise in Canada, Brazil and Florida. He must have spent busily the year after his return, for, early in 1609, his *History of New France* appeared, with dedications to the king and to other high personages. On the title page Lescarbot placed after his own name the proud note that he was an "eye-witness of part of the matter herein recounted." The public interest was great, for an English translation appeared in 1609, a second edition of the French text was issued in 1611, and, soon after, there was a demand for a further and much enlarged edition. In its purpose the book is a passionate appeal to France to plant in the new world a culture fitted to save the natives from their brutal mode of life. While Spain had persecuted and tortured natives, France, said Lescarbot, would use other methods; no one should be coerced, and among the peoples whom France had reached in the east and in the south, the word Christian meant Frenchmen; France, the eye of the universe, the ancient nurse of letters and of arms, the refuge of the afflicted, should now build up a new realm across the ocean. Already, he continued, the natives of New France loved the

Frenchman. These did not say "I will root you out," but showed instead the gentleness and the pity of Christ, who said "I am meek and lowly in heart," and offered rest to the heavy-laden; the path was open, for no papal bull, granting the New World to Spain and Portugal, could deprive France, the eldest daughter of the Church, of her inalienable rights in America. She would find riches not in gold mines underground, in darkness like that of hell, but in the fish of the sea, in the furs of the wild animals, and in the innocent tillage of the soil.

We thus find in Lescarbot's time the appeal, so familiar still, that the culture of France is to lead the world. This urgent call was supported by the man of action. On kindly, inconstant Henry IV, both Champlain and his leader, Monts, urged that the cruel injustice of cancelling the monopoly of the fur-trade had brought ruin to men who had risked life and fortune in promoting the greatness of France, and the king could not resist the appeal. Thus it came about that on January 7, 1608, he renewed the monopoly and in strong terms forbade all others to engage in the fur-trade. Though the renewal was, in truth, only a makeshift and was to last but a year, it was enough to induce Monts and his partners to fit out in 1608 three ships. One went to Port Royal, where the French were resolved still to maintain the struggling colony, and two went to the St. Lawrence. Though no one knew the coasts of the Bay of Fundy and what was to be New England better than Champlain, who had spent three seasons in exploration, he had come to think that region not favourable for trade. In it, he was persuaded, lived only savages, who had little to offer beyond a field of labour for the missionary, and no opening in the coast promised the passage to the east of which he still dreamed. In consequence, he turned to the St. Lawrence which flowed out of a region of mystery where any and everything might be found. Moreover, on the open

coasts of the Atlantic, it was difficult to check unlicensed traders, but in a land approached by one great river this would be possible. Accordingly, the region of the St. Lawrence now became the chief scene of French effort. When Champlain went there in the summer of 1608, he had full authority as Lieutenant for Monts to found the town which we know as Quebec, and there to remain during the winter, the ruler of Canada.

It was not easy to found Quebec, for even Henry IV could not command prompt obedience from the excluded traders. When, early in 1608, Champlain, with the two French ships, reached Tadoussac, the troublesome Basques proved so defiant that in a fight Dupont-Gravé was wounded and one of his men was killed. Peace was restored only when each side agreed to leave the other alone and to let the dispute be settled in France. This causd a bad look-out for orderly government in Canada. Champlain passed on up the river to the site of barbaric Stadacona, where the broad stream narrows to a width of less than a mile. The spot commands one of the great water highways of the world and is a natural portal to the trade of a continent. Here, on July 2, 1608, Champlain stepped ashore and, from that hour, dates the founding of Quebec.

He lost not a moment and soon there was a busy scene like that at Saint Croix and at Port Royal. Grim murder, however, menaced Champlain. One of his men, Jean Duval, a lawless spirit, had been at Port Royal and there had caused trouble, and now he saw what he thought a chance to make his fortune. Though as yet the Basques were afraid to advance beyond Tadoussac, they would, Duval thought, be ready to pay a high price to get Quebec, a better place for trade, but while Champlain lived this could not be done. Accordingly, Duval planned to murder Champlain, and then to make terms with the Basques. We realize how degraded were the workmen of the time when

we find that nearly all of the men at Quebec fell in with the plot. Even Champlain's own body-servant joined the plotters, and the surgeon was suspected. Champlain was either to be strangled, or to be shot in the confusion of some night alarm. The plot was discovered, and the awed workmen saw Duval hanged and his severed head placed on the end of a pike in a conspicuous place.

On the 18th of September Dupont-Gravé sailed away to France with the product of the season's trading, and to face the lonely winter Champlain was left in sole command in this new world. He had kept his men busy. On the strand by the river, under the shadow of the towering cliffs, he now reared three wooden buildings, each of two stories; round the outside, at the second storey, were galleries, useful for taking the air and if necessary for defence. "Distrust," Champlain said, "is the mother of safety," and with great pride he dwells upon the strength of this "Habitation," the mounted cannon, the ditch, fifteen feet wide and six feet deep. A mysterious telegraph carried the news abroad that the French had not merely come to trade and then to depart but had remained. Large numbers of savages soon encamped near the dwellings and, before winter, many in the remote interior were planning to see early in the next year the wonder with their own eyes. Meanwhile, the brilliant Canadian autumn was delightful. Champlain was a good sportsman and we can imagine pleasant days spent in tramping through the forest with a gun on his shoulder. His company was well housed, well clothed, and well fed. But winter was near and, to the exiles on the remote edge of an unknown world, the falling leaves, the gaunt, bare trees, the cold winds storming the wooden houses, the clouds of falling snow, brought the melancholy of home-sickness. Before the spring the deadly scurvy and other maladies came and, of a company of twenty-eight, fifteen died. No wonder that, as we are told, the hardest

task of all was to keep up good cheer. None the less was Quebec a reality and France had taken the step which was to make that region the enduring heritage of her sons.

So long as the French had appeared in the St. Lawrence during only the brief weeks of summer, they had not been involved in the politics of the forest. They could not, however, become permanent residents without learning quickly that America, like Europe, had warring natives with a long tradition of strife. Among these, the Iroquois were resolved to be master and, if they could, to destroy all their rivals. When the French founded Quebec they barely knew that the Iroquois existed. The savages whom Cartier found at Stadacona appear to have been Huron-Iroquois, for the Hurons and the Iroquois, in Champlain's time such deadly enemies, shared a common origin. Of what had happened between the days of Cartier and of Champlain we know little beyond this, that the Hurons now dwelt near the lake of that name and the Iroquois in what is now northern New York; that the region about Quebec was almost deserted, and that the few natives who remained there were on a level lower than had been those of the time of Cartier. We know them as the Montagnais. They were nomads, dependent for food on fishing and hunting, and often near starvation. A scene during Champlain's first winter at Quebec reveals their condition. On a February day appeared on the south shore of the chill river a group of Montagnais, men, women and children, pressed by hunger and eager to cross to Quebec. A mass of treacherous ice-floes was swept here and there by the swift current. When a puff of wind made a channel through the floes, the natives launched their light canoes and paddled hard, but in the middle of the flood the ice closed on them and smashed their canoes. Then the men, and the women with children on their backs, jumped upon a piece of ice. By a marvel it was squeezed towards the north shore and in the end the

group landed in safety. In foraging for food near Champlain's "habitation," they found a dead sow and a dead dog, which he had thrown out as carrion to attract the foxes, and these they seized greedily. When Champlain sent to give the warning that such food meant death, the Indians were feasting upon it undeterred by the horrid stench.

These degraded people were allied with the various tribes who occupied the extensive northern region stretching from Tadoussac to Lake Huron and they had as their common enemy the Iroquois, the most astute and able of all the natives north of Mexico. Not very long, it seems, before the founding of Quebec, five tribes, linked by ties of blood, had united to form the Iroquois confederacy. Though the natives of North America usually showed fitful inconstancy in their political relations, this Iroquois union endured. Observers noticed that these savages, so ruthless towards their enemies, had strong domestic affections, shown especially in the love of children and in the relief of suffering, and that they were loyal to tribal laws and customs. They must have been industrious, for they lived chiefly by agriculture and trusted little to the uncertain fortune of the chase. For protection they built enclosures of logs, with methods of defence, by the bow and arrow and by hurling missiles from the walls on the assailant, which were not unlike those of the mediaeval castle in Europe.

The Iroquois believed in their superiority and were resolved to control the whole region spreading from the St. Lawrence to the borders of the Mississippi. In our own time the Indians have sunk into such relative insignificance that it is not easy to realise how they menaced the early colonists. In Virginia they massacred hundreds of Englishmen and the colony was safe only when the newcomers awed the savages by mere force of numbers. In Canada the natives were not numerous, for even the Iroquois, the strongest tribe, had fewer than three thousand warriors and

were, Champlain declared, so weak that six score well-armed soldiers would make the colony secure, but he could never obtain so many. At its beginning Quebec was helpless and had the tribes been determined they could have destroyed it. Champlain was convinced that, to be safe from attack, he must aid his savage neighbours in war on their more distant enemy, the Iroquois. Unhappily, he knew little of what this might involve, for he could not imagine how powerful and ruthless were the Iroquois. What he saw was that, in order to probe the mystery of the interior, he must make friends with some of the tribes. Naturally, he chose his own nearest neighbours, and thus it happened that, from the outset, the French became the allies of the wretched Montagnais, and that Champlain joined the weaker side in the envenomed politics of the forest. To meet the danger the powerful Iroquois made allies, first of the Dutch, and then of the English, and they harassed the French during a century and a half.

Early in June, 1609, the arrival of the ships from France for the summer's trading freed Champlain, and in a shallop with twenty men he set out to explore the land of wonder. His mind was aglow with the imagining of fertile lands in inland regions, of rich mines and forests, and of the crowded cities of the peopled east. In his notes he describes lofty trees and tangled vines, small streams flowing into the St. Lawrence between green and shaded banks, waters alive with fish, and swirling eddies through which in the sailing ship he could make headway only with a favourable wind. His native allies who went with him were, however, treasuring other thoughts. While their bronzed arms were driving canoes in company with the shallop, savage brains were picturing the vengeance which Champlain should help them to take for the insults and injuries of their foe.

In the previous summer the son of a chief of the Huron Indians, who lived on the distant shores of the lake of that

name, had come to look on at the founding of Quebec and, no doubt rashly, Champlain had promised him to help to end the suffering of his people from the Iroquois. The word had been carried back to the distant tribe and, all unknown to Champlain, the enemies of the Iroquois had planned to rally at Quebec in the next spring. Thus it happened that, as he sailed up the St. Lawrence, he met, some thirty miles above Quebec, two or three hundred Huron and Algonquin warriors encamped on a small island. When he went cautiously ashore and conferred with the two chiefs, he found that the savages had come to claim his help. First, however, they wished to behold with their own eyes the wonders of Quebec, to see the houses, to hear the firing of muskets, and to trade their furs for French goods. Accordingly Champlain turned back and, during five or six days of barter, the savages held in the little settlement high festival at the prospect of victory in the coming war. Then at last, on the first of June, the motley party again set out.

The country of the Iroquois was far away and, day after day, as Champlain with his escort of many canoes sailed up the St. Lawrence, the fascinations of this new scene had for him a background of anxiety. His allies were a mere mob without discipline or order; no leader was in command and some of the warriors had their wives with them, and were more anxious to go home with the precious purchases at Quebec of knives and hatchets and kettles, than to face the dangers of war. The testing came when, after many days, they reached the mouth of the river of the Iroquois—the Richelieu River—which reaches the St. Lawrence a little below Montreal. To turn southward up this river was definitely to go into the land of the enemy, and to Champlain's alarm most of the company shirked the danger. They paddled away homeward and with him were left only sixty natives in twenty-four canoes.

Champlain had another awakening when swift rapids on

the Richelieu River blocked the further passage of his ship. He had been told that he could sail direct to the Iroquois country, and remain always secure in the fortress of his vessel, and his men had bargained for no such enterprise as that of going in a frail canoe, or on foot, into a hostile land. "I was much troubled," he says. Though his allies seemed only too ready to accept any excuses to turn back, for Champlain this meant to give up one of the chief aims of his life—to explore the interior. The Indians had told him of a large lake, with many beautiful islands, to which the Richelieu River led and this he was resolved to see. Though the shallop could not go further, he could go on without it. While two of his men agreed, willingly enough, to go on with him, the others he sent back with the ship to Quebec and gave them the assurance that by God's grace he should soon rejoin them. Then he was left in the Canadian wilderness with three score of fickle allies and face to face with savage war.

Champlain advanced southward by a pathway destined often to see, in the coming years, the pageant of war, for it was the route by way of Lake Champlain from the heart of Canada to the heart of what is now the State of New York. The ravages of war had left the region untenanted. Already his allies must have been using the steel axes of Europe for, when they encamped at night, they were able in a couple of hours to cut down great trees and surround themselves with a barricade. They sent scouts half a dozen miles in advance, but during the night they kept no guard in camp. When Champlain remonstrated against such carelessness, they replied that they were so tired by the labours of the day as to be unable to keep watch at night. As they drew near to the enemy country they moved by night and slept concealed by day and at last reached the lake of which Champlain had heard. To this day it bears his name and he was probably the first European to see it. A few weeks

later in this very summer, Henry Hudson, in the service of the Dutch East India Company, and eager, like Champlain, to find a route to China, was feeling his way in a little ship up the river which bears his name towards that land of the Iroquois to which Champlain was bound.

The crisis of Champlain's advance was soon reached, for about ten o'clock on the night of July 29, while paddling silently in the darkness, his allies came upon a party of Iroquois off a cape on the western shore of the lake, probably the Crown Point of to-day. Both sides hurried to the shore to make barricades and during the long night there was sleep for no one. Since a fight was inevitable, in each encampment the warriors danced and sang, hurled insults at their foes, and boasted of what they should do. We think of the Indian as silent and dignified. Such he could be on a few formal occasions, but he was in truth the slave of impulse and emotion.

The battle came at daybreak. The Iroquois, two hundred strong, were the larger party and they marched from their barricade to the attack. Three chiefs, each wearing three large plumes, led a steady advance of their men, who had wooden shields, effective against the bow and arrow. Champlain's allies had seen what fire-arms could do and, as they went forward to meet the attack, it was on his weapons that they relied. It was still the fashion in Europe to wear armour, and Champlain and his two men were arrayed in glittering breastplates. His allies begged him to make sure to bring down the three chiefs and kept him at the rear until, when close to the foe, they made a passage through their centre and he stepped to the front. For a moment the Iroquois seem to have gazed at him in amazement. He had put four balls in his musket and now when he fired the effect was deadly for all three of the plumed chiefs fell. Panic among the Iroquois was completed by the fire of Champlain's companions from the trees on one flank. In

the wild pursuit Champlain took part and killed more of the enemy. Then he saw what native warfare meant for to his allies this successful skirmish was victory enough. They gathered what plunder they could from the Iroquois camp, tore the scalps from the dead bodies, feasted, danced, and sang for three hours, and then, with a dozen prisoners, reserved for torture, took to their canoes and set off homeward. The campaign was over. When night fell they were some twenty-five miles from the scene of battle and enjoying the torture of their prisoners as the fruits of victory.

Delight in suffering is not peculiar to savage man. In Europe, then and long after, the torture of prisoners was common and devout men delighted to picture ingenious and never-ending torture of the wicked in hell. Executions were public spectacles watched by eager crowds; men and women were still burned at the stake; massacre often followed victory; the bodies of traitors were hacked to pieces and the ghastly quarters long remained exposed in public places. When, in 1594, one Jean Chastel, tried to stab Henry IV, he was sentenced to be "riven with tongs" in the arms and legs and to have lopped off the right hand which had held the murderous knife; his body was then to be torn asunder by four horses and to be burned and the ashes were to be thrown to the winds. This was brutal, but it was the penalty of trying to kill a king and menacing ruin to a nation. Now, in the wilderness, Champlain found that the natives waged war for the joy of massacre, and inflicted fiendish tortures from sheer delight in suffering. The experience of that evening after the victory remained long in his mind. An Iroquois prisoner was forced to stand by the fire and was reminded in a fervent harangue of all the cruelties practised by his people. He knew what to expect. If he had courage, said his tormentors, he would sing, and he chanted defiantly a kind of dirge, a very sad song, as Champlain said. Then the savages took brands

from the fire and began their horrid work. They cut off his nails, applied fire to the raw ends of his fingers, and to other parts of his body, poured hot gum upon his bleeding head, and tore off his scalp. Champlain had seen war in Europe and was not easily shocked. He had come into close contact with the natives in Acadia, but they did not scalp their enemies. Now he protested against this prolonged savagery. In Europe, he said, we kill at once. The savages retorted that this would save the victim pain, the last thing which they desired. In the end, Champlain ended the cruel torments with a musket shot. Then the savages tore to pieces the body and forced fragments of the heart into the mouths of the other prisoners.

Indian travel was rapid; in a day the returning party paddled about seventy miles. At the St. Lawrence, the Hurons and Algonquins headed westward for their own country, with loud expressions of friendship to the French for their ready help, while Champlain, in company with his Montagnais friends, turned eastward. They made only a pause at Quebec for the rejoicings over the victory were to be at Tadoussac and he went on in order to witness them. He was complaisant to savage customs for he furnished his friends with beads to ornament the severed heads of their enemies, which they carried in the canoes on high poles. As they reached the shore at Tadoussac, women stark naked swam out to secure the heads, hung these ghastly trophies about their necks as if they were costly chains, and sang and danced on the shore. When the savage festivities were over, Champlain was given a head and a pair of arms to be taken to Henry IV and this he promised to do. By the middle of October he was in France, and was cordially received by Henry IV. We can imagine the vivid interest of the warrior king as Champlain told his lurid tale of forest warfare. Two chief thoughts haunted Champlain's mind: one, the need of missionary effort to

tame this brutal savagery; the other the fascination of the baffling mystery of the interior.

In high hopes Champlain sailed again for New France early in 1610. His Indian allies, grateful for his aid in war, had promised him help to explore the interior. Though he had not secured a renewal of the monopoly in the fur-trade, he had the prospect of a prosperous summer. Native war parties joined him at Tadoussac, at Quebec and at Three Rivers, half way to the site of Montreal. To them trade and discovery were secondary; revenge for Iroquois outrages was their dominant passion. The Iroquois, too, were on the warpath. Champlain's allies discovered that a band of Iroquois warriors was lurking on Isle St. Ignace, at the mouth of the Richelieu, in a camp protected by a wooden barricade. Again in this barbaric warfare Champlain's was the dominating mind and, after a sharp fight, he and his allies won a victory. Though he was wounded in the cheek by an arrow pointed with a sharp stone, he writes of the fight as if it were a phase of sport. But it was a deadly game. The victory was followed by the same hideous torture of prisoners which he had seen in the previous year, the women, as he notes, surpassing the men in cruelty. Unlicensed traders had flocked up the river in the wake of Champlain. They shirked the fighting but, when it was over, they even stripped the fur robes from the dead Iroquois to the disgust of Champlain's allies.

This summer of 1610 saw little progress in exploring the interior, yet trade, settlement, missionary work, all depended on what was there to be found. Champlain half believed that the region was rich and more nearly civilized than the regions already known. He found the natives from the interior reluctant, however, to permit a European to visit it. The Algonquins and the Hurons, who dwelt in the region of the Ottawa River and Lake Huron, desired to be the medium through which remoter tribes should trade with

the French, and did not wish that any Europeans should go beyond the Rapids at Montreal. When an Algonquin chief was induced by Champlain to promise to take a French lad to spend the winter with him, other Algonquins drew long faces. What if the boy should die or be killed in some accident? Since the savage code required life for life, this would invite French vengeance. Champlain insisted that the promise must be kept, and he sent with the Indians his servant, Étienne Brulé, an alert youth, who was thus, as far as we know, the first white man to winter among the natives. In return, Champlain took an Algonquin with him to France. Lescarbot says that he often saw in Paris this tall, sturdy youth whose name was Savignon. He would watch with eager interest fights in the streets and, when no one was killed, would jeer at the combatants as women who had no courage. Naturally, to Champlain he proved an irksome companion, but the effort was worth while. In due course both this Indian and Brulé returned to their own people with a knowledge of the ways and of the language of those among whom they had dwelt, and could act as interpreters.

Startling events in France during these years influenced the future of Canada. While England distrusted but no longer feared Spain, France watched anxiously the designs of the Hapsburgs who ruled at both Madrid and Vienna and worked for the ruin of Henry IV. Swayed by caprice and passion, Henry was ready to go to war in 1609 to compel the return to France from her refuge in the Netherlands of the Princesse de Condé, a girl of sixteen, who had inspired in him a passion so deep that, as he said, her absence took the joy from life and wore him to skin and bone. Yet was Henry a great statesman. After his death the Duke of Sully described the king's large design to re-model the political map of Europe. Roman Catholics and Protestants were to tolerate each other, but they were

to expel the infidel Turk from Europe and to regard barbaric Russia as lying beyond its pale. Some eighteen European states were to remain, six of them, including England, France and Spain, to be hereditary monarchies; six, including Switzerland and the Low Countries, to be federated republics. Among all these states there was to be perpetual peace, regulated by a general council, resembling that of the League of Nations of our time, and the Bourbon King of France and not the scheming Hapsburg was to be the leader of Europe.

We may well doubt whether Henry really conceived the grandiose design worked out so elaborately by Sully, but it is at least certain that, in the autumn of 1609, he was making great preparations for war against the Hapsburgs. The immediate cause of strife was the little Rhineland Duchy of Cleves where, in a disputed succession, France backed one side and Austria the other. Henry's policy involved an alliance with the Protestant princes of Germany who were feeling the weight of the Hapsburg hand. It was the beginning of that strange union between Catholic France and Protestant Germany in the devastating Thirty Years' War which ended in 1648 with the ruin of Germany for more than a century, and long deprived France of will and means for colonization.

François Ravaillac of Angoulême was a religious fanatic of the type which finds guidance in visions. He had been in turn valet, soldier, solicitor, schoolmaster; he had sought in vain admission to the Jesuit Society; and at last a term in prison for debt brought his fanatic madness to a head. In attacking the Hapsburgs, Henry IV, he believed, would make war on the Pope, which to him was the same as to make war upon God, and to save religion he must kill the king. There is no evidence that he was allied with other conspirators. He resolved to strike when Henry was making his last preparations to march to Germany. He was

miserably poor and his methods were primitive. At an inn he stole a knife; to it he fitted a strong horn handle, and then he watched for his chance. In Paris, on May 14, 1610, as Henry was driving to visit Sully, and was halted in the crowded and narrow Rue de la Ferronerie, Ravaillac pushed his way to the door of the carriage and made two deadly plunges at the king's heart. Henry died murmuring "It is nothing." In truth it was everything; the death of Henry IV ended the era of recovery in France which had had beginnings so hopeful. Now a child was king; religious faction revived; and France was plunged into another half century of disorder and repression so ruinous that later generations came to look upon the reign of Henry IV as a golden age of peace and hope.

Champlain had gone again to Canada before the tragedy of May, 1610, but later in the year he returned to France. He mourned for the loss of one whom he calls Henry the Great and he knew that it might prove a deadly blow to his work. French and native policy were alike confused. During the winter of 1610-11 there had been misgivings in the distant long-houses. After the fight at Isle St. Ignace, Champlain had claimed an Iroquois prisoner, in order to save him from torture. When in some way the captive managed later to escape and return to his own people, the report spread among the credulous natives that he had been sent to arrange an alliance between the Iroquois and the French and that Champlain would lead six hundred braves against his former allies. Misgivings were so acute among the savages in 1611 that they came late for the trade at the Rapids. Already Champlain had arrived from France and others, too, had come for, with the monopoly at an end, no fewer than thirteen French ships anxiously awaited the coming of the natives with their furs. When, at last, the fleet of canoes came in sight, laden with the precious bales and paddled by the strong arms of two hundred Huron war-

riors, two thunderous volleys of musketry welcomed them. The nervous Hurons imagined that their last hour had come, and begged that so alarming a demonstration might never be repeated. Champlain's right to command was not questioned. He had made a plan for a fort, and now led them to the spot in his proposed town, the centre of the later Montreal, where they should put up their rough cabins for the barter which was to follow.

The traders exposed their goods, some useful things, knives, hatchets, kettles, perhaps sometimes a musket, on which the savages looked with awe; some useless things, beads and ribbons of bright colour to please barbaric tastes; one deeply injurious thing, the fire-water, of which the flavour, or the exhilarating effects, proved alluring to savage palates. Champlain could not control the traders, and the untutored natives, bewildered by strange wiles, unbalanced in judgment by the insinuating brandy, were cheated and debauched. This troubled the Indian leaders. Life had been hard enough when their young men, with only the intoxication of youth, might, to show their metal, kill a member of another tribe, and bring on devastating war. The new temptation, destined henceforth to haunt all savage life in those regions, turned friend against friend in wild orgies. Probably was seen then what quickly became a common spectacle—Indians staggering from cabin to cabin, shouting, brandishing their weapons and, after murderous fights, sinking into drunken stupor.

The situation became so grave that Champlain was summoned at midnight to take part in a solemn conclave with the leading Hurons. They sat until morning, gravely deliberating on trade and on war. Champlain asked many questions about the interior. "I talked with them a great deal," he writes, "about the sources of the great river, and about their country. . . . I never grew weary of listening to them as they made clear things which had hitherto puzzled

me." The savages quickly saw that Champlain could not control the traders and they took action on their own account. One day the cabins were found to be empty; the Indians had disappeared, leaving word that they had gone a-hunting. They were, in truth, encamped about twenty-five miles above the Lachine Rapids, past which the vessels of the traders could not go. At their request, Champlain went to visit them, taking with him Brulé as interpreter. Little as the Indians realized it, the crisis in their history had now come. The European was pressing in upon them. Would they, could they, guard the interior from his intrusion? He brought what they eagerly desired, knives, axes, iron kettles to replace fragile and clumsy ones of pottery, and in time fire-arms. Should they take back with them for the coming winter Europeans to spy out their land? This Champlain urged, this too the traders desired and offered rich gifts to achieve. After grave debate the savages accepted Champlain's counsel. They agreed to take to their country his nominee and one other Frenchman.

When the conference ended Champlain was invited to return to the ships by way of the rushing torrent of the Lachine Rapids. Young Burlé had gone through it in safety, but in a similar adventure one of Champlain's young men had been drowned. Now, dared perhaps by what Brulé had already done, Champlain made the venture himself. He was told to wear only his shirt that he might the more readily swim if thrown into the water. Eight canoes, manned by savages, stark naked, set out. The boiling waters seemed to toss them like driftwood, but with unerring skill strong arms guided the frail canoes and Champlain passed safely through what must have been among the most vivid experiences of his life. Soon the Indians headed homewards, and, a few weeks later, Champlain himself was in France.

By 1612 three years of freedom for the fur-trade had

brought not only alarm to the natives of New France but paralysis to colonizing plans. As Champlain saw it, the chief needs were the control of the trade and the using of the profits for colonizing work, for the absorbing task of exploration, and for the softening of native barbarism by missionary effort. But he had now no cheery, buoyant, eager Henry IV to whom he could tell his story. Instead of Henry, a child, Louis XIII, was king; instead of a strong, if erratic, man of genius to shape the destinies of France, there was as regent Henry's widow, the shallow, intriguing and cold-hearted Italian, Marie de Medicis. Henry had made religious toleration possible, but now another, the ninth war of religion, seemed imminent. The Protestants, with bitter memories of the thirty thousand victims of the massacre of St. Bartholemew, were discouraged by the loss of their protector. Alarmed at the reviving influence of the Roman Catholic Church, they were using to the full the right conceded by Henry IV to maintain armed forces.

On the other hand it was an age of spiritual revival among the better elements within the Roman Catholic Church, a revival linked with horror of Protestant teaching. The French Jesuits were now in the lead in this movement and they had a spiritual fervour which in time took to New France many missionaries scorning suffering and death if only they might win heaven. Not only to the Jesuits did Protestantism seem a ruinous error. The gentle and ascetic piety of St. François de Sales, who preached with great effect at the court of Henry IV, was linked with the ardent desire to uproot Protestant teaching. As keen against it was St. Vincent de Paul, who founded the Order of Lazarites and was trying to relieve the horrors of the life of the galley slaves and to carry new light to the ignorant peasantry. Thus a wide gulf separated Protestant and Catholic and it was now certain that if France was to colonize, one

religion or the other would be excluded from the regions where she laboured.

Champlain found little support at a court where the intrigues of his rivals were incessant. He could argue that freedom of trade had not only debauched the natives but that it had also injured the very traders who had demanded it, for too many ships had sailed to Canada and unsold cargoes had been carried back to France. Clearly if matters were to be righted some one of high rank must be secured as protector at the court of Marie de Medicis. Accordingly, during 1612, Champlain remained in France and played the courtier. Since no one of lesser rank than that of a Prince of the Blood was likely to be effective, he approached Charles de Bourbon, Count of Soissons. Though loose in morals and narrow in mind, the prince had a capacity for intrigue which made him feared at the court and it is a comment on the age that, because of his high station, this useless person could secure aid for New France denied to the devotion of Champlain. When he told Soissons that ruin was imminent which would dishonour the French name, and begged him to become the protector of New France, the Count asked many questions, examined a map, learned that the monopoly was valuable, and that a salary would go with his task. Then, without difficulty, he obtained from the court the high-sounding office of Lieutenant-General for the King in New France. Champlain says meekly that, when the prince had secured these great powers, he "honoured me with the lieutenancy," which meant that Champlain should be the ruling person in New France and henceforth have wide authority.

There is a certain humour in finding Soissons, ignorant of nearly everything about Canada, issuing a commission, praising Champlain's knowledge, capacity and good sense, and, with a regal air, granting him power to enforce in New France obedience to the king and to make peace or

war with the native tribes. Champlain was to live "in the place called Quebec"; he was to trade in a "friendly and peaceful way"; but especially was he to seek for mines of gold, silver and other metals, and for an easy route to China and the East Indies. The monopoly of the fur-trade was renewed, but only from Quebec westward. Rival traders might still go to the Lower St. Lawrence and many troubles due to this lay before Champlain. It mattered little that Soissons soon died, for his powers passed to his nephew, the young Prince de Condé, husband of the lady beloved by Henry IV. Perhaps Condé now earned his salary for he was pestered by the rival interests.

The early work of Champlain runs parallel with that of Henry Hudson, whose name to-day is even more conspicuous on the map than Champlain's. As we have seen, Hudson was exploring the upper waters of the Hudson River a few weeks after Champlain first saw Lake Champlain. In the next year, 1610, when Champlain was lounging at Indian camp fires on the St. Lawrence and asking eager questions about the north and the west, Hudson had sailed directly to the north. He groped his way through Hudson Strait into Hudson Bay and then to its most southerly point now called James Bay, where he spent the winter. Then followed in 1611 a sordid tragedy on James Bay; Hudson's company mutinied and after four men had been killed in a sharp fight, the victorious mutineers bound Hudson, cast him and eight others into a little boat and set it adrift on those chill and lonely waters. Hudson and all those with him perished. When a wretched remnant of the mutineers reached England it became widely known that an English ship had passed the winter in the north and that a bloody tragedy had been enacted.

Dim echoes of these events reached Paris and, in the autumn of 1612, Champlain was told a thrilling story by Nicolas Vignau, the young man whom he had sent to spend

the winter of 1611-12 with the Algonquins on the Ottawa River. Vignau reported that he had reached that northern ocean where, as we know, Hudson had perished. The route, Vignau said, had not proved difficult; to go from the Rapids and to return had occupied only seventeen days. He added that when he stood on the shores of a great sea he saw the wreckage of an English ship and the Indians told him that eighty famished men had landed from the ship and, to secure food, had attacked the natives and robbed them of their maize and other necessaries. Of course a fight had followed, the Englishmen had been killed, and Vignau had seen their scalps in Indian lodges. One boy alone had been spared and him the savages had offered to Vignau as a gift. When Vignau was warned that if the tale should prove a lie his life would be at stake, he swore to its truth before two notaries. The story fitted in with the vague rumours about Hudson. Though the English had failed, a Frenchman known and trusted by the Indians, might make discoveries which should reveal the long-desired short route to China, and Champlain's friends agreed with him that action must be prompt to secure what might be epoch-making results.

In consequence, early in March, 1613, Champlain, taking Vignau with him, was afloat for Canada. He had now authority as the lieutenant of the viceroy, and at Tadoussac he gave notice that, with his new powers, he should expel traders who went to Quebec and beyond, without a license. Then he hurried to the Rapids, only to find that few Indians had come for trade. In the previous summer they had waited for him in vain and when, as usual, they had suffered from the wiles of the greedy traders they had gone off in dudgeon, saying that they should never come back. Champlain was bound to go on and at length he secured one Indian guide, with whom and Vignau and three other Frenchmen he set out in two canoes for what might prove

to be the shores of China. It was heavy work to paddle up the Ottawa River and the toil, says Champlain, "makes one sweat." To pass the many rapids the party had to carry canoes, provisions, and arms over rough trails. In other places where the current was swift they had to drag the canoes among rocks near shore, and once, when Champlain stumbled, the taut rope by which he drew the canoe nearly severed his hand. There was danger from prowling Iroquois. But, says Champlain, "the Divine Goodness preserved us all." He was the first Frenchman in authority to see that region and at important points he fastened up the arms of France in token that his king claimed the country. Meanwhile the Indians had found themselves too dependent on the goods of Europe to carry out the threat no longer to come for trade, and he met fifteen canoes of Algonquins on the way to the Rapids. They agreed to take with them one of his Frenchmen and to leave in his place an Algonquin guide to the further stretches of the river. Soon Champlain found passages blocked by a fall over which the water poured with a loud roar and swirled in such an eddy that the Indians called it "the boiling pot" (*Chaudière*). Near the fall was destined to stand the city of Ottawa which, two and a half centuries later, became the capital of Canada.

The Algonquins had warned Champlain that the route was hard. In the hot summer nights the torment from mosquitoes was almost unbearable, while the portages were so many and so difficult that the party could carry only a few necessaries. So formidable became the falls and rapids that after passing Lac des Chats they abandoned even their canoes and advanced on foot intending to regain the river higher up. On the dim forest path lay fallen pine trees, which made progress painful. Once they all sank down by the way, famished and exhausted. But they held on until at length near the present Muskrat Lake they reached a

clearing with fields of maize. In the Indian village near-by their coming caused such amazement that they seemed to have fallen from the sky. Still they pressed on and the local chief provided two canoes to carry them the length of Muskrat Lake. From there well beaten paths through a fine country brought them to the shores of Allumette Lake and back to the Ottawa River of which it is an enlargement.[1]

Champlain went no farther, for now came the great disillusion. In the heart of Vignau misgivings must have been deepening for it was here that two years earlier he had spent the winter, and these savages knew him well. They were pleased when Champlain now declared that he had come to help them in the war which had so devastated the region that, for better security, they huddled their poor bark cabins on what is now known as Morrison Island. Such was the terror that the savages urged Champlain to build his proposed fort at the Rapids that they might come to dwell near-by under his protection. Nothing idyllic was there in this primitive and tortured life of the forest. Champlain and his hosts were thinking of different things; he was bent on reaching the great sea; they were bent on help for themselves. Already even this remote village was dependent on Europe, for it had steel hatchets, knives and awls, and iron pots, secured by trade at the Rapids. In order to learn Champlain's plans the chief Tessoüat invited the leading men to a Tabagie or Council. It was a summer day and as the Indians sat on the ground in the chief's cabin the host distributed to them a broth of maize, meat and fish, prepared, as Champlain had noted, in a manner so disgusting that he asked leave to cook his meal in his own way. For

[1] In Vol. II of *The Works of Samuel de Champlain* (Toronto, The Champlain Society, 1925) is a map of Champlain's difficult route from the point where he left the Ottawa River, to that of his return to it at Lake Allumette. The Canadian Pacific Railway now runs near this route and the town of Pembroke lies on Allumette Lake.

half an hour after the feast each man smoked in silence and then Champlain spoke through an interpreter. In the previous year his king, he said, had employed him elsewhere, or he should then have come to give promised aid in war. Now he had come to see how fertile was their soil and to go on farther by their lakes and rivers until he should reach the great ocean of which they had told him. He closed with a request for four canoes and eight men to go on to the next tribe, the Nipissings.

To the savages the request was unwelcome for they desired to be the medium by which the French must trade with the remoter tribes. After Champlain's speech they conferred in low voices. Then they told him that, in the land to which he wished to go, he might meet death from witchcraft and sorcery and that he could get no real aid from its people. But they added that they trusted him and, if he persisted, they would help him. Champlain was well aware that without such aid he could not go on and this promise, he says, made him very happy. He left the Council and went to walk in the fields, but an interpreter soon followed him to say that the Indians were reconsidering the question and were making the excuse that no one was willing to go with him. This brought him back quickly to the Council and he sternly rebuked them as liars thus to break their pledge. When they replied that he should certainly perish on such a venture, he pointed to Vignau at his side and said that this young man had made the journey with no great difficulty. The amazed chief asked Vignau: "Is it true that you were among the Nipissings?" After a pause he replied "Yes, I was there." Tessoüat quickly retorted that not for a night had Vignau been away from his cabin; "You are a scoundrel and a liar," he said, "and we should torture you to death as we torture our enemies."

Since Champlain suspected that the aim of such protests might be merely to avoid helping him, he took Vignau

aside but, even after warnings, the youth still declared with oaths that his tale was true and that he would prove it if he might have canoes. These the Indians promptly offered, but when Champlain again warned Vignau that they would kill him if he was lying, he broke down and on his knees confessed that his story of the northern sea was false. He had told it in order to get back from France to Canada, and had thought it a safe lie since no one was likely to face the hard journey needed to verify it. Champlain was rarely angry, but now, he says, he ordered the impostor out of his sight. At the same time the Indians were ready to inflict summary justice: "Leave him to us," they said grimly, "and he will tell no more lies." No motive remained to Champlain to go further and taking Vignau he turned back, but he did not go alone, for sixty canoes went with him to trade at the Rapids. Before he paddled away from the Indian village, he reared in a conspicuous place a cross of white cedar, bearing the arms of France, and he promised Tessoüat to come back in the next year to aid him in war. At last he reached the Rapids worn out by hard labour on a meagre meal a day of fish, half raw. There, before an assembly of French and Indians, Vignau publicly confessed his fraud. He promised to redeem himself by going in the next year to the northern sea, and on this condition Champlain left him, as he says, "to the mercy of God." Of him we know nothing more. If he went into the north it is likely that he met the death from which Champlain had saved him.

CHAPTER VIII

CHAMPLAIN AMONG THE HURONS

As yet we have not had an account by an acute observer of the organization and culture of native society. Though inevitably Europeans judged the natives by European standards, every society develops its own customs. If Europeans were shocked at some of the practices of the natives of Canada, these in turn would have been shocked in Europe. When Lescarbot condemned the natives as thieves he did not know that their traditions of hospitality might require a host to give a guest anything which he desired and that to the natives the European's hold on his possessions might well seem grasping meanness. When we are startled at the barbarity of native warfare we should remember that the laws of war in Europe permitted the massacre of all, including women and children, found in a place taken by storm. In Europe falsehood which would deceive and destroy an enemy in war did not violate the moral code, but the pledged word of honour to an enemy was deemed binding; in Canada the native who lied to his own chief was a criminal, but he might in peace or war deceive a stranger as he liked. Champlain had broad sympathies and saw in native life some things to admire. But even in our age, more scientific in spirit, detached judgments are difficult and to Champlain, wholly European in outlook, they were impossible.

Cartier had described the natives at Quebec and Montreal as unstable and treacherous, while Lescarbot, who had come

into contact with them at Port Royal, was disposed to contrast them favourably with many of his countrymen. Both accounts are superficial, for neither of these men had shared the life of the natives. Lescarbot had an enthusiastic desire to send among them missionaries. They were, he said, reasoning creatures formed in the image of God, and holding out appealing hands for spiritual aid; Spain had enslaved the natives, but France would do something noble. Lescarbot was not blind to their faults according to the standard of Europe; to their treachery, their brutality, their filthy habits, their disgusting gluttony and their thieving; let a man, he said, turn but for a moment from a knife or a hatchet, and a native would hide it about his person or conceal it in the sand with his foot. But, he asked, what could be expected from persons in their condition? In spite of their hard mode of life they had fine bodies; they had proved faithful and hospitable friends to the French; in their own councils they reasoned with judgment and good sense. Lescarbot thought, indeed, that much might be learned from the natives. They were free from the ambition, the vainglory, the empty pomps and courtesies, the envy and malice, the strife at law, of the world of Paris. They respected their parents and they loved their children. What better material and what better scene for efforts inspired by Christian zeal?

To convert the natives had long been included in the designs of the French, but progress had been slow. In Acadia the Jesuit mission had failed before it was well begun and now Champlain desired to renew such labours. During 1614 he remained in France. In some respects it was a memorable year. The confusion following the murder of Henry IV had grown and, at last, to give counsel on the troubled affairs of the nation, were called together the States-General. The three estates, the clergy, the nobles, and the commons, or third estate, sat in separate chambers

but did not form a Parliament in the English sense; they were asked only to advise; they could not legislate. In the past, however, the kings of France had turned to them in time of need and it was an ominous sign of the growth of despotism later that in France, after 1614, they did not meet for another hundred and seventy-five years and then, in 1789, their meeting brought on the French Revolution. Champlain was in attendance at the States-General, for the viceroy's monopoly had been assailed by Breton traders and he was there to defend it. This he did with such success that Condé made money out of Champlain's zeal. For a time trade had been free below Quebec, but now all trade westward from Matane, in the Gaspé peninsula, was included in the monopoly of a new company composed of merchants of Rouen and St. Malo. It was to pay a thousand crowns a year to Condé and a salary to his lieutenant, Champlain, who was to have during each summer, for any purpose which he might choose, four men from each ship going to the St. Lawrence. The Company agreed to settle yearly in the country six families and the monopoly was to endure for eleven years from 1614. Since the monopoly was not now seriously challenged, Champlain's position seemed secure.

A deeper interest was, however, in Champlain's mind, as he moved among the persons of note gathered in Paris for the great meeting. Repeated protests against the neglect of the natives of Canada now, at last, bore fruit. There is no certain evidence that, except in the winter of Cartier's dire need, any Christian service had as yet been held on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Now this reproach was to be ended by followers of perhaps the sweetest character of the Middle Ages, Francis of Assisi. All know the story of his turning in early manhood from the gay world to spend a wandering life in order to serve the poor and the suffering. He spoke of the love of Christ, even to the birds, who

seemed to listen, and it was believed that he became so like his Master that on his hands and feet appeared the marks of the nails which had crucified Christ's body. He imitated the poverty of Christ. When in Assisi, he lived in a hut made of branches of trees, but he had no fixed abode and he and his followers went from place to place in the poor dress of peasants, toiling in the fields to earn their bread, sleeping where they could find a place for their tired bodies, under hedges, in barns, or in church porches. To live with and to serve the sick and the poor, the lepers and the outcasts; to beg for needed food if their labour failed; to sorrow for man's sin, yet always to rejoice in God's love—these were the principles of the Franciscans. If the Jesuits, in their day of success, were charged with arrogance, some branches at least of the Franciscans were at that time turning back earnestly to their loved founder as guide and were free from any charge of grasping ambition. One of these reforming branches was the Récollets in France. They had a convent at Brouage, the birth-place of Champlain. There, in charge of the salt-works, was the Sieur Houël, a devout man and an intimate friend of Champlain, and through him an appeal to the Récollets was met with warm interest. Though money was lacking, it was secured when Champlain appealed to cardinals, bishops, and other great people attending the States-General. The Pope was asked for his approval of the mission and he gave it, in tacit denial of Spain's claim to monopoly in the new world. The king, too, gave his sanction in a formal document. Four Récollet friars were chosen to go to Canada, and behold, in the spring of 1615, Champlain and the band of missionaries embarking at Honfleur, in the *Saint Etienne,* a ship of three hundred tons, with a new venture before them.

The Récollets showed an ardent missionary spirit. One of their fathers, Joseph Le Caron, was to go to the Hurons, another, Jean d'Olbeau, to the Montagnais, while Father

Denis Joumay and a lay brother, Pacifique du Plessis, were to remain at Quebec to create a centre for the work. So eager was Le Caron to reach the field that he scorned Champlain's advice first to spend a winter at Quebec, and hurried on at once to the interior. At the Rapids (Montreal) he met the Hurons who must have thought him a strange figure, in his long grey robe, tied in at the waist with a knotted cord. They yielded to his urging that he might return with them at once to the Huron country and Champlain's warnings that disillusion, hardship, and privation awaited him served only to increase his zeal. By God's grace and in His service he could, he said, adapt himself to any mode of life; for him hardships had no terrors; a man pledged to perpetual poverty required little; his pride would be to bring the message of God's love to these poor people, and he must hurry on to study their habits and their language. Thus it happened that, while Champlain was busy at Quebec with trade, with the building of a chapel and the providing of quarters for the priests, with securing labour for clearing the land, and with plans for war on the Iroquois, Le Caron set out about July 1 for the Huron country. He had with him a dozen well-armed Frenchmen, but this did not save him from distressing labour. His savage companions were a little contemptuous, perhaps, of a man, neither explorer, nor trader, nor soldier, nor sailor, and occupied with his spiritual work. They made him toil like one of themselves; though unused to the task, he paddled all day, waded many streams, amid stones which cut his feet, carried heavy loads over the portages, and starved on a small allowance of porridge (sagamite) made from maize boiled in water. It was midsummer and the mosquitoes were a torture. But he held on and, at last, worn to skin and bone, he and his men stood on the shores of Lake Huron, the first recorded Europeans to see any of the Great Lakes.

Meanwhile Champlain was deeply occupied with the

politics of the forest. His Indian allies declared that the menace of the Iroquois must end for no party coming to trade with the French was secure and ruin would be certain unless, by some supreme effort, a deadly blow could be struck. The Indians promised a force of two thousand five hundred warriors to attack the Iroquois villages in what is now northern New York. Probably Champlain suspected, though he could not then know, that such promises were unstable as water; but he was fully committed to war and now he promised to go with his allies to the very heart of their country and to fight on their side. This done, they must keep their repeated promises to lay bare the mystery of the interior.

It was to be a great venture. When Champlain was detained by business at Quebec for a few days, his restless allies, waiting for him at the Rapids, concluded that he was either dead or a prisoner of the Iroquois and started without him for home. Champlain, however, followed in two huge canoes, heavily laden with himself, Etienne Brulé, the interpreter, who had already wintered in the interior and may have seen the Huron country, another Frenchman, and ten Indians. The toilsome journey occupied more than a month. When they reached the village where Vignau's lie had been exposed they were only half way. If fish and game and small fruits were plentiful the savages gorged themselves without thought of the future, but during scarcity they had one scanty meal a day. At last they turned up a tributary of the Ottawa, the Mattawan, flowing from the west and, now paddling freely, now with distressing labour carrying over portages their great canoes and their stores, they crossed to Lake Nipissing, floated down its discharge, the French River, and reached a great sea, not the Salt Sea for which Champlain was hoping, but the Mer Douce, the sweet waters of Lake Huron, stretching westward beyond the range of vision. The land seemed poor

and desolate but, after paddling for many miles down the eastern shore of what we know as the Georgian Bay, they reached a fine rolling country with villages and fields of ripening Indian corn, the region near Penetanguishene, in the county of Simcoe, of our time. Le Caron was still in advance, with no knowledge that Champlain was following. But at last, at a village called Carhagouha, surrounded by a triple wooden palisade thirty-five feet high, to Le Caron's amazement, Champlain appeared. On August 12, with what pomp the conditions permitted, mass was celebrated for the first time in that Huron country destined to see the cruel martyrdom of priests and their converts.

For Champlain the immediate problem was that of war. Twice had he attacked the Iroquois with success, but this time he was to share in failure. The Huron country was thickly settled and now in all the villages the engrossing topic was war. During the preparations Champlain attended many banquets and dances. The rendezvous was at Cahiagué, near the modern Orillia, and at last, in the first days of September, the large war party set out. Champlain's devout soul was shocked that at such a critical time there was no prayer to God. These poor creatures, he says, live and die in black ignorance of religion and even of law. This was not true, but their religion and their law were expressed in ways not easily understood by Europeans. The route to the enemy country was eastward from Lake Simcoe, by way of Balsam Lake and the Trent Valley, through a beautiful region with forest lands and rich stores of game and fish. The Indians carried their canoes over the many portages and at last launched them on the Bay of Quinté through which they passed to Lake Ontario. They paddled round its eastern end and then, concealing their canoes, they advanced cautiously inland. The stronghold of the enemy was in the present state of New York, near Lake

Oneida, a land which Champlain was eager to see. He was growing uneasy about the quality of his allies. When they captured an enemy fishing party of men, women and children, numbering eleven, a chief, Iroquet, Champlain's special friend, seized one of the women and cut off her finger. In a blaze of anger Champlain rebuked such cruelty to women, "who have no defence but their tears," and in respect of them the chief promised amendment, but he muttered that he should torture the men. Huron warfare, as Champlain had already found, was wholly different both in scale and in type from that of Europe. It meant only a savage raid and a quick retreat, in case of danger. The aim was to destroy, with no distinction between combatants and non-combatants. Women and children were massacred and prisoners were tortured to death. There was little common action. Each warrior was a volunteer, fought on his own account, and came and went away as he liked.

The Iroquois fort had the strong defence of four rows of palisades of logs thirty feet high with one side washed by the waters of a pond or lake. Champlain planned to attack the fort as he would have attacked a mediaeval castle. He caused a high wooden tower to be built; it was then carried up to the wall so that from it the French muskets could sweep the interior of the fort. He made also huge wooden platforms under which the assailants might be protected as they advanced to set on fire the wooden walls. All this proved, however, too complex for his impatient allies. They made no use of the platforms and contented themselves with shooting arrows into the fort and screaming defiance. "We must excuse them," writes the tolerant Champlain; "they are not really soldiers; they please themselves, and pay no heed to discipline or correction." In spite of angry commands and shouts which, as he says, seemed to split the head, he could not hold them to any plan. They had

expected that the French fire-arms would cause a quick panic among the Iroquois, but to the last these yelled defiance, in spite of heavy losses by the musket fire, and the fort remained untaken. During the several days of the siege, Champlain himself was painfully wounded in the knee and for some time could not stand. When a hoped-for reinforcement of five hundred warriors failed to arrive, the dispirited Hurons set out on a disorderly retreat. Champlain was himself pinioned tightly and borne in a basket on the back of a muscular savage, but this rough carriage made the pain of his wound seem, as he says, like the tortures of hell, and soon he preferred to stagger along on his feet. He now found that it was success which gave him authority with the savages. When they reached Lake Ontario they refused him a canoe to descend by the St. Lawrence to Quebec, making the excuse that they needed his counsel in their villages. Thus it was that he became the first white man to record the experiences of a winter among the savages of New France.

The journey back to the Huron country had its own excitements. While some Hurons returned to their villages at once, others lingered on the north side of Lake Ontario to secure the winter's food by hunting and fishing. They built some cabins of bark at a spot, north of the modern Kingston, where game seemed plentiful and the chief, Darontal, shared his cabin and equipment with Champlain. He describes what the Indians regarded as their noblest sport, the hunting of the deer. They spread themselves over a wide circle, frightened the deer by imitating the howling of wolves and by other noises, drove them either into a body of water or into a narrow enclosure and then shot them with bows and arrows. "There was, I assure you," says Champlain, "singular pleasure in this sport," a statement which perhaps the modern sportsman will hardly accept, since the entrapped creatures were helpless. In

thirty-eight days the party killed one hundred and twenty deer. There were other delights, including the shooting of wild ducks and the taking of trout and of pike of prodigious size. Sometimes the landscape seemed like a great park, with open spaces and with trees, in the lingering tints of autumn, ranged along pleasant streams. Once Champlain's curiosity nearly cost his life. He followed too eagerly a bird strange to him, and lost his way. When night fell he spent it in the chill rain at the foot of a tree. He wandered all the next day and satisfied his hunger by killing some small birds and cooking them over a fire which he had the self-possession to make. Lying down for a second cold and anxious night, he prayed to God for will, courage, and skill and by this, he says, he was greatly strengthened. He walked for a long third day and as night was again falling he heard the sound of rushing water and to his joy reached a river "broad and long," the one, he was certain, on which lay the camp of his friends. His nerves were steady, for he says that he walked leisurely by the bank of the river for twelve or fifteen miles to the cabins where he received a joyous welcome.

It was a journey of nineteen days from this camp to the Huron villages where Champlain was to winter. When the party set out on December 4 each Indian carried a load of a hundred pounds of the food secured for the winter supply. Had there been women in the party they, by Indian custom, would have borne heavy burdens. Champlain, given only twenty pounds, found even this load exhausting. On frosty days they dragged their burdens on rough sleds over frozen rivers and lakes. During a thaw they became wet to the knees in brooks and marshes of the pine forests and had to climb laboriously over fallen trees.

By Christmas Champlain was resting in what was for the time home, the cabin of his friend Darontal, in a Huron village. He was, however, not content to spend more

than a few days in idleness when there was a new world to study. Little escaped his observant eye; the lodge and its furnishings, the cooking, family relations, the training of the children, the feasts, the dances, the views on religion, all have their place in the journal which was intended to arouse the interest of France. In a village not far away the Récollet Father Le Caron had a small cabin of his own where he had taken refuge in order to escape the noisy and lascivious life of the Indian lodge. Though the two Frenchmen went about together and were good friends, their tastes were different. The ascetic priest, bent on mortifying his body, in order the more effectively to save the souls of the darkened people about him, thought of little else, while Champlain, the head of whatever government the French could exercise in Canada, had many interests. He would promote peace among the natives, learn what he could of their mode of life, and induce them to go each year to trade with the French on the St. Lawrence. Above all he would find the long-sought route to the great ocean.

Champlain could now study at close quarters that natural man of whom anthropology is, in our century, making elaborate studies in all parts of the world. We are baffled by problems of man's origin. Is he descended from a pair of ancestors endowed from the beginning with his complex nature and placed in a primeval garden; or is he developed from simpler forms of life by slow evolution through countless ages and still incomplete? Under this latter process was a type evolved from which all of mankind is descended, or has man appeared in various parts of the earth without a common origin? There are now many races, from the black races of Africa to the Europeans with white skins. Though we cannot yet explain why the skin becomes black or white, why the hair is dark or fair, straight or curly, why the shape of the skull or the stature varies with different

races, yet amid this variety we find man always himself, showing everywhere similar instincts and aspirations.

In America the early explorers from Europe met man in every region to which they penetrated. Frobisher found him in the ice-bound north; the Spanish discoverers found him in the luxurious verdure of the tropics; Magellan and Drake saw him in the frigid regions of the far south. Wherever found on the earth he has endowments possessed by no other animal. He has articulate speech. He has some form of religion which shows itself in appeals to an unseen power. He seems always to believe in a future life, for he buries his dead with ceremonious reverence and often places with them food and arms for use in their new sphere. He has a moral sense, usually alien in its application from the standard of Christian Europe, but with sharp distinctions, especially in regard to his customs, between right and wrong. He does things of which no other animal is capable. He fashions tools; he makes a fire and by it warms himself and cooks his food; even in his most primitive state he has an instinct for art and makes drawings of the life about him. Everywhere he has a complex social organization. Usually there are families, clans and tribes with precise rules respecting marriage and inheritance, with tribunals which interpret law and custom and prescribe penalties for offenders. Primitive man is blindly conservative, and shows uncritical reverence for the customs under which he lives, since to him no other course seems possible.

We can imagine the first coming of man to America, either from Europe, or, more probably, from Asia, although there is no certainty of either origin; the unlikely suggestion is even made that primitive man spread not from Asia to America but from America to Asia. The anthropoid ape is not found in America and believers in the evolution of man from a less developed type consider this decisive in proving that he first appeared elsewhere. In any case, dur-

ing long ages, he had lived in America and he had advanced and sometimes receded in culture. When he first came into contact with Europe, his culture may have been upon a lower level than that of his ancestors. Modern effort has discovered in British Honduras the ruins of a great ancient city with an amphitheatre in stone which would hold some ten thousand people, and the skill for such building had been lost when the Spanish first arrived. Except in the case of the Eskimos of the far north, differences in physical type among the many tribes of the continent are not so striking as to disprove a common origin. All lack the peculiar odour of the skin which is one quality marking off the black man from the white man. The opinion widely accepted is that the natives were of one race; but the tribes showed variations, ranging from the facial type of the modern Chinese, which we call Mongolian, to that of the modern European. While long residence in varying climates in America produces marked differences, likenesses are also striking. Though some Eskimos in the far north have skins of a light colour, it is broadly true that in America there were no white man and no black men. The swarthy brown tint prevailed, which is commonly known as red.

The languages of America were both alike and different. It is estimated that in North America there were more than fifty linguistic families, and in South America twice as many, showing no relation with each other or with any tongue of other continents. Yet these languages were all agglutinative; without inflection, word was added to word to form the longer word with the complex conceptions of its parts. Primitive languages have few abstract words, for childish minds are slow to generalize; but they are so quick to note distinctions in things seen as to coin separate names for objects of the same class with only slight differences of shape and colour. Each object would thus tend to have its own word. The Récollet, Le Clercq, remarks that the lan-

guage of the Indians of Gaspé was unlike that of the Algonquins and the Iroquois, and richer and more exact than the tongues of Europe; every word had its precise meaning and the same term was not applied to a variety of things. A Gaspesian oration was, he added, elegant in form, and beautiful in tone. Great varieties of speech are not unusual among primitive peoples. In Colchis, in Asia Minor, the Romans, as Pliny relates, met with a hundred and thirty different tongues which required as many interpreters. The hill country of India has many languages, and groups of thirty or forty families have been found speaking a tongue unknown to their neighbours. Similar conditions are found in Africa. American tribes of five hundred had their own language. The American languages had large vocabularies; the natives of Tierra del Fuego are said to have had as many as thirty thousand words. Each language appears to have been the creation of the tribe which spoke it. The Algonquins and the Iroquois, thought by some to have had a common origin, yet spoke a different tongue. An unwritten language changes rapidly; but even so it is hard to account for the many and unlinked varieties of speech which prevailed in North and South America. One thing is certain; the tribes which so varied in speech can have had but slight intercourse with each other.

It arouses melancholy reflection that in America the bloom and beauty of Nature, the coming and going of the seasons repeated through long ages, had left man still barbarous and untamed. Some gifts Nature had denied. America lacked the domestic animals to carry man's burdens and to furnish him with food. While he had compensations, in varied climates, in fertile soils, in such fruitful sources of food as maize and the potato, and in the solace of tobacco, as yet denied to the rest of the world, he lacked some impulse or some discipline of character to enable him to make a noble use of his gifts. Clearly there is not in man

a compelling force for change. Through countless generations he remains barbarous and even savage in his mode of life. If he is without a written language to record the past, the memory of its improvements is uncertain and he may recede rather than advance, for civilization is created by building to-day on the achievements of yesterday and thus losing little or nothing of what is gained in the long past. If there is freedom of thought or movement, by land or sea, peoples teach one another, until to-day each of the continents is telling all the others what it has learned. When new contact with other peoples reveals to backward races the means to make life easier, or arouses some competitive instinct, they aspire to a higher plane of culture. In the days of Champlain the weapons and other implements, the education and mode of life, of Europe, were affecting the outlook of America, and the native village, as Champlain saw it, was on the verge of profound change.

The predecessors of Champlain had touched only lightly the barbarism of Canada by contact with it on or near the sea. He was the first to press far inland in the north. He had a natural gift of sympathy and tact and now, living for long months among the natives, he read something of their inner souls, though he was too ready to judge them by the fixed standards of Europe. Their mode of life lacked the impressiveness of the scenes farther south which, a century earlier, the Spanish pioneers had described in glowing terms. In Mexico, for instance, the Spanish found an elaborate system of federal government under a ruler living in great state and served by a powerful class, which seemed like the European nobility. There was a highly complex legal system with punishments so severe that to be skinned alive was the penalty of theft. The king sat in judgment on a throne of gold, ornamented with jewels. This was impressive. So also were the great buildings of the city of Mexico rising like Venice from a lagoon with streets of shin-

ing water. Though the houses were made chiefly of sun-dried (adobe) brick, and were clumsily reared without the knowledge of the arch, this is only half the story. There were houses with noble balconies and imposing terraces, approached by great stone steps. We marvel that they were cut from marble and granite, for nowhere in America was iron in use and the implements for cutting such hard substances were of stone or bronze. The zoological gardens surpassed, it seems, anything of the kind in Europe.

Though this looked like civilization, much was lacking to entitle it to the name. Christian bigotry has its own horrors, yet we may say with truth of Mexican culture that no other society of which we know had so great a portion of its people in the priesthood of a religion so blood-thirsty. In the great square of Mexico rose the central temple for worship. Surrounding it and decorated with the sculptured forms of serpents was a massive stone wall. The temple itself, of five terraces, piled one above the other, was nearly a hundred feet high and overlooked the whole city. Stately religious processions, carrying out an elaborate ritual, wound their way by the successive terraces up to the great altar at the top. It was all very striking, but the rites were really those of a pitiless barbarism. At the altar the priests slew, with skill, acquired by practice, captives taken in war and other human victims. The place reeked with the smell of blood and the bodies were eaten by priests and people alike. Many thousands of human skulls were built into the grim towers where the savage gods of the Mexicans were worshipped. At Mexican feasts young men danced, arrayed in skins of human victims flayed alive.

If, under a veneer of culture, the soul of Mexico was barbaric, there was in New France not even this veneer. During his first winter at Quebec, Champlain had had abundant evidence of the degradation of the natives. But, in spite of this backwardness, his large tolerance regarded them less

as a race inferior to the French than as one different, to be instructed and protected, but to be met on terms of equality. In this respect the attitude of the French differed from that of the Spanish and tended to differ from that of the English. The first settlers in Virginia were scandalized when John Rolfe, one of their number, married Pocahontas, the attractive daughter of an Indian chief. Champlain, on the other hand, hoped from the first for intermarriage with the French as a means of promoting the ideals of France among the natives. To this day Indian blood, unlike that of the negro, is not regarded as having the taint of incurable inferiority and the offspring of Indians and Europeans usually show hardy qualities. Like Cartier before him, Champlain believed that the natives could be brought quickly to a civilized mode of life. The age had little experience of missionary effort, and time was to prove that the task of civilization was not easy; except in a few cases, three hundred years of contact have not yet sufficed to bring the natives to the European level. Their numbers were never great, for America was thinly peopled. To-day there are probably many more millions of natives in America south of the United States than there were in the time of Columbus. From Mexico northward there is a different tale, but in Canada at the present time the Indians are not decreasing, but are increasing in number.

Whatever the rate of progress in a long past, some natives of Canada, when they first came into contact with the European, had ceased to be merely savages. The Iroquois, for instance, had a firm political organization, and lived partly by farming. None the less had this primitive society remained almost stagnant during perhaps many thousands of years. Apart from the dangerous cohesion of the Iroquois tribes, there is almost nothing to show that native capacity was shaping anything in the way of improvement. Some trails which became roads, skill in primitive industry

such as the making of the canoe and the weaving of baskets and mats, primitive but attractive pottery, and some mysterious remains of architecture, constitute almost the whole of the mark which the native has left in regions inhabited by him. Even the most advanced tribes had done little to alter the face of surrounding nature. In Europe, on the other hand, man had cleared away the forest to create farms and gardens. He had built cities and reared a noble and enduring architecture. He sailed the sea in great ships. For defence or attack he had destructive fire-arms. He wove from wool and linen beautiful fabrics for clothing or adornment. He had great works of literature and art. He had subordinated many domestic animals to his service.

Compared with this wealth of Europe the life of the native of Canada was poor. He had no iron implements and used softer implements of copper. If he needed to clear the ground for his rude agriculture he must chop through the trunks of trees with a dull axe of stone or bronze, or laboriously use fire; and from this we may imagine the labour of building palisades thirty feet high round some of his towns. His rough farming implements of wood and bone could only scratch the ground. His house was either a wigwam of branches covered with bark, or a lodge of logs cut without the aid of the steel axe. Nowhere had the native of America reached the knowledge of the arch in building. No horse, nor ox, had he to carry his burdens or to plough his rough fields of maize; no cow, nor goat, nor sheep, nor pig, for milk and meat. The women reaped the harvest in the field and carried it on their backs to the place of storage. There is a doubtful statement that the use of the screw was known among the Eskimos, but the ingenuity of the natives had not discovered what seems the simple device of the wheel, the most useful invention which man has ever made. They had no vehicles on wheels, no pulleys nor derricks, and no machinery, for they used only hand tools.

For navigation some of the tribes in Canada had canoes hollowed out of logs; others made the beautiful canoes of bark familiar to us still; but of the use of sails to move a boat there was no knowledge, at least in the regions not on the Pacific Ocean. Had sails existed they would have been of leather or of woven mats. The snow-shoes, made rather like a tennis racquet, and the toboggan, used on the snow in winter, were the most ingenious native aids to movement and to transport on land. Little wonder that when the Indians first came into contact with the skill and power of the European, with his great ships, his implements and deadly weapons of steel, his fabrics of wool and silk and linen, they felt for him the awe due to a deity, followed soon by the craving to secure the things which made him stronger than they.

As we see Champlain in the barbarism of the Huron country we realize how slow and complex is the growth of civilization. We have infallible evidence that in natural instincts the Indian differed little from more advanced peoples. In all grades of human culture there is that fundamental thing, man's spirit, which shows itself in similar ways; in the severe Puritan and the merry jester, in the miser and the spendthrift. The good Indian had the sense of duty of the cultivated European, though its workings were in a different scene and manner. He felt the same enjoyment in action and in sun and wind and rain and food and warmth. He was, in truth, the natural man with instincts impelling him to both good and evil. The idealism which paints him as truthful, humane, generous and brave, before he was tainted by Europe, has no basis in fact. Sometimes he shows these qualities, but as often, in his primitive state, he is cunning, treacherous, untruthful and fiendishly revengeful. The European, it must be added, shows like variations. An Indian told Champlain that it was impossible for him to live without satisfying his ven-

geance by killing his enemies. The natives showed love for their children, keen political and commercial capacity and, on the reverse side, the cupidity, jealousy, cruelty and superstition which culture does not banish from more polished societies. The Huron savage had some sense of humour, shown often in extravagant mimicry, and he had also the vanity which is boastful, eager for display, and ready to take offence at fancied slights.

The Huron had some striking qualities. Jesuit missionaries describe him as of higher intelligence than the French peasant, and some observers thought that Hurons and Iroquois had brains more capacious than those of the other natives. Among his friends the Huron was not quarrelsome. In respect of nature, though he did not conceive her as operating under rigorous law, he was observant and weather-wise. He had to rely upon his senses and they were acute. He could see a faint distant smoke when the white man saw nothing; he heard disturbing sounds when to the white man there was only silence; and by a seeming sixth sense he could find a straight route to his goal through the trackless forest. Perhaps because time meant little to him he was tenacious and patient; in war he would lie for days without taking food, concealed and silent, waiting to strike his enemy with a deadly and unexpected blow; in peace, too, he often showed admirable restraint in the face of ridicule and contradiction, and he bore hardships without complaint. Partly, it may be, because he had so slight regard for the future, he was ready to extend a lavish hospitality, though Frenchmen travelling with him often found him selfish and exacting in respect of both work and food. He had not learned the discipline which carries on steady labour and which yields obedience to authority. All accounts agree that the Hurons were, by the standards of Europe, great thieves and liars. The setting of their life had attractive features. Some of the land had been cleared by the

slow process of cutting off the branches of the trees, piling them about the trunks, and destroying these by fire. Ever since the days of Cartier, there had been a desultory trade on the St. Lawrence, and a good many natives already had steel hatchets and axes, preferred by all to those of stone or of some metal such as copper. In the absence of other standards, some chiefs had so good an opinion of themselves as to regard the king of France as only an equal.

Champlain found enjoyment in the study of the Hurons. Their life seemed wretched, but he remarks that they had the happy content which accompanies few wants. He knew well enough that they were like untaught and capricious children, apt, if provoked, to be treacherous and brutal, but his instinctive tact kept them always friendly. There seemed to him "a countless number of human beings" in the villages, but these had no permanence. The Hurons knew little about fertilizing the soil and when it was exhausted they cleared other land for their maize and built a new village. Such a change was also desirable because of the filth and vermin which must have become intolerable as the village grew older. Champlain passed from village to village by roads which were only foot paths; wider roads were not needed since there were neither vehicles nor animals to draw them. Everywhere he was received with hearty gaiety and friendliness. It was very pleasant, he says, to move about in this way. He had always in mind some serious aim of trade, or of discovery, or of observation for his future book. With insatiable curiosity he went during the winter to visit neighbouring tribes. The frontiers of the "nations" were sharply defined and, except in war, the right of each tribe to the exclusive use of its lands was not questioned.

The Tobacco nation was so-called because it grew tobacco and sold it to other tribes. Though its territory lay only twenty miles west of the Hurons, the peoples were quite

separate. When Champlain and Father Le Caron reached the Tobacco natives these flocked from all quarters to see the white men. Banquets and protestations of friendship led to promises from the tribe to go to Quebec to trade and, when the two Frenchmen departed, a crowd went with them for a good part of the way. Another neighbouring tribe, on Lake Huron, wore their hair so elaborately dressed that it seemed to Champlain to go beyond anything to be seen at the French court. He called them the *Cheveux Relevés*—the wearers of lofty head-dresses. They were the dandies of the forest. In some way they worked patterns on their skins; they painted their faces and wore ornaments in their noses and on their ears. Champlain admired their cleanliness,—"the cleanest savages in their domestic affairs whom I have ever seen"—, and their industry. They made mats which he compares with Turkey carpets. Their family relations seemed happy. The men shocked no one by going about naked.

The Huron lodge had sometimes a length of a hundred and fifty feet and a breadth of twenty or even forty. Its skeleton consisted of a row of stout, tall saplings bent inwards from each side and fastened at the top so as to leave an open space, serving as window and chimney, about a foot wide, running the length of the roof. Cross poles inside stiffened the structure, and roof and sides were covered with bark and sometimes, in places, with skins. When the lodge had a rounded top it looked rather like a tunnel made of bark; with a pointed roof it looked like a long barn. The middle passage running its length was ten or twelve feet wide. On each side of this passage were compartments with a family of from five to eight for each compartment. Sometimes more than a score of families lived in each lodge. Along the inside of the walls ran, some four feet from the ground, a wide shelf, on which in summer the natives slept, in order, as Champlain thought, to avoid the fleas with

which the place swarmed. A dozen fires in the long passage of the lodge, one for the two families facing each other across it, must have made a scene of weird brightness at night. Fire was a deadly menace and often destroyed the bark-covered lodge. In winter, for greater warmth, the family slept on mats with their feet to the fire. Clothing was hung from the rough beams, to ensure safety from the mice. There, too, hung bows and arrows and ears of unshelled maize.

A Jesuit missionary described the Huron lodge as a miniature hell; a dim light; fire and smoke; on every side naked human bodies; swarms of children and of dogs which ate with their masters from the same wooden plates; clouds of soot and filth; evil smells of sweating and sometimes diseased humanity; noisy ridicule; ribald jesting and vile language. There was no provision for privacy and decency. Anyone might enter the cabin at any time of day or night. Even during sunshine, the narrow slit in the roof let in but a dim light, and at times the acrid smoke escaped so slowly by this opening as to cause blindness. There was other smoke, not less acrid, from tobacco, and it must have startled the civilised visitor to see a savage filling his pipe from the skin of the arm or of the hand of an enemy, skilfully preserved even to the finger nails.

Since water was not in daily use for personal cleanliness, the great means of purification was the sweat bath. In a small hut of bark, covered with furs and almost air-tight, a pair of naked savages would place half a dozen hot stones, dash upon them water, and shut themselves in until wet with steam and perspiration. For the Europeans, vermin made life a misery. The savage hunted for these pests on their persons and devoured them, not, as they declared, because they liked them, but to take vengeance by eating the enemy who ate them. We hardly wonder that chiefs lived sometimes in separate cabins of their own. Father

Le Caron tried the life in the lodge, but he quickly employed his dozen Frenchmen to build for him a cabin. The lodge seemed always hospitable, but it is not easy to picture in this scene of dirt, evil smells, and noise, a grave and dignified Frenchman, such as Champlain. Even when he lived in the midst of this squalor he managed in some way to secure leisure for writing his copious notes, but he, too, turned from it to lodge with a chief.

The testimony of those who first saw the Indian is that he was of fine physical appearance. All the tribes in the east was similar in type. The tall and erect figure was crowned by a mass of straight black hair, over a brown, beardless face, with high cheek bones, dark brown eyes, aquiline nose, and thin lips showing teeth of a beautiful white, produced perhaps by chewing the gum of the fir tree. "They have heads like Julius Caesar or Augustine," said the Jesuit, Le Jeune. The life in the open air required the quickness and agility of the hunter and made the body lean and sinewy. Unaided by the horse, the Canadian native had to trust to his own strong legs for speed. Because the life was hard, the weak died off in childhood and, inevitably, the survivors were the fittest of the race. The Indian of to-day is living in conditions much more cramped and has lost the free bearing and the dignity of feature, like that of a Roman senator, which marked some of his ancestors. Lescarbot expresses warm admiration of the almost perfect bodies of the natives. The boys and girls, he says, were well-limbed, well-boned, well-bodied and robust, to equal the best in France, while the men were perfectly formed and would make good soldiers. The Récollet Father, Le Clercq, writing long after Lescarbot, described the natives on the Atlantic coast of Canada in glowing terms. Their swarthy colour, he said, did not impair the beauty of their features. They enjoyed perfect health; few were deformed, or blind, or maimed; their active life avoided corpulence;

they were neither too fat nor too thin. They could go for days without food and could also bear extreme cold. During the bitter winter of 1535-36, the first spent by the French in Canada, Jacques Cartier had marvelled that the natives came almost naked to his ships daily over ice and snow. He gave the fantastic reason that their hardiness might be due to using mouths and nostrils as funnels to keep their bodies full of the warm smoke of tobacco. The toilsome life of the women made them hardy. Child-birth but slightly interrupted their labours and caused little inconvenience. An Indian woman, gathering wood in the forest, would give birth to a child and return to the wigwam bearing her load of wood and her baby.

Tradition describes the Indian as showing stoical reserve. In truth, however, he was fond of social gaiety, and on all possible occasions held festival with his friends. He combined with the caution and cunning of the hunter and the warrior the quick and wayward emotions of the child. His life centred in the two great problems of securing food and of protection from his enemies. The wandering Montagnais near Quebec cultivated no fields, and often starved in winter. The Hurons, on the other hand, had an extensive agriculture. They grew hemp, which the women worked by hand into cord for fishing-nets, and they carefully harvested maize, beans, squashes and sun-flowers. From the maize and beans mashed into a flour they made many dishes, including a kind of bread. In summer they had an abundance of strawberries, blueberries, plums, cherries and similar fruits, and some of these they dried for winter use. They had not learned to make wine from the wild grapes. Since they had no salt as a preservative, they dried and smoked their meat and fish and, as Champlain says, since their thought centred always in food, they showed a careful regard for the future and kept on hand supplies to last during three years. They ate the dogs which had served

as their pets and sometimes they kept bears in captivity until these should be fitted to become a delicacy at table.

To a man of refinement one of the most trying experiences must have been to take a meal with the savages. Champlain was not squeamish, but even he drew back sometimes from the ordeal of eating with naked men, who defied every decency, who ate out of the same plate as their dogs, and gorged themselves to disgusting repletion. On one occasion when Father Le Jeune failed to empty his plate his neighbour seized it, gulped down its contents in two swallows, and then thrust out a tongue "as long as your hand" to lick clean both the bottom and the sides. Every occasion of rejoicing was celebrated by feasts at which the guests ate greedily. In 1603, when Champlain went first to Canada, he took part in one of these feasts at Tadoussac. Eighty or a hundred savages were ranged on their haunches along a line of eight or ten huge kettles running the length of the lodge and each with its own fire. Preceding the feast were speeches to which the savages listened with grave attention and with grunts or shouts of "ho," "ho," "ho," in approval. Meanwhile the kettles were boiling, filled with the meat of moose, bear, seal, and beaver, with wild fowl, and probably also fish. Each guest had his porringer of bark. In the period of waiting for the cooking, one guest after another engaged in pranks with a dog which leaped over the kettles from one end of the lodge to the other. Then, as Champlain says, they ate, "very filthily." The feast ended, the wild waving of the scalps of the enemies followed and furious dancing and singing in time beaten by the hands or by a drum.

Before securing iron kettles from Europe the savages had cooked their meat in vessels of wood or bark, or of crude pottery, or even in skins, into which they threw hot stones to make the water boil. When iron kettles were secured they were rarely cleaned; a taste for cleanliness seems indeed

to be the product of a refined civilization. Meat, with hairs clinging to it, and fish, with their scales on, were cut up and thrown into the boiling pot and the food, without salt or spices, seemed tasteless to European palates. The Hurons had their own way of giving it flavour; they buried maize in mud under water and after it had lain there for two or three months they boiled or roasted the ears. Nothing in the world, says Champlain, has so bad a smell as this rotting maize, but women and children went about sucking the ears like sugar-cane, with obvious enjoyment. There were two meals daily. The lack of iron must have crippled most activities of the household. Wooden spoons served to ladle food from the pot, the squatting eaters used their hands as implements and threw the refuse to the swarming dogs. On great occasions the host himself announced to his guests what food was provided in the pots and the women kept full the plates of bark.

The lodge had little ornament. Each one had place for the storage of maize, dried meat, fish and fruits. Native skill wrought the baskets used to hold the few private possessions of the owner, and also mats, and nets for fishing. There were barrels and buckets made of bark. The Indians, with something which Europe lacked—tobacco—had developed some skill in making pipes of stone or clay. For clothing they used nature's ready-made product, the skins of animals. In summer men went about stark naked; in winter they wore shirt and breeches of deer skin, leather stockings, shoes or moccasins, sometimes of beaver skin, and a long cloak of fur. Sometimes the shirt was omitted and the cloak was left as the only covering above the waist. Women wore a leather dress with sleeves, and hanging loosely to the knees. Some of them showed skill in fitting it neatly and in ornamenting it with porcupine quills stained scarlet and other tints. Since leather garments retained moisture when wet and were stiff when dried, the natives quickly learned to

prefer the woollen blankets and clothing supplied by the Europeans. The native taste shown in colours is sometimes pleasing, for the decorative art of undeveloped people is often attractive.

There was little variety of fashion. Often the dress of the women was much the same as that of the men, but was tied in at the waist. All accounts agree that neither sex wore any head covering. The picturesque plumes of feathers seen on the western prairies were hardly known among the Indians whom Champlain saw. It was, no doubt, vanity which made the men dye their hair and cut it into shapes so fantastic as to appear comic. A warrior might be seen with head clean shaven except one long so-called scalp-lock, or with the hair on one side of the head closely cut or carefully braided and that on the other long and loose; sometimes only a rim of bristling hair was left across the crown of the head; a beard was regarded as a deformity. Crude painting of the face was fashionable. Father Le Jeune describes an Indian mother painting her husband and her son red when they were about to visit Quebec; children thought that beauty required the smearing of the face with paint, or even with ink, or with the rust from the axe: "how weak are the judgments of men," moralised the priest. The Hurons practiced tattooing and sometimes, by means not now understood, patterned the whole body in indelible tints. Acute among the women, too, was the love of ornament. Even to the European taste of Champlain some of the Indian girls appeared attractive. Father Brébeuf thought that, if well brought up, the Indian girls would be equal to French girls. They adorned themselves with bracelets and earrings and with the wampum highly prized by both sexes. This consisted of strings of beads made from shells, skilfully polished and perforated. An exchange of wampum marked the conclusion of bargains and treaties, after speeches with high-flown imagery. Wam-

pum was valued by the women much as the lady of to-day values a string of pearls. It was in use in the time of Cartier, and Champlain says that he saw one girl wearing so elaborate a quantity that it must have weighed twelve pounds. It declined in value when beads and other ornaments were introduced from Europe.

The amusements of the village were few. Music was more than a pastime; it appears on all ceremonial occasions and for the Hurons themselves its tones had a meaning which the stranger could not grasp. The dancing, often frantic, was accompanied by crude singing and some primitive songs have been preserved. Flutes and whistles and rattles made inharmonious noises not unlike those at a modern Oxford boat-race. In order to get relief from ennui the young men, in particular, untrained to steady labour, sometimes plunged into the mischief which entices the idle and went out to lie in wait for and destroy members of an enemy tribe. Such idle youths were the worst enemies of enduring peace, for they made wanton attacks with no regard to consequences. War as an amusement involved, however, the risk of crushing retaliation. Eating to repletion at feasts was the best loved diversion. In winter, especially, when the men were home from the hunting, or from the trading in furs with neighbouring tribes, lazy idleness found some excitement in gambling, a persisting habit noted long before by Cartier. The possessions of the Indians were so scanty that the stakes must have been chiefly personal belongings—a knife, a hatchet, a string of wampum, sometimes a wife. In the depth of winter men would stake even the clothing they wore and would return almost naked to their cabins through the snow. They had games like dice in which plum-stones or bits of wood like checkers, of the natural colour on one side and stained with a different tint on the other, and thrown out on a table or the ground, made room for wagers as to the number uppermost of either

colour. There was an intricate gambling game with straws, which was carried on with stoic gravity. The game of La Crosse, still familiar, in which the naked players were sometimes painted vermilion, furnished occasions for matches watched as now are contests in football or hockey, and often with wagers on the result. The children played the inevitable game associated with a ball, in this case a rude bunch of light fragments of pine, held together by pitch. Around the fire story-telling was a favourite diversion and included myths and tales relating to the origin of the world and to events in the history of the tribe.

Champlain says bluntly that the Hurons had no laws. They had, however, an acute regard for their customs and traditions, and were bound more rigorously by them than were more advanced communities by written law. The native did not reason about custom; public opinion required him to obey it, and he was the slave of fashion. If public opinion was rigorous about torturing prisoners he obeyed, in spite possibly of natural pity. To break a rule was to incur anger or ridicule, and he wished to avoid both. The affairs of the Huron village were regulated in a council of the leading men. If war was thought of, two or three of the more renowned warriors went from village to village to secure support, but all the warriors were volunteers, since individuals were free to go to the war or not, as they might choose. Each of the four or five clans which made up the Huron nation had chiefs by heredity in the female line. The functions of war and peace were under entirely separate authority. Nominally in time of war one chief led the whole nation, but it was a weak rule for there was no unity of action. The chief had the right to persuade but hardly to command; and he was not a magistrate who gave judgment on cases brought before him, for the Hurons had no courts for trials. An offender was condemned unheard in a council, possibly secret, and if sentence of death followed,

some one was named to kill him when opportunity offered. This to the Indian mind was simpler than formal trial and execution. To kill an enemy when off his guard and unable to defend himself seemed a maxim of wisdom. There were no lawsuits among the Indians, a fact which led the jaded lawyer, Lescarbot, to rejoice in the simplicity of savage life. The fitting penalties for killing a member of a tribe were settled by negotiations with the other side for appropriate damages. If an agreement was not reached the savages reverted to the practice of a life for a life which might involve an endless vendetta. Minor differences could be settled more simply. When an absent Enoch Arden returned to find that his wife had been wooed and won by another man and both men wished to have her, the woman's father handed her over to the claimant who proved the fleetest of foot in a race.

Nature dictates in every society that the work of men and of women shall be different. To women belong the daily cares of the household and her additional tasks depend on the conditions of life. When Champlain saw, in contrast with the lot of woman in Europe, the heavy labours of the Huron woman, he thought her a mere slave and drudge, but she was much more than this. In the composite Huron nation the clan, an enlarged family, was the vital social unit. Every one must be a member of one of the four or five clans, the Bear, the Deer, the Rock, and so on, and this membership came through the woman. Since it was she who bore the children she determined the descent of the blood. Members of the same family of the clan might not intermarry and this important prohibition came through the woman. A man was qualified to be a chief by descent not from his father but from his mother, and the mother determined which of her sons might seek this honour. The practice of the Hurons was to put prisoners to death, and the woman and the woman alone could save

them by adopting them into the clan. Only volunteers went out on Indian war parties, and the woman had the right to forbid her son to go. So important was she that, among the Hurons and the Iroquois, the penalty for killing a woman was twice that for killing a man.

The Indian village was not without a charm which in time enticed not a few Frenchmen to abandon civilization for the life of the forest, but no French women, since custom laid on the Indian women heavy manual labour. For men the life offered abundant sport and food, the promise of gain by the trade in furs, and long periods of lounging idleness by the warmth of open fires, with immediate wants supplied by the labour of the women. The men had their own heavy task of making war, the savage war which Europeans, forgetting perhaps some of their own barbarities, thought so shocking. It was the men, too, who carried on trade, who hunted and fished, and who made the frames of the rough houses. On journeys women and men alike carried loads, often very heavy. When the return from any expedition was celebrated by dances and by feasts, it was the women who did the work of preparation. The feasting ended, says Champlain, the women were still busy, but the men lay, often naked, by the fire and went to sleep, "the thing they like most in the world." It is, perhaps, too easy to exaggerate woman's inferior status. Sometimes a woman sat in council and even became a chief.

The Iroquois man took, it seems, only one wife, but among the Hurons polygamy was practised and divorce was readily secured. Cartier mentions the loose mode of life of the Indian women of his time. In contrast with some of the tribes on the Atlantic coast, the Hurons, who may have been one of the tribes observed by Cartier, placed little value on modesty or chastity and some of their practices horrified Champlain and other observers. Once wed, the woman had the whole toil of the household, for the man

thought it a degradation to assist in this domestic work. She planted and reaped the maize, the beans, and the squashes, the chief vegetable food. If there was venison in the pot, the man who had killed the deer had probably only intimated to her where the carcass lay, and it was often her task to go, perhaps a long distance, to seek it, to cut it up, and to bring home the heavy burden. She carried the water, she gathered the wood for the fire and, since smoke was a nuisance in the lodge, she was often obliged to go a long distance to find the dry and rotting wood which made less smoke than wood newly cut. She scrubbed and made supple the skins of beasts for the robes, leggings and moccasins. For ornament she produced, in some way, beautiful blue, red, black, and white dyes. These coloured the bead work and the porcupine quills decorating the pouches carried by the men. The dyes coloured also symmetrical patterns in the rushes on which the man lay in his abundant leisure. In summer, when the family moved in the bark canoes these, often, perhaps usually, were women's work. In winter the warrior might march on snow-shoes made by her. When camp was made for the night she spread the bark on the poles of the wigwams, lined the interior with twigs of green for beds, and during the night lay near the entrance in order to be ready to perform any required service. Perhaps because in March and April there was still snow on which sleds could be dragged, she went then to cut in the forest the wood required by the family. Europeans were naturally startled at seeing women carrying on such heavy labours. But for these they had had, during many generations, a long training. Champlain comments on the powerful physique and great height of some of the women and he adds that they seemed to live happily with their husbands.

There is abundant evidence of the fondness of the Indian parents for their offspring, but it often took the form of

undue indulgence. The swarming children had no training. In a civilized society discipline in the school, continued year after year, moulds and strengthens character. The Hurons, however, had no letters and no elements of science to teach the young in schools. In infancy, during the day, the child either rolled on the grass or was lashed to a board in an upright position, with a mat for the feet and a hoop to protect the face; at night it lay naked between its father and mother and Champlain was surprised that it was not more often overlain and suffocated. As children grew older they showed untamed resentment at reproof and, to Champlain's horror, sometimes struck the mother and even the father. With tenderness to children went in war brutal cruelty to the enemy. Some emotions of the savages were indeed those of the wild beast, a spirit not extinct in civilized Europe where a gloating crowd had recently watched the slow torture to death of the assassin of Henry IV. The mind revolts at the scene so familiar in the Huron villages of the torture of prisoners, prolonged throughout the night and until the dawn of the following day by fiendish ingenuity in keeping the victim alive. The picture is the more terrible when we realize that the youths and maidens of the village watched such scenes with acclaim, and that women often played the part of high priestesses in torture. On the other hand, we find deeds of kindness to sufferers tempering the thoughtless cruelty of the crowd, swayed by traditions of revenge and retaliation.

The Indian practice which most shocked Europeans was cannibalism. The Jesuit priest, Vimont, describes what he saw in a remote Algonquin village captured at night by Iroquois. They prepared a joyous supper by cutting in pieces the warm bodies of their victims and boiling these in a kettle. They cracked open skulls and bones for the brains and marrow and seemed to get special pleasure from the wailing of captive women and children forced to watch

this feasting on the bodies of their relatives, alive a few hours earlier. The Iroquois ate human flesh, says the father, with appetite greater than that of a hungry hunter feasting on a bear or a stag. Among the Hurons cannibalism seems to have been practised only as a sign of victory over a hated enemy. When a fine young Iroquois was brought to Quebec and was being tortured by the women, a savage said to Father Le Jeune with delight in his face, "I shall really eat some Iroquois!" Probably to have tasted Iroquois flesh was a sign of manhood with young Hurons. The heart of an enemy, who had endured torture with no outcry, was devoured in the hope that it might impart to the eater similar courage.

The religion of primitive peoples is never easy to understand, because religious feeling is related to those inner counsels which men are least willing and least able to reveal to others. David Thompson, who, two centuries after Champlain, spent many years among Indians in Canada, found in their traditions the belief "that the visible world with all its inhabitants must have been made by some powerful being but [they] have not the same idea of his constant omnipresence, omniscience, and omnipotence that we have. . . . He is the master of life and all things are at his disposal. He leaves the human race to their own conduct but has placed all other living creatures under the care of Manitous . . . [whom] the Indians as much as possible neither say nor do anything to offend." In a time of peril, he says, "I was standing at the door watching the breaking up of the clouds when of a sudden the Indians gave a loud shout and called out 'Oh there is the mark of life, we shall yet live.' On looking to the eastward there was one of the widest and most splendid rainbows I ever beheld. I had now been twenty-five years among them and never before heard the name of the Mark of Life given to the rainbow, nor have I ever heard it since." When he enquired of

old men why they had kept it secret they replied: "You white men always laugh and treat with contempt what we have heard and learned from our fathers and why should we expose ourselves to be laughed at?" [1]

It may be said with some certainty that no people, however primitive, has yet been found without some elements of religion. One aspect of religion is related to the quest for the cause of what in nature and in man's spirit lies beyond his own power. The Hurons seem hardly to have made such a search. No doubt they had an instinct to seek causes but the missionaries were startled to find in their incoherent ideas no conception of any unity of cause. Among the Hurons belief in spirits dwelling in forests, lake, and stream and even in the food which they ate, was, it seems, universal. All nature was vividly alive and at any time an arrow might turn into a man. The marvel of the invisible bullet which killed meant that some living spirit was in it. When the clock ticked there must be a spirit in the clock. Since it marked time they called it the Captain of the Day who could speak, and asked how he was fed. A Frenchman called "That's enough" when he knew that the last stroke of a clock had come and they were astounded that the spirit should obey the voice of man. Each person did reverence to his own guardian manitou, or spirit. There were religious rites linked with such beliefs, but Champlain was shocked to find that the religion of his Huron friends was not based on an appeal to such spirits for kindly aid, but on the desire to appease their malignance. The savages honoured evil demons as a good Catholic honours holy saints. There was no devout worship, no solemnity nor aspiration in the attitude of the Hurons to the mysteries of religion; prayer and worship were chiefly incantations. Inevitably there was no appeal to the Creator's love which

[1] J. B. Tyrrell (Ed.), *David Thompson's Narrative . . . 1784-1812.* (Toronto, The Champlain Society, 1916.)

marked Christian teaching nor was religion related to morals. The Hurons are said to have had no oaths. While reticent as to their own beliefs they appeared to be tolerant and quite ready to admit that, in such matters, each one must think for himself.

Like most primitive peoples, the Hurons were the prey of sorcerers and medicine-men who made a livelihood by professing control of powers which affect human life. They were usually cunning swindlers who claimed to foretell the future and to heal the sick, and they used, says Champlain, all the varied wiles of the devil in order to delude their victims. For gifts of tobacco a sorcerer would promise a woman ease in child-birth. Noise was the most effective means known to the medicine-men to drive away evil, and Champlain describes the frantic barbarity of the rites for expelling an evil spirit, the supposed cause of a malady. Wearing the heads and skins of wild beasts, a dancing crowd of men, women, even old women, and girls, entered the cabin of the sick. The din lasted sometimes from morning until beyond midnight and, in the end, to show that the cure was effective, the sick person might join in the dance. In more serious cases, the manitou, or medicine-man, would sometimes join the patient in mad antics, now going about on all fours like a wild beast, now lying down quietly as if asleep, then with glaring eyes rushing about hurling stones and firebrands, and singing or howling all the time. Champlain's chilling comment is that bodily ills are not cured by noise. The Europeans carried to Canada new maladies for it seems that scarlet fever, smallpox, measles, influenza and venereal diseases which now attacked the natives had not hitherto crossed the ocean. It is, however, fantastic to picture the untouched life of the natives as almost free from disease. Their mode of living made inevitable rude surgery for broken limbs and, before the

use of the steel of Europe, amputation with stone knives. Ease in child-birth did not prevent heavy infant mortality. While war was the most potent cause of death, fevers, due to filthy conditions, and tuberculosis and rheumatism had many victims and the fittest survived only at great cost.

The Hurons believed in a future life and in the immortality of the soul, and this belief had great effect on social conditions. The living could supply the needs of the dead for food, weapons and service. Great care must be shown for the bodies of the dead. These, wrapped often in rich furs, were put in a bark structure, placed either aloft on a platform with four posts, or on the ground and there protected by a covering of earth which did not touch the body. With the dead were laid stores of food and implements for hunting. To a skeptical remark that the dead did not use these things, since they remained visibly where placed, a native replied that the invisible spirit which inhabited each had gone to serve the spirit of the dead. To disinter and mangle the dead of the enemy was the utmost act of defiance. The most important Huron festival, The Feast of the Dead, took place at intervals of about ten years. Apparently, Champlain did not see it, but his account is confirmed by the Jesuit Father Brébeuf, who witnessed it a score of years later. A solemn council of the tribe decided at what spot should be gathered the bodies of all who had died since the last feast. Then in each village these were uncovered amid the cries and lamentations of the relatives. From the bodies all the remaining flesh was carefully stripped—a disgusting practice, as Champlain notes. The bones were wrapped in furs and, after this elaborate preparation, the people of the village, carrying the bodies and great supplies of food and also furs, kettles and other valued things, set out on the march to the chosen place of burial,

usually a clearing in the forest. Here, during ten days, there were banquets and continued dancing. Tribes from all quarters came to watch the ceremonies which meant the making and the renewal of friendships. In a great trench, sometimes ten fathoms square, the bones were mingled, to signify tribal unity, and with them were buried furs, knives, axes, kettles and wampum. Over the grave as monuments were erected many heavy posts of wood, sometimes carved into grotesque forms, or into rough images of the dead. This care to supply the supposed needs of the dead was a cause of war, since an enemy might be killed in order to send him to serve a relative of the slayer in the other world and thus bring him needed relief. The practice is found in other continents. Marco Polo tells how the best horses of a Mongol Emperor were killed in order that he might be well mounted in the other world; when the body was carried to the tomb all persons met during the journey were killed that the dead might have a supply of servants; and as many as twenty thousand were slain for the service of a single ruler.

The natives had only oral legends of their past. In the absence of written records the causes remain unknown of extensive migrations in the St. Lawrence region between the time of Cartier and that of Champlain. None the less did tradition, handed down from the past, exercise great influence. The Hurons did not know why to eat bear's fat might bring good luck on a hunting expedition; they did not know why at such a time none of the meat taken should be roasted; nor why no fat and no bones should be thrown into the fire; but they believed that if these things were done the hunt would fail. A corpse must not be buried while snow was falling. The Montagnais believed that for some time after a flaming sky no one should go forth from his cabin; otherwise there would be a storm of wind. Lescarbot tells of Indians who believed that, for

successful growing, exactly four grains of Indian corn must be planted in a single hole. The Indians of Gaspé held that a widow must never eat meat killed by young men. A disgusting superstition was related to eating. At "eat-all feasts" (*festins à tout manager*) everything laid before the guest must be eaten. The feast might be merely an occasion of rejoicing, but it might also be given to propitiate some malignant spirit troubling a sick man. In any case, on pain of discourtesy to the host or of danger to the sufferer, the eaters must consume all the food ladled out to them. No dog might taste the food at such a feast. The scene is not pretty of half-naked savages sitting on their haunches round a great pot and so gorging themselves that sometimes they died. The most dangerous superstition of the Hurons related to dreams. If an Indian dreamed that he had killed a Frenchman, woe to the first Frenchman whom he might meet alone, since death to the dreamer might follow the failure to obey the mandate given in a dream. "Our lives," wrote Le Jeune, "depend upon the dreams of the savages; if they dream that they are told to kill us, they will assuredly do so if they can. . . . This shows one of our great risks; but we are not afraid; to die because of a dream may be to live for God."

The tribal spirit and the spirit of nationalism were strong in the savage. Each tribe had its own boundaries and must not trespass upon those of another tribe. To go to Quebec the Hurons had to cross the territory of the Algonquins and for the privilege they made annual presents. At one time there was danger of war when the Algonquins planned to limit the privilege so as to be middlemen between the French and the Hurons. When a member of a clan was killed by a member of another clan, it became the duty of the whole clan to avenge the death. To the native mind this was their affair and not that of a court of justice. If the offender did not offer gifts to purchase peace, vengeance might be

taken on any member of his family, as well as on himself. Questions of honour were as subtle and difficult in the politics of the forest as they are among modern nations. Champlain was called in as arbitrator in a dispute of the Algonquins with a neighbouring allied tribe, about the murder of a captive taken in war. He spent days over the intricacies of the problem of guilt and gave sage counsel as to the folly of a war of vengeance. The danger of war arising from this case kept him from securing aid to seek the northern ocean during his winter with the Hurons. He had to abandon, as it proved finally, a plan which had already cost anxiety and toil. Eighty days, he was told, would be needed to go to the salt sea and to return. His eagerness was not lessened by the reports of a rich traffic which might be created.

The Indian had but a slight sense of property. There was no personal ownership in land and the proceeds of the hunt seem to have been used in common by members of the clan. This may indeed account for the reckless gluttony in days of plenty of those who devoured to-day all of which the body was capable, since they had no right to claim as their own anything left over until to-morrow. If the natives were shameless beggars this too was probably due to a habit of thought which denied to others exclusive rights of ownership. They had little sense of the value of time and so prolonged visits as to be a terror to a busy host. They were without the background of conventions which had become second nature in Europe and led royal persons, the clergy, the army, and others to obey traditions piled up in the evolution of a complex culture. The Indian was simpler. He had a bow and arrow, a spear, some stone implements, and a few meagre means of decoration, as his best material products. He was without literature and his art was so crude that he could not carve wood or stone with

any skill. He had no officers to administer law, no clergy, no physicians who knew any better cure for maladies than the tomfoolery of noise, or some fantastic application of herbs or the entrails of animals. We need not wonder therefore that the outlook which men had acquired in Europe was to him unknowable. He liked his own mode of life, and Lescarbot and other Europeans thought that in this he had reason.

Champlain said of the Hurons that their nature was not as savage as their manners and he believed that they could be brought quickly to better things. Some of the chiefs told him that they realised their defects and were eager to adopt the ways of the French. This sense of inferiority inevitably undermined native customs and involved, in the long run, the ruin of native culture. To Champlain it was a wholesome sign and it inspired him with fervent missionary zeal. One danger, he well knew, menaced the life of the native village, the brandy brought from Europe. Already results were dire. Nature had made the Hurons sufficiently brutal; drink, as long as its effect lasted, turned them into murderous demons. Not only the men but the women and the young girls yielded to the craving, and murder and destruction followed. To let these people perish in their degradation, Champlain pleaded, would be to bring the wrath of God on those guilty of such neglect. When, in the summer of 1616, he took with him to Quebec his Huron host, Darontal, the Indian showed alertness in comparing its civilization with the barbarism of his own village. "After watching our ways closely," says Champlain, "he told me privately that before he died he wished to see all or at least many of his friends come to dwell with us, in order to learn to serve God, and to adopt our mode of life, which to him seemed supremely happy, as compared with that of his own people." The Indian added that for his people to see

things and to meet the people doing them would be more effective than merely to hear about them from teachers; he and the other elders might learn only slowly but the children could be readily taught. This sagacious outlook seemed to justify Champlain's view that the native life would give way quickly to the superior culture of France.

CHAPTER IX

NEW FRANCE UNDER RICHELIEU

When Champlain reached Paris in the autumn of 1616 he found the government unstable. The Roman Catholic party, certain of unity with Spain in religious outlook, had supported the queen-mother, Marie de Medicis, in two marriages which seemed to unite forever the fortunes of the Bourbon line of Henry IV with those of the house of Hapsburg. Thus it came about that in 1615, in spite of protests from many quarters, Louis XIII married Anne of Austria, daughter of Philip III of Spain, while Louis's sister Elizabeth married the heir to the Spanish throne who later became Philip IV. Then Bourbon and Hapsburg, as man and wife, ruled the two chief nations of Europe, and the long struggle of Henry IV against his deadly Hapsburg foe, Philip II, may well have seemed to end in defeat. So acute was the unrest in France that the overthrow of Louis XIII was possible and, in such an event, Condé, the viceroy of New France, was the Bourbon prince most likely to be king. His father had led the Huguenot party and, if the son rebelled, he might have their formidable support. But the court struck first. On September 1, 1616, Condé was arrested in Paris and locked up in the Bastille and there was held for three years. But, even so, he remained viceroy of New France until, after his release in 1619, he sold the office to another great noble, Henry, Duc de Montmorency, Admiral of France. After this Condé had no further

thought of rebellion; he broke completely with the Huguenots, cultivated the favour of the court, and built up a great fortune for his family. His successor was no more likely to aid New France. He was one of the restless nobles aiming to keep up feudal independence at the expense of the royal power and in due time he died on the scaffold.

Not only in France but in all Europe the epoch was stormy. From 1618 to 1648 the Thirty Years' War wrought devastation in Germany which crippled her during the next two centuries, and during the same period civil war made England a republic and brought to the scaffold her king, Charles I. Perhaps it was in France that passions raged the fiercest. While to the Huguenots the victims of the massacre of St. Bartholomew seemed martyrs for God's truth, to the extreme Catholic party their faith was a malignant evil, for which death was a fair penalty. In consequence the Church and the court united to subdue the Huguenots as a political party, and also to end the independence of the nobles, and to save France from the dominance of the Hapsburgs. Such tasks required a strong leader and France found him in Richelieu. To achieve his aims he had to thrust aside the weak and intriguing queen-mother who, in consequence, pursued him with bitter hate, and he needed always the support of the king, her son, against her. He had to strike down Huguenot or noble who would not accept the principle that the king's was to be the one controlling authority in France.

In the politics of that age death was the penalty of failure. Strife in England sent a Charles I, a Strafford, and a Laud, to the scaffold, and the failure of their foes, Hampden, and Pym and Cromwell, would have meant for them a similar fate. In France, Richelieu struck hard, for he knew what to expect should he fail. For crimes against the state, he said, the door must be closed to pity. There was perhaps a real danger that France, like Italy, might break

up into a number of small states. This had been the aim of Philip II and the remedy was to make the king strong. Richelieu was a prince of the Church, who wore with stately dignity the red robes of a cardinal, but he saw that the Church must yield first place to the king. This proud, stern man, violent in temper, pale in face from headaches and bad digestion, and with illness aggravated by the shocking medicine of the time, acquired power because, with a clear purpose, he drew back from no act needed to carry out his policy. He ruled by force of character, for he did not belong to the high nobility of France, and he was not too scrupulous a patriot to refrain from securing for himself a vast income of some three millions of livres. Since he knew that, should he fail, his own life was the forfeit, his spies were everywhere. He lived in regal pomp with a company of infantry guarding his house, and many gentlemen as personal attendants.

There were times when alert watchers of events expected the ruin of Richelieu from the loss of the king's favour. But Louis XIII had the wisdom to consider whether any one else could take the cardinal's place in facing the turbulent forces of the time. After all Richelieu was the king's servant and, if he closed the door to pity, this implacable resentment was directed against the king's enemies. Thus, little as the king liked him, he realized that the work of the cardinal was in the royal interest. When Richelieu ended the menace from the Huguenots with the siege and fall of La Rochelle in 1629, he tempered sternness with sagacity and left them toleration while taking away their right to maintain armed forces. He faced the Hapsburg danger by an alliance of Catholic France with the Protestant forces of Europe. He destroyed the castles of the great nobles not needed to guard the frontiers of France. As yet France was hardly a nation for the kingdom consisted of many provinces united under a sovereign to whom rule had come

by right of inheritance, as England and Scotland, separate states, had come under the same Stuart dynasty. In some provinces great nobles regarded themselves as almost independent of the king. Revolts were incessant, but under Richelieu, for every rising of the restless nobility, one or more of them was doomed. The jest of the Marshal de St. Géran who died in his bed in 1632 had a grim significance. He should not, he said, be recognized in the other world, so long was it since any one of the high rank of a Marshal of France had gone there with his head on his shoulders. Richelieu changed nearly all the governors of the provinces, and left to the new ones whom he appointed the dignity and ceremonial of the office, with little of its authority. At the side of each governor he placed a man of business, an intendant drawn from the ranks of the commoners, and this official conducted the civil affairs of the province under the cardinal's direction and with his support. Later the intendant was to play a great part in New France.

Not until 1624 was Richelieu's position secure as chief minister of Louis XIII. When, a little later, he was able to give some thought to New France he found that little effort had been made at settlement. In the English colony of Virginia trade was chiefly in tobacco, and for this colonists were necessary to cultivate the soil; but no such urgency stimulated the trading companies to settle New France. Nature offered them ready-made their field of enterprise, the sea for fish, the forest for fur-bearing animals. Colonists could not help the one and they might injure the other, since lands cleared for agriculture would diminish by so much the field from which the harvest of furs might be reaped. The result was that the early trading companies agreed only under compulsion to take out settlers and they never kept their pledges. Lescarbot and Champlain might declaim never so eloquently that the most enduring treasure was to be found, not in mines but in agriculture, but the

trading companies were thinking of dividends and these colonists would not increase.

Thus it happened that tardy settlement was inevitable and the first settler came only in 1617, nine years after the founding of the post at Quebec. He was Louis Hébert, an apothecary of Paris, who had already tasted colonial life at Port Royal, and had been useful in battling against scurvy at St. Croix. Assuredly to till the soil was not his vocation, for he was a man of the city, under obligation to give his services as apothecary to the employees of the trading companies. Like many other founders of New France he was inspired by religious fervour and on his death-bed praised God most of all that his chief purpose in crossing the sea had been fulfilled since he had seen savages converted to the faith. Tradition says that Hébert pitched his tent on the cliff at Quebec under the shade of a great oak tree which more than three hundred years later was still standing. Within a stone's throw of the present cathedral he built his stone cottage, cut down great trees, reared a family, and became the ancestor of notable Canadians of later days. By 1636, ten years after his first coming, only one other family had settled on the land at Quebec. We see how futile must have been the agriculture when we are told that no plough was taken to Canada until the year 1627. The plough, indeed, would have been useless until horses or oxen were brought to the country. Because, in the small ships of the time, it was not easy to carry cattle across the ocean, Quebec was twenty years old before it had a plough in the fields hauled by a draught animal. The sowing of grain, the growing of vegetables and flowers, in which Champlain took so keen an interest, must have been in soil cultivated by hand labour with spade and pick.

It is only half an explanation of this slow advance to say that the trade of New France did not foster agriculture. France has never founded populous colonies overseas, except

in the West Indies, where the French master had the labour of negroes. To-day Canada has the only considerable inhabitants of French origin outside of Europe and North Africa, and only a few thousand French ever crossed the sea to Canada. There is in France a familiar saying that "Next to the kingdom of Heaven, France is the most beautiful of all lands"—and probably no other people in the world so much as the French idealize even the soil of their country. The Englishman, dwelling in other lands, thinks longingly of the charm of the grey English village with its ancient church and its ivy-clad tower, of the noble trees, of the green lanes and the fields ripening to harvest. Rarely however does he personify England in the manner that the Frenchman personifies *La France* as the goddess who commands the last devotion. With such a spirit, exile from France meant desolation and to colonize was never popular. What interest there was in lands overseas was rather to help degraded natives, or to create profitable trade, than to transplant Frenchmen to a new world.

In both England and France the rulers desired to crush dissent from their own views in religion. England had more than one Act aimed at uniformity in religious worship and inevitably Charles I and his adviser, Archbishop Laud, would have refused permission to dissenters to go to the English colonies and create variant systems, had they been able to enforce uniformity. But this they could not do. The colonists emigrated in large numbers at their own expense, asked for no aid from the state, and made no declaration of religious opinions adverse to those of their rulers. None the less, however, were they bent on pursuing their own policy in religion. To prevent their going would have been difficult; to control them when they were gone was impossible. Not only dissenting Protestants left England but also dissenting Roman Catholics who had the chief part in creating the colony of Maryland. France had to

pursue a different policy. Few of her sons desired to go to America, and when they went it was as wards of a trading company under control of a powerful cardinal who was waging determined warfare on Protestants in France. With little knowledge of the compromise which events forced the English to learn, the French were able in the end to make effective the policy of forbidding the presence of Protestants in their colonies.

New France soon had an English neighbour nearer than Virginia. Late in the summer of 1620 a small ship of one hundred and eighty tons, the *Mayflower,* sailed from Plymouth, heavily laden with a company of about a hundred English. They were poor people, mostly of the peasant class, many of whom had already lived long in Holland in exile, because in England they were not free to worship God in their own way. They had been unhappy in Holland, a land alien in speech and manners, and they wished to dwell where they might remain English. Since England herself would not leave them free, they joined with others to seek homes in America and in the cold days of December they settled on the iron-bound coast of what we still know as New England. Because they had authority to land only in Virginia, and the fortunes of the sea had brought them to this northern territory, the leaders felt that they must create some system of rule, respected by all, until they could secure from King James the right to remain. Accordingly, before landing, all the Pilgrims signed a paper agreeing to obey those whom they should choose as their leaders. Then they went ashore at a point which they called Plymouth Rock in memory of the port from which they had sailed. In the terrible winter which followed, half of them perished from disease and privation. Had it been possible, many would, no doubt, have turned back from the hard future which lay before them in America, but they had no footing elsewhere. Their women and children had come with them and they

must live or die in their new homes. Under this compulsion, they faced the rough tasks of founding a colony and soon there was a real New England, peopled by hardy families, free to create their own religious system, to till the soil, to fish, to trade in their own way. The neglect of them by the mother land was their salvation. They expected no financial aid from her and since finance is the most sensitive of all political nerves and they were poor they taxed themselves as lightly as possible and, in this respect, matured quickly an even exaggerated sense of constitutional right. There were varied elements in the colony. Perhaps half of the Pilgrims did not share the strict religious opinions of the leaders and the holding in check of the disorderly element helps to account for the exacting rule of the spiritual teachers. Only those who shared their opinions could have any share in government.

Neither Virginia nor Plymouth exhausted the movement of the English to America. During the year 1630 seventeen English ships, laden with about two thousand colonists, reached Massachusetts. When they saw how bleak might be the life, two hundred turned back to England. For a time those who remained had only poor huts or tents to live in, and food was so scarce that a peck of maize secured from the Indians seemed a godsend. During the first winter hundreds died. These people had, however, either to hold on, or to return to the deadly religious and political strife in England, which was soon to result in civil war. Since even the rugged life in America was less stormy, men of refined manners and good birth preferred it to war at home. After 1630 sometimes a dozen shiploads of colonists went to Massachusetts in a single month. Those years saw indeed a migration from England on a scale never known to either Spain or France and the movement helps to account for the ultimate supremacy of England. By the time the civil war began she had sent out more than sixty

thousand colonists to America and the West Indies. Some sixteen thousand went to Massachusetts. There they selected their own rulers, who were men of good education, and they created too their own church system. They began as subjects of King Charles, but when civil war broke out in England their sympathies were chiefly with those who fought against the king. When England became a republic the colonists, too, were under republican rule and freer to do what they liked. They never knew what it was really to be ruled from London.

While these thousands were pouring into New England hardly more than a score of settlers went to New France. Champlain described in glowing terms a land of promise with the most beautiful rivers, the greatest lakes, the most fertile soil, the richest fur-trade and fisheries in all the world. He urged that New France offered a highway between the east and the west which would not only shorten the round trip by a year and a half but would bring riches to those who used it for trade. He promised that Canada itself would bring vast revenues to the king. It was, however, in vain. There was no movement to Canada. Events in 1620 revealed the lack of success at Quebec. Already in 1610, when well past forty years of age, Champlain had married a girl of twelve, Helen Bouillé. We know nothing of the cause of this strange union for Champlain nowhere mentions his wife's name. After the marriage she remained for some time in Paris with her parents who, there is some reason to believe, were Protestants. But, by 1620, she had become an ardent Roman Catholic, no doubt under Champlain's teaching, and then she went with him to Canada. The trading company founded in 1614 had done little during Condé's long imprisonment and Quebec was a scene of desolation. The neglected "habitation" was almost in ruins; the rain beat in through roof and walls and in the courtyard lay a mass of filth. Since the place was

not safe from attack by the Iroquois, Champlain now built on the cliff above it a little fort which grew into the great fortress of a later time. When he reported to the new viceroy, Montmorency, that the trading company had shirked its duty the drastic action followed which was deserved. The viceroy cancelled the monopoly and granted a new one to William de Caen and his nephew, Emery, two merchants of Rouen. In the end, after acrid disputes, the old company was fused with this new company of the Caens. We are surprised to learn that they were Protestants, though some believed that at heart the elder Caen was Catholic. In any case they were to support six Récollet priests who should work chiefly among the natives, and they were to send out six families of at least three members each during the eleven years of their monopoly. Compared with the thousands going from England this meagre number of settlers shows how slight was French interest and belief in colonization.

During four years Champlain's wife remained at Quebec and tradition pictures her as a gracious lady who tried to instruct the Indian women and especially their children. She can have had little female companionship, for there were only two or three white women in Quebec, and there is little wonder that she returned to France in 1624. Such was the religious fervour in her circle that during Champlain's life she lived under a strict monastic rule and after his death she became a nun.

Clearly the situation in Canada was ripening for a stronger colonial policy and pressure now came from the forces of religion. By 1621 the half dozen Récollet fathers in Canada had completed a small convent of stone on the banks of the St. Charles River. Though it was about two miles from Quebec they expected that a town would grow up about the convent, as mediaeval towns grew up about monasteries. Abundant openings called for labourers else-

where. To every trading post on the St. Lawrence, to Gaspé, to the shores of what is now Nova Scotia, the natives came with their furs and there and in the native villages missionaries were needed. Not only must priests be maintained; schools were needed at Quebec and other points and hospitals for the sick. The cost would be heavy and the Récollets, a small society who lived under the rules of St. Francis, were pledged to poverty. While they had not the resources for so great a work, at the same time, ready to undertake it, was the Jesuit order, big in the eyes of the Catholic world, reputed to be rich, and possessing wide influence because, in spite of many enemies, it had many friends. Ever since the failure of the mission in Acadia under Biard, the Jesuits had desired to return to New France. Father Coton, its first promoter, was still their powerful leader in France and was bent on disproving bitter charges which centred on Biard's conduct. There were younger French Jesuits who talked incessantly of a mission at Quebec, and among them we find names which became famous in Jesuit annals in Canada—Le Jeune, Vimont, Ragueneau, Le Mercier and especially those of the later martyrs, Garnier, Brébeuf and Lalemant. They formed a league of prayer that an opening might come and their efforts did not fail.

Though the Caens were under obligation to support six Récollet priests, they did it so badly that the fathers said that they were left to starve. In the crews of the ships which the Caens brought to Canada were many Protestants who held their services and sang their hymns the more defiantly because they knew that this would shock the stricter Catholics. Protestants carried on illicit trade at points on the St. Lawrence, sold fire-arms to the Indians, and told them that the teaching of the Catholic missionaries was false. Clearly the Caens were not inspired by zeal for mission work, nor had they any for colonization since the

coming of settlers seemed likely to interfere with their monopoly of trade with the natives. At last, face to face with many difficulties, the Récollets asked the Jesuits to come to their aid, in spite of warnings of what actually happened a few years later, that the Jesuits would in time insist on having the field wholly to themselves. When the Jesuits met the advance cordially and found that Montmorency was willing, for a price, to retire as viceroy they persuaded their ardent supporter, Henri de Lévis, Duc de Ventadour, to buy the office. He had married a rich heiress but so passionately devout were he and his wife that in 1629 they separated that each might live wholly devoted to religion. Now they furnished the money to support the Jesuits in New France and the Order quickly made plans to build a college at Quebec and to send workers to the native villages.

Accordingly on April 24, 1625, three Jesuit priests, Ennemond Massé, who had been with Biard in Acadia, Charles Lalemant and Jean de Brébeuf, with two assistants, embarked at Dieppe for Quebec. Since many Catholics as well as most Protestants distrusted them they were not welcome passengers and when, on June 15, the ship reached Quebec, Emery de Caen, who replaced Champlain then absent in France, declared that as he had no word of their coming they might not land. For a time it looked as if they must return to France at once, but by the intervention of the Récollets the Jesuits were allowed to go to the Récollet house on the banks of the St. Charles. Soon their friend the viceroy made them an extensive grant of land and on September 1 they began, near the spot where Jacques Cartier had spent a winter, a house which they called Nôtre Dames des Anges. Their resources were abundant and they quickly had a score of men, brought from France, clearing the land and rearing the needed buildings. They showed keen interest for agriculture and soon by assiduous attention

to the few settlers in Quebec they were able to disarm much of the suspicion with which they had been received.

Thus it was that the Jesuits began again in New France the missionary work which makes a tragic record in the long annals of the society. The most striking figure in the little company was Jean de Brébeuf, a tall, vigorous young man of noble birth, allied in ancestry with the Howard family in England. As soon as possible he set out for the distant Huron country with a companion, Father Noué, and the Récollet Father de la Roche-d'Aillon, who had come with him from France. Brébeuf knew little of the native language and the Hurons jeered at what they understood of his teaching. "Your customs," they said, "are not ours and your God cannot be our God." This, however, did not daunt him. He travelled with them, took his share in paddling and in carrying heavy burdens over portages, and joined their expeditions in the snow and slush of winter. When, in the next year, 1626, his two companions returned to Quebec he remained alone among indifferent or suspicious natives.

Side by side with absorption in the unseen and the longing for martyrdom, we find often the most practical wisdom in Brébeuf and the later missionaries, the human virtue of humour, and the human weakness of homesickness. Brébeuf describes how keenly he and his companions waited for their one hen to lay an egg, and discussed to which of their sick they should give it; Lalemant sheds tears as he reads longed-for letters over and over again; and Daniel tells how hard to bear is his isolation among savages. One of the greatest trials was to travel by canoe with savages so improvident that they would sometimes have no food before starting on a long day's paddling, which included the carrying of heavy burdens over portages extending sometimes to eight or nine miles. Since at such times they were irritable and impatient, Brébeuf drew up some rules of con-

duct for travel by canoe with them: do not, he said, keep them waiting; be careful not to drag water or sand into the canoes; do not talk much or ask many questions; be sure to carry through what you undertake; do not make ceremonious apologies; keep the broad clerical hat from giving annoyance. The priests he said must not be squeamish about food, but should eat that offered though often it was in disgusting form. At night, not the least trial was "the stench of tired savages." They observed and remembered slight faults, as more than one priest found to his own discomfort. To smooth over difficulties Brébeuf advised the making of little presents from time to time.

Meanwhile across the sea Richelieu was reorganising France. When, by 1626, he had created a fleet, he turned his thoughts to commerce, though he had little insight into its delicate mechanism, and but slight feeling for the welfare of the common people. With his taste for the grandiose he took the high-sounding title of Grand Master, Chief and General Superintendent of the Navigation and Commerce of France, and soon he announced a comprehensive scheme. France's entire trade by land and sea, at home and abroad, was to be placed under the Company of Morbihan, a seaport of Brittany, where vast warehouses, docks and arsenals were to be created. We can imagine the dismay of other trading interests at the prospect of this gigantic monopoly. In face of their strong protests, Richelieu abandoned it, but only to suggest the scheme even greater that the French should form a union with the Dutch to carry on a world-wide trade. It is not clear whether the Dutch liked the plan, but assuredly the French traders did not, and soon Richelieu found that, while he could coerce a French duke, the ruler of a province, he could not coerce the trading elements in France. In the end, instead of one vast company, a number of smaller companies were founded and among them the Company of New France.

The Company was due to the counsel of an experienced man who is said to have visited "the four parts of the earth," the Chevalier de Razilly. He prepared for Richelieu a plan in which he urged that colonies had made Spain rich, that to leave New France to the monopoly of a few traders would mean its ruin, and that, to rival the English colonies, there must be a powerful company which would send out settlers. In accepting this plan the imperious Richelieu showed slight regard for the claims of the Caens, who had a monopoly until 1636, and they did not deserve much consideration. Champlain says of them, with some warmth, that they were thinking of dividends of forty per cent and nothing at all of their duty to colonize. When now their monopoly was abruptly cancelled, the whole St. Lawrence region, from Newfoundland to the sources of that great river, was granted in full ownership to the Company of New France. It was to control forever the fur-trade and to have during fifteen years a monopoly of all other trade, except the cod and whale fisheries, which were of such a nature that monopoly was difficult. New France was to be free to send its commodities to France without paying duties. The Company was to have a hundred owners of shares, each of three hundred crowns, and was to include those already engaged in the trade of New France, and in addition ecclesiastics and nobles who, by an act of grace, might be members of the trading company without losing the privileges of their order. Richelieu bought from Ventadour and abolished the office of viceroy. The Company was to have a president and a board of twelve directors, six of whom must be residents of Paris. Richelieu was president and the business of the Company was to be under his own eye at the capital. He showed his knowledge of human nature by the promise that twelve titles of nobility might be distributed among the shareholders. Though, with his provision, there was no dfficulty in

securing the needed capital, the total of three hundred thousand livres was equal to only twelve or thirteen thousand pounds. In founding Virginia and also later in founding Massachusetts the English spent more than fifteen times as much.

The Company pledged itself to do great things. It was really to colonize and, beginning in the year 1628, was to take out from two to three hundred settlers yearly, and in all four thousand before its monopoly of trade should expire in 1643. The treatment of these colonists was to be generous since, during three years, the Company was to provide for their necessities. With a cardinal as head of the company and the powerful Society of Jesus ready to make Canada its special mission, it was a foregone conclusion that Protestant colonists should be excluded. Only Frenchmen and Roman Catholics might go to Canada and three priests were to be maintained by the Company in each settlement until the settlers could themselves bear the charge.

The Company undertook too much. Had it sent out its proposed four thousand settlers they would probably have been scattered in half a dozen or more communities and in such a case the Company would have had to maintain a score of priests. Moreover, the support for three years of two or three hundred settlers to be taken out yearly would have meant that seven or eight hundred people would be always relying on the Company for aid. Only trading on a vast scale could have gained profits to justify charges so heavy, and the St. Lawrence trade was not vast. It is true that a great domain was bestowed on the Company, to be granted to settlers under the feudal tenure which prevailed in France and, to give the Company free scope in settlement, all previous grants of land were cancelled. Only slowly, however, could the forest-clad areas of New France become productive. Richelieu, with his imperious spirit, expected

too much and from its earliest days the Company was in default.

None the less did the Company of New France, usually, because of its one hundred shares, known as the Company of the One Hundred Associates, seem to promise a great New France. Not only commerce but religion supported it. The Jesuits and the Récollets were delighted at the security which the powerful Company seemed to offer to their missionary work. Soon, however, the turbulent passions and rivalries of the age clouded the prospect. Scotland and England were then separate states, although they had the same king, James. For support against England in the past, Scotland had often looked to France but now their interests clashed. The nations were as keen to possess undeveloped lands in that age as they were three hundred years later when nearly the whole of Africa was annexed by European states. The Spanish, English, French and Dutch were not the only claimants for the Atlantic coast of North America. Sweden created a West India Company and founded a colony in what is now the State of Delaware, and Scotland aimed to rival in America the English who had gone to Virginia and to New England. Sir William Alexander, who led in this movement in Scotland, was a remarkable man. He had been tutor in the household of James I, in Edinburgh, and was created by him Earl of Stirling. While both a scholar and a poet Alexander aimed also, as one of his enemies said, to be a king. In 1621 he secured from James I a charter granting to him and his heirs a vast region stretching from the extreme south of what is now Nova Scotia northward to the St. Lawrence. It did not seem to matter that France already occupied part of this territory. To induce settlement James created the Order of Baronets of Nova Scotia just as, to encourage the Protestant "plantation" in Ulster, he had in 1611 created the Order of Baronets of Ulster. Each baronet was to have a

holding stretching for three miles along the coast and for ten miles inland and he must pay to Alexander a thousand marks (the mark was two-thirds of a pound) and send out six colonists. For this small outlay he was to have a princely domain and a hereditary title.

The event proved that there was no great rush on the part of the cautious Scots to acquire baronetcies in Nova Scotia. In 1622 Alexander sent out a ship which carried labourers, artizans and, of course, a minister of the Scottish church. It was delayed by storms and did not go farther than Newfoundland. This was not promising and, in truth, Nova Scotia dragged from the first. In 1626 the Scots took possession of Port Royal, the scene of so many hopes and fears in Champlain's early days. A little farther south, at Cape Sable, was still a tiny French colony where a high-spirited young Frenchman, Charles de la Tour, was continuing the work he had taken over from Poutrincourt's son, Biencourt. Though he was too weak to dislodge the Scots from Port Royal, he longed ardently to do so, and the two colonies, spots in the all-embracing wilderness, prepared to strike each other when the time should come. It mattered little whether there was war or peace between their home lands; each colony looked upon the other as a trespasser to be evicted when possible.

Not only this strife in America but also war in Europe menaced New France. It might well have seemed that France and England would remain at peace when, in 1625, Henrietta Maria, sister of Louis XIII, married the young king Charles I, who had just come to the throne in England. But the age was electric with religious passion. The head of a nation intensely Protestant was married to a queen who held passionately to the Roman Catholic faith and thought Protestantism a dangerous heresy. Her Roman Catholic attendants so irritated the English by attacks on their religion that at last Charles sent them all back to France,

leaving to the queen only a few personal servants of her faith. Relations grew more strained. The English seized French ships, on suspicion of smuggling, and the French retaliated in kind. In addition, English sympathy was with the Huguenots whom Richelieu was bent on crushing by taking their last stronghold La Rochelle and, in 1627, the two nations were at war.

This war brought to the Company of New France losses from which it never recovered. In the spring of 1628 it seemed to have glowing prospects and worked on a scale hardly before attempted by the French in Canada. Four ships, under Claude de Roquemont, an active founder of the Company, were laden at Dieppe with all kinds of supplies and with about two hundred settlers, and early in April they set sail, in company with thirteen or fourteen fishing vessels bound for Newfoundland. Religion was cared for by four priests, two Jesuits and two Récollets, who during the voyage busily catechised sailors and passengers alike. Six weeks after setting out, they were at the Island of Anticosti returning thanks to God for a prosperous voyage; but they never reached Quebec for the enemy was on the watch. In Dieppe had lived an English merchant, Jarvis Kirke, who had married a French wife and had brought up to a sea-faring life his five sons. Early in 1628, when a resident in London, Kirke joined Sir William Alexander in securing from the English government letters of marque under which the associates might attack the French on the sea, with the object of driving them from Nova Scotia and from the St. Lawrence. No doubt spies at Dieppe had informed Kirke of the sailing of the ships of the Company, and now his son David was lying at Tadoussac with three ships and two hundred men waiting for them. Already on the voyage out he had captured a number of French vessels, among them a ship laden with supplies for the Jesuits, and now at Gaspé the French fleet heard alarming reports, only

too quickly confirmed. A struggle was imminent and, in fear that the English would massacre the priests, Roquement caused them to put off clerical attire and to wear secular dress. We are told that when the rival squadrons met in the gulf between Gaspé and Tadoussac the cannonade lasted for fourteen hours and that twelve hundred shots were exchanged. Yet the fight cannot have been deadly for on the English side no one was killed and the French had only two fatalities. But the Company of New France lost its ships and their contents.

Meanwhile Champlain, in charge of the Company's interests at Quebec, was expecting the most important event in the history of New France—the arrival of many colonists. Already he was anxious, for some of the supplies sent out in the previous year had been lost through shipwreck. May and June of 1628 passed and still no ships; but on July 9 his anxiety was relieved when two men arrived on foot from Cap Tourmente, some thirty miles down the river, where, on account of good pasture, a small guard was kept to look after some cattle. The men reported that six ships had reached Tadoussac. While Champlain rejoiced he was puzzled, since he had not expected so many ships and joy soon turned to alarm when a canoe paddled furiously reached Quebec bearing a wounded Frenchman, the man in charge at Cap Tourmente. An English force had attacked the place, burned the houses, killed most of the cattle and made prisoners of five of the French. The next day what had happened was clear when a small vessel with six Basques, who had been pressed into the English service, brought to Quebec a letter from David Kirke, at Tadoussac. Already, he said, he had captured the French fleet; the English were resolved to take Canada and Acadia; he would respect life and property; but, to sum up, he was Champlain's "affectionate servant" who demanded the surrender of Quebec.

Kirke did not take Quebec in that year. His ships were

overcrowded for, owing to his many captures, he had no fewer than six hundred prisoners, three for every man in his crew. He landed some of them at suitable points where he left them to shift for themselves, and he sailed away to England with the rest. Champlain remained without resources at Quebec to face the winter. He had nearly one hundred persons to feed, for, while settlers were few, those employed in trade were many and starvation was imminent. Though fish were abundant in the rivers the French were unskilled fishermen. The Indians sold to them eels but only at so high a price that even their clothing went in payment. Native hunters brought in an occasional moose but when Champlain sent out some of his own men to hunt, they gorged themselves with what they took and came back empty-handed. Men, faint and staggering from want of food, had to cut and to drag into Quebec the fuel necessary to keep the garrison from freezing. By May the vegetables grown in the previous year in the few gardens at Quebec were gone. Then the root called Solomon's Seal mixed with acorns, barley and, when possible, with fish, made a nourishing food, though the acorns were bitter and there was no salt to give flavour. Men and even women went as far afield as twenty miles to gather these roots. Champlain's heart was saddened by seeing the little children crying for food. In this time of need he was resourceful. He even saved some grain to sow in the spring so that, should rescue be delayed, he might have a crop in the autumn. He did not despair of aid and as early as March began the repair of a dilapidated barque in order to send an appeal to Gaspé. During the winter he scattered his people in groups of twenty or twenty-five among the Indians, who were ready with alluring promises of hospitality, and he sent away so many that only sixteen persons were left in Quebec. At the worst, he declared, he should join a war party of savages, go into the Iroquois country, seize an Iroquois village with

its stores of food, and hold it during the next winter, in the hope that by the spring France and England might be at peace.

With spring in 1629 came watching for rescue. One day in May a tower in the fort fell and, catching at straws, the little garrison took this as an omen that such defences would not be needed. Many weeks brought no succour and no news. On July 17 twelve canoes of Hurons arrived to trade, though the French had no goods, and with the savages came back from the interior the Jesuit Brébeuf. The end was now near. Early on July 19 an Indian, informed by some mysterious telegraph, arrived and told the Jesuit fathers that three English ships were nearing Quebec and that six more lay at Tadoussac. This was soon confirmed. At ten o'clock, when the company had scattered to seek food and Champlain was alone in the fort, his servant rushed in with the news of the appearance of three English ships. Quickly, under a white flag, a boat brought to shore an Englishman who was found to know no French, but with whom a Jesuit could converse in Latin. In the name of Captains Louis and Thomas Kirke he demanded instant surrender. Champlain's reply was spirited enough; let no Englishman, he said, put a foot on shore or come within range of his cannon; he was not convinced that England and France were at war (in truth already peace had been made), and he asked for a delay of at least fifteen days. Louis Kirke replied that he should sleep in Quebec that night. In the end Champlain agreed to surrender on condition that the little garrison should march out with arms and effects and have free passage to France. Though Kirke did not sleep in Quebec that night, the next day one hundred and fifty men landed and, amid the beating of drums and the boom of cannon, raised the English flag.

Louis Kirke, himself half French, treated Champlain with courtesy. He permitted mass to be celebrated in

Quebec but had himself to supply the needed wine. Though the Récollet priests were little disturbed, some of Kirke's men, French Huguenots, were bitter against the Jesuits and pillaged their houses, in search for concealed furs, since the Jesuits were believed to be keen traders. Leaving at Quebec some thirty French, willing to remain, Kirke carried the rest of his captives to Tadoussac. Off what is now Murray Bay he met a ship in command of Emery de Caen, who, since peace had come, was quite properly going to Quebec to look after his interests, and after a sharp cannonade Kirke carried his prize to Tadoussac. In the little place priests and Protestant ministers, Catholics and Huguenots, mingled freely, and bitter reproaches passed from the French serving their own king to the Huguenots serving with the privateer Kirke under the English flag. Champlain was shocked to find with the English his former servant, Etienne Brulé, and denounced him and others as traitors whom men would despise and whom God would punish. Kirke's vice-admiral Michel, a Huguenot, died suddenly as a result of his violent anger at the reproach by his Roman Catholic countrymen of treason to their king, and of blasphemy against their religion. A little later Brulé was killed and eaten by the Hurons.

Meanwhile the leader, David Kirke, had himself gone to Quebec to survey his conquest. Though he was able to carry on a brisk trade with the Indians, he may well have had misgivings. He knew, though the French did not know, that on a private venture he had seized French ships and captured Quebec, three months after England and France were at peace, and that his act might be disavowed by Charles I. At Tadoussac during August and part of September, the prisoners had, at least, excellent sport; the whole party must have been out with guns on most of the days, for Champlain tells us that they shot the amazing total of twenty thousand larks, plovers, snipe, and other

birds. In mid-September Kirke set sail with his prisoners and, on October 20, after a stormy passage, he reached Plymouth.

While the other Frenchmen crossed from Dover to France, Champlain went to London, to relate to M. de Châteauneuf, the French ambassador, the facts about the taking of Quebec, and to urge its restitution. Few besides himself seem to have had any hope that this would be done, for France had never taken any real interest in Canada as a colony. Now it was the devout not the commercial world which was eager for its restoration and to secure this the Jesuits were saying a mass daily, and Ursuline and Carmelite nuns were offering prayers at the altar night and day. Champlain spent five weeks in London. He had been allowed to bring back his papers and, from reports and maps, he showed the French ambassador what were France's claims in America, that they dated back more than a hundred years, and that an empire was at stake. When he reached France, he saw also the king, Cardinal Richelieu, and members of the Company of New France. "I made them listen," says Champlain, "and hear all about my voyage, about what they should do, both in respect of England and of other things on which depended the well-being of New France." He had his reward. Richelieu made up his mind that Canada, seized after peace had been agreed upon, must be restored to France.

England was now near civil war. Just when Quebec fell in 1629 strife in England between King and Parliament was so acute that, during the next eleven years, Charles I ruled without summoning it. In such circumstances the king needed money. Half of his French wife's large dowry still remained unpaid and he could get it only by meeting Richelieu's demands. Accordingly when, in 1629, Richelieu required the return of Canada and Acadia, Charles I assented. Details caused delay and it was not until the 28th

of March, 1632, that the final treaty was signed at St. Germain-en-Laye, which restored to France Canada and Acadia.

During the obscure struggle, remote Acadia had had experiences which were to make it the Alsace-Lorraine of America, held now by one power as Nova Scotia, now by the other as Acadia. When the war broke out the English had captured at sea Claude de la Tour, the father of the bold young Charles who had taken over Biencourt's claims in Acadia. The father had the manners of a courtier; he was received at the English court and, a widower, married one of the maids of honour of the French queen, Henrietta Maria. He knew well the Acadian scene, he was a pliable person with Protestant leanings, and the Earl of Stirling now thought to use him to end the troublesome rivalry which his son Charles was keeping up in Nova Scotia. Thus it came about that the shrewd Scot made both Claude and his son Charles Baronets of Nova Scotia, where each of them was to be a great landowner, and Sir Claude de la Tour, Baronet, and his newly married wife, went out with two ships to complete the design and give Scotland what she longed for but never created, a colony of her own. Charles refused, however, to accept the proffered baronetcy under an alien flag and there was a sharp fight when the Scots tried to take his fort at Cape Sable. They were driven off and later for his loyalty Charles was named Lieutenant-General of the King of France. The peace which soon followed confirmed France's hold on what became again Acadia. Charles I ordered the few Scots at Port Royal to hand it back to France, Stirling secured a grant of ten thousand pounds to cover his losses, and for the time Nova Scotia was no more.

Then it seemed as if Acadia might become a real New France for in 1632 a strong man arrived to receive back the colony and remain as governor. He was Isaac de Razilly,

a man of noble birth and of considerable renown as a seaman, a Knight of Malta and a friend of Richelieu, whom he had persuaded to found the Company of New France. Razilly brought out some colonists but when he died in 1635 the colony fell into disorders which remind us of the strife of rival barons in the Middle Ages and made normal growth impossible. The King of France granted Acadia to three great feudatories. La Tour had a vast territory on the west side of the Bay of Fundy, and to hold it built a fort on the St. John River, but he claimed also extensive lands on the peninsula; Charnisay had a grant on the east and north shores of the Bay with headquarters at Port Royal; while a third person soon appears on the scene, Nicholas Denys, who received the whole of the coast from Cape Sable to Gaspé, with Newfoundland and Cape Breton thrown in. Each was governor in his own region and Denys, who has left us a notable book relating to his region, was far enough away to keep free of the quarrels of the other two. La Tour and Charnisay had rival claims in respect of boundaries; they were also rivals in trade in fish and furs, and they differed in religion. La Tour was so lax a Catholic that he planned to rear his children, one-half of them in that faith and one-half as Protestants, and he had such close relations with the Puritans of Boston that he was suspected not only of heresy but of treason. Charnisay, on the other hand, was an ardent Catholic and when he brought out colonists he brought also Récollet priests to teach them. He made charges against La Tours, who was outlawed when he refused to obey a summons to Paris to defend himself. In 1645 Charnisay, the champion of loyalty, laid siege to La Tour's fort. In her husband's absence Madame La Tour so led the few defenders that they killed twenty of Charnisay's men. In the end, however, Madame La Tour surrendered on condition that the lives of the garrison should be spared. The story runs that when Charnisay found how few they

were he broke the terms on the ground that he had been deceived. One of the defenders he spared on condition that he should hang all the rest and he forced Madame La Tour to watch the dread scene. She died of grief and her husband remained a refugee. But his day came. When in 1650 Charnisay was drowned at Port Royal, La Tour went to France and secured not only a pardon but the succession to Charnisay as governor. Then the unbelievable happened. He married the widow of Charnisay and reared a large family from whom many Acadians of to-day are descended. In 1654 Oliver Cromwell's active mind discovered that Acadia was a part of "the ancient inheritance of the Crown of England" and seized it, but he left the facile La Tour to enjoy his possessions until he died at seventy in the year 1666.

While Acadia thus became derelict, at Quebec there was new vigour. To avoid division in missionary work Richelieu decided that, when Canada was restored, the Jesuits alone should return. Though the Récollets begged to go back, the half-ruined Company of New France preferred the powerful Jesuits, who were able to maintain the needed missionary priests at their own cost. When enemies of the Jesuits charged that they secured their privileges by intrigue, these might well have answered that one of the privileges was to face in the Canadian wilderness dire hardships and death with incredible tortures, and that in their view it was to be permitted to endure these things which brought them highest honour. Thus it came about that in April, 1632, three Jesuit missionaries for New France, headed by Father Le Jeune, embarked for Canada. They found their house partly burned, doors and windows gone, the roof falling in, and of the furniture only two rough tables left. By the spring of 1633, however, something like order had been created and then the fathers had a pleasant surprise. In France Champlain had now been given the rank of

governor, and in 1633 he sailed for Canada with three ships carrying some two hundred colonists. Father Le Jeune was still in bed, early on the morning of May 23, when he heard the sound of cannon in the river. Though naturally he feared that it might mean a renewed attack by the English, it was in fact the joyous salute at Quebec of Champlain on his arrival. Le Jeune had not had time to set out for the walk to Quebec when one of Champlain's Jesuit companions, Jean de Brébeuf, reached the house and was greeted with a joyousness which amazed the stoical natives who watched it.

Thus did Champlain return to the scene of his labours. Though advancing years had not dimmed his ardour, for him there was to be no more wandering. Always religious, he now combined the dignity and authority of governor with the austere devotion of a saint. Father Le Jeune became his confessor and he tells us that the fort where Champlain lived was like a well-governed school. At breakfast history was read aloud and at evening the *Lives of the Saints*. Three times a day the Angelus sounded and the household engaged in prayer. On the cliff Champlain built a chapel, Nôtre Dame de la Récouvrance, in thanksgiving for the restoration of Canada to France, and the revived French rule was so sternly theocratic that attendance at mass was enforced. Again the native tribes came to Quebec to trade. They had turned readily enough to the enemy in the hour of defeat but one of their orators now told Champlain that when he went away it seemed as if earth, river and sky had become cheerless, but that with his return nature was herself again. In truth Champlain read the minds of the natives with remarkable accuracy. Some of their ways, he told them, were vile, and he rebuked them as he would rebuke a child. "You are my friends," he said, "I love you; I have risked my life for you, but I am the foe of evil-doers." He planned freely for new

stations—at Three Rivers; in the Huron country; and elsewhere.

Then, in the midst of Champlain's labours, the blow fell. In October, 1635, he was stricken with paralysis and on Christmas day he died. "At his burial was shown every mark of honour," says Le Jeune; "the people, the soldiers, the captains, the churchmen formed the funeral procession." We can picture it, on that winter day, passing in slow pomp from the fort on the cliff, the governor's residence, to the church near by, Nôtre Dame de la Récouvrance. "I was charged with the funeral oration," adds Le Jeune, "and I did not lack material." A little later a chapel was built over Champlain's grave in his honour but five years after his death the chapel was destroyed by fire and now no one knows where lies the dust of the founder of New France.

Champlain seemed to work in an obscure field but he is entitled to be ranked as a great man. Though in early life he was a soldier who faced war without flinching—civilized war in Europe with Henry IV as leader, barbaric warfare in America—he was above all a sailor. The Art of Navigation, his love in early years, led men, he said, to remote regions, and the hazards only made the life the more delightful to those not timid nor irresolute. On the title page of his last book, published in 1632, he was proud to describe himself as a sea-captain. Linked with his life as a sailor were what he probably regarded as his greatest achievements, his maps. He was the first to chart the Atlantic coast of New England and Canada and, in view of the instruments of the time, he did it with amazing accuracy. No doubt, in the evenings of the winter of 1606-07 at Port Royal he spent long hours on his great map, still preserved, of the Atlantic coast. He was an explorer, eager at any cost of discomfort to himself to lay bare the unknown, and he was a colonizer who planted the only company of Frenchmen in North America important enough to

prove the industry and the tenacity of the French in colonizing effort. Their merits were not those of the English. They reared no political system, and they solved no problem of self-government. Their value consisted in the love of exploration and adventure, which made them the pioneers of discovery and trade in the greater part of the continent; in their skill in clearing the forest; and in their endurance in clinging to the soil, undismayed by the hard conditions of life on the edge of the wilderness. In every society Champlain was sufficiently at home to make his influence felt. He could amuse and interest a king who lived so intensely and yet so carelessly as Henry IV; he could persuade by his simplicity and his sincerity the great prelates who sat in the States-General at Paris; and he could sit in council with savages squatted round their camp fire, and impress them by his dignity, his wisdom, his sympathetic insight and his high character. In spirit he was half monk and half crusader, a man who never looked for ease or profit, and never lost heart even in the darkest hour. His books show the keenly observant eye, the patient, calm and tolerant outlook, the tenacity, the gentleness of a many-sided leader. The salvation of a single soul, he once said, is of more value than the conquest of an empire. Savage and civilized alike respected and trusted him. Unlike Lescarbot, he was not a real man of letters, but rather a man of science who wrote because he had experiences to record. Rectitude, thoroughness, patience and devout faith mark Champlain as one of the finest characters of his nation.

CHAPTER X

THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN FRANCE AND THE FOUNDING OF MONTREAL

However feeble Quebec appeared when Champlain died it had the seed of a real New France, destined to become a fruitful tree. The day came when from Quebec went Frenchmen to drive the English from Hudson Bay and to possess the vast interior westward to the Rocky Mountains and southward to the Gulf of Mexico. There was something in the air of the new world which added to French virility. Even in stature the colonist was soon taller and hardier than the peasant in France. Some Canadians joined privateers which reached Quebec, and before the end of the century they had proved so gallant in this service that they received pay higher than that of men from the seaports of France. In time the rulers of Canada took alarm at the draft of Canadian manhood for these remoter ventures.

Commerce was backward in Canada. While English and Dutch trading companies succeeded, the French trading companies ended uniformly in failure. The Company of New France never had the resources to carry through what quite too blithely it undertook, and a company always face to face with bankruptcy could not build up a prosperous colony. It crippled the efforts of the French that by inevitable destiny they were on the wrong side in the ferocious struggle for supremacy between Indian tribes. The ruthless Iroquois were bent on making a wilderness of half a conti-

nent. Not only did they make perilous the route to the west; in time they ruined the Hurons and other tribes on whom the French chiefly depended for trade and every Huron or Algonquin massacred by the Iroquois meant the loss of a hunter who might have added to the volume of French trade. No doubt Champlain's books had stimulated interest in New France. Clearly the field was difficult, but this was only a spur to further zeal. The Jesuits, with the Canadian mission now in their own hands, had already surveyed the Huron field, and they had resources for such a task; they could rely too upon the secular power, for the successor of Champlain was a man of like piety. His training had indeed been different; Champlain was at home in the rough life of the ship and the forest, while Montmagny, a member of an ancient family, was used to the pomp and parade of the soldier and the courtier. He was a Knight of Malta, of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, which dated from the early years of the Crusades. The knights had made the island one of the strongest fortresses in the world and Montmagny had himself taken part there in the perennial war by land and sea on Turks and Moors. In 1632, the year when Canada was restored to France, Richelieu had put Montmagny in charge in France of the affairs of the Company of New France and it was natural that he should succeed Champlain.

During the night of June 15, 1636, a ship, unnoticed by any sentinel or guard, dropped anchor in the harbour of Quebec and early next day word spread that the new governor had arrived. With him as his lieutenant were Bréhaut de l'Isle, also a Knight of Malta, and three other officers and a secretary completed his suite. When the two knights landed, wearing the black robe of the Order with a white cross of eight points on the breast, the populace was astounded at the brilliance of the display, the uniforms of scarlet, the glitter of arms. After a procession had wound

its way from the strand of the river by the steep road to the high cliff on which stood the fort which guarded Quebec, Montmagny went at once to join in a *Te Deum* in the church near-by. On the way he and his staff halted to kneel before a crucifix by the wayside, the first of such symbols which they saw in Canada. As a Knight of Malta, Montmagny was celibate, but no undue austerity marked life at his little court. Amateurs gave plays at the Château to amuse the inhabitants, and once, with the approval of the Jesuit Fathers, *The Cid* of Corneille. Quebec began to take form as a city, when Montmagny made a plan of the streets which were to run through what was still primeval forest. The Jesuits presented him with a horse, the first to be seen in the colony. The natives thought it the brother of the ungainly moose.

The ceremonial of the Château of St. Louis meant that French culture had found an enduring home in Canada. From this time to the last days of French rule, Quebec maintained a certain formal stateliness, far removed from the crudeness of frontier life. The Jesuit priests were for the most part men of culture and often of high birth; the first bishop was of the ancient family of Laval-Montmorency; and his successor, Saint-Vallier, had an ancestry hardly less distinguished. Successive governors were members of the French nobility. Thus good birth always counted for influence at Quebec. It had a select and dignified society, in which there was ceremony derived from the old world. On the eve of the great religious festivals the *fleurs-de-lis* were raised on the primitive bastion to the sound of cannon, and at daybreak a salute of artillery greeted the festival. The birth in 1639 of the Dauphin, who became Louis XIV, was observed at Quebec by salutes, fireworks, and the illuminating of the houses. In 1638 at the Fête-Dieu, it was typical of France's devotion to the welfare of the natives that Montmagny walked in the procession

side by side with an Indian newly converted, each of them carrying a pole of the canopy.

The affairs of the Company of New France went from bad to worse. Prowling bands of Iroquois haunted the Huron and Algonquin villages and continued the slow destruction of these doomed tribes. To protect the route for trade Montmagny went to the first Rapids to build a fort where was to be Montreal. He began another fort at the mouth of the Richelieu River, flowing out of the Iroquois country into the St. Lawrence. At Three Rivers, on the north side of the St. Lawrence about a hundred miles above Quebec, the Jesuits had begun a mission and there the French had a small trading post surrounded by palisades. It lay at the mouth of the St. Maurice River by which tribes came from the north. But Three Rivers was not safe. In 1637 four hundred Iroquois braves attacked it, and fifteen years later they killed the governor of the place, M. de Plessis-Bochart. No spot seemed secure if it lay beyond reach of the cannon at Quebec.

Five hundred troops from France, well led, might have terrified the Iroquois into making peace. Since, however, Canada had been handed over to the Company of New France, Richelieu, and Mazarin, who followed him, might well say that it was the Company's affair to defend the gift of an empire. Meanwhile the fur-trade languished. Dividends were not earned and one by one the original hundred members of the Company dropped out until only some two score were left. Since trading was troublesome and often unprofitable, the Company handed over to the settlers its monopoly in 1645 on condition of their paying the Company yearly a thousand pounds of beaver skins, assuming its debts, and meeting henceforth the salaries of the governor and other officials and of the priests in the settlements. No part of its rights as a landowner did the Company yield. It was still to name the governor and it was free to make

vast grants of land to those whom it favoured. Thus, while it retained its privileges, there is probably no record in all colonial history of a great corporation doing less to meet its obligations than did the Company of New France.

The leader of the Jesuits in Canada was Father Paul Le Jeune, a remarkable man, who describes vividly the hopes and the fears of the daily life at Quebec. When St. François Xavier went to the mission field he began the practice of sending home *Relations,* reports, intended only for the edification of the Society but, at a later time, printed and circulated widely in order to stimulate interest in mission work. Le Jeune sent from Canada to France *Relations* full of human interest and they aroused great zeal for the Canadian mission. The life of savages was then little known in Europe and the Jesuit *Relations* centred attention on their degraded condition and on missionary plans to save them. Some of the highest in France, the king and the queen, great prelates, statesmen such as Richelieu and Colbert, and thousands of the devout, read these *Relations,* and interest became so keen that, to save this strange world for the faith and for France, men and women offered not only their lives but also their fortunes. To this day some pious foundations made in this period play a notable part in French Canada. There were varied conditions to face. While the Hurons and the Iroquois were settled in villages, practised a primitive but adequate agriculture, put by, in summer, stores of food for the winter, and seemed to have the beginnings of a comfortable civilization, some of the Algonquins were still nomadic, fishing and hunting to satisfy daily needs and with no fixed place of abode. They took with them their worldly goods, in summer in canoes, and in winter on long toboggans over frozen streams and rough forest paths. When food was abundant they lived in gluttonous content, but often they faced starvation in sordid and anxious discom-

fort. How best to reach both types? For both one chief difficulty lay at the threshold—to learn the native languages, with their multitude of words for things seen and handled, with their lack of words for those things of the spirit on which the missionaries dwelt.

The Jesuit faced hardship from the moment he left France. Le Jeune, who sailed for Canada as soon as peace was concluded in 1632, had watched the sea from the shore at Dieppe, but when he embarked he found that the fury of the broad ocean seemed to bring him into the presence of death itself. Even in June such was the cold that one of his companions had feet and hands frozen. His cabin was so small that he could not stand upright, or sit, or kneel down; during rain the water beat upon his face; he had only salt food and suffered from thirst, as the ship carried no fresh water. When natives came on board at Tadoussac they seemed to him like maskers at a French Carnival, some with noses painted blue, eyes and cheeks black, and the rest of the face red; some with black, red, and blue stripes and the whole naked body exposed. At length by what Le Jeune called "one of the most beautiful rivers in the world" he reached Quebec and saw on the strand the ashes of houses burned by the English. Quebec had two centres. On this strand, under the shadow of the high cliff, were now restored the warehouses of the Company, with the rough quarters of the men in its employ, birds of passage who came without their families, and had no stake in the country. The real builders of Canada lived on the cliff above, reached by a steep winding road, the present Mountain Street. To-day near the top stands the statue of Champlain facing inland, as if just arrived from France. At the edge of the cliff were the fort and a residence, the later Château St. Louis, and close at hand was the church built by him. This was nearly the whole of Quebec. Forests of fine trees closed in on the scanty clearing. There

was one substantial cottage of stone, that of the widow of the first settler, Hébert. The Jesuit house, Nôtre Dame des Anges, was some two miles away, on the banks of the river St. Charles. It consisted of two primitive buildings of wood, within a rough palisade, a needed defence from prowling savages. Le Jeune lived there with half a dozen priests and two lay brothers, and also with eight or ten workmen lodged in one room, and always quarrelling and grumbling about their work, pay and accommodation. The rough road to Quebec was partly lined by the all-embracing forest. Even in these early days, the outlay and support of the score of persons in the mission must have been large, but fervent zeal was soon sustaining three or four times this number.

Wherever the Jesuits worked, a college was certain to appear. As early as in 1626 a young Jesuit novice Réné Rohault, eldest son of the Marquis de Gamaches, had set aside a part of his own patrimony to found a college at Quebec. This brought an income of some two thousand livres, the Marquis and his wife added an annual sum of three thousand, and thus, some years before the founding of Harvard College, a college for Quebec was endowed. War with England checked action, but as soon as Canada was restored to France, plans for the college were revived and in 1635 the General of the Jesuits in Rome formally accepted the gift of the Marquis and the college became a reality. It was begun near the castle of St. Louis, on the north side of what is still the principal square of Quebec. Here by 1637 stood a wooden building, in which the Jesuits received both French boys and young Hurons. The Huron lads found discipline irksome; they watched for chances to get away, and were likely to take with them whatever might please their fancy. Two of them, finding a store of food in the college, ate themselves to death.

In order to learn Algonquin, the language of the Indians

near Quebec, Le Jeune employed one Pierre, an Indian. The Récollets had taken him to France and there he had acquired a veneer of European culture, had learned the French language, and had received baptism. He was, however, without stability of character, and when he returned to Canada he proved to be both out of touch with native life and still too much a savage to adopt that of the French. Though he was vicious and drunken, an apostate, as Le Jeune always calls him, he was the only available person who knew both languages. With this licentious savage Le Jeune spent laborious hours, but when he had acquired some facility in Algonquin and ventured on a discourse to natives who spoke that tongue, they burst into shouts of laughter. His tutor had given him, as equivalents for sacred terms, words in Algonquin with obscene and revolting meaning.

Nothing could daunt Le Jeune. His fellow Jesuit, Brébeuf, had lived in the Huron country and, by moving daily among the savages, had learned their language so that when he went back to them in 1634 he had a relatively easy task. Algonquin was more widely spoken than either Huron or Iroquois. From Hudson Bay to Acadia and regions even farther south it was understood, and since to learn it seemed vital Le Jeune decided to spend a winter with natives who spoke Algonquin. Faith, he said, comes by hearing; a dumb man cannot preach the gospel. He was not fortunate in his selection of a tribe. The natives on the upper St. Maurice River and on the Ottawa who spoke Algonquin were settled in villages, but the degraded and shiftless Montagnais who also spoke it were at hand at Quebec and at the end of October, 1633, Le Jeune went with them for a winter. At that time Champlain was still alive and with great earnestness he urged the savages to guard the priest. Their leader declared that, if Le Jeune should die, he should die with him. Champlain had spent a winter with natives,

but it was in the relative comfort of their villages. Now Le Jeune was to be a wanderer.

His experience was memorable both because it is our first account of life in Canada in winter with migrant savages and also because it determined later missionary policy. We are fortunate in having the narrative of so acute an observer. First the party sailed eastward from Quebec in a shallop; already Indians had learned from Europeans how to sail a boat, something that their forefathers had not known during all the long centuries. Le Jeune had insisted on going northward and that the party should not cross to the south shore of the great river, but to this pledge his host, as he calls the leader, paid no heed when he heard rumours that in the north the hunting was poor. They landed on the south side of the St. Lawrence and spent the winter in the wild region, part of which is now the State of Maine.

Besides Mestigoët, the efficient host and leader of the band, Pierre "the apostate" had another brother who lived by his pretensions as a sorcerer. Le Jeune had bargained that this sorcerer should not be one of the company, but when the man joined his two brothers they did not insist that he should turn back. By mid-November the ground was deep in snow, and movement difficult. There was some hunting to secure the furs of beaver, deer and bears for future barter, but the chief aim of these improvident savages was merely to get from day to day the food to live. From each camp the region within a circuit of ten or twelve miles was worked over for food and furs. After seven or eight days a camp had become intolerably filthy, the supply of game was likely to be exhausted, and then men, women and children would move on to the next place chosen for a halt.

The life, that of some western tribes in Canada and the United States to our own time, was so wretched as to seem

intolerable. Only when starvation was imminent did the party move on. Then at daybreak the half-famished company would set out, probably fasting, and would continue the long day's tramp until the approach of night caused a halt. They travelled on snow-shoes. When the snow was light or dry or had a frozen crust the going was pleasant, but during a thaw the soft heavy snow clogged the mesh of the rackets so that they were useless. Then was inevitable the wading through melting snow and water often to the knees, sometimes to the waist. The few belongings of the savages, their kettles, their furs, their rolls of bark to cover the hut to be made, were dragged on long sleds or toboggans. Both men and women carried packs on their backs and Le Jeune says that he himself carried a load more fit for a mule's back than a man's. The route would lead to the crest of a hill and then descend to a deep valley cumbered by fallen trees; it was necesary now to bend double to pass under some obstacle, now to dodge branches overhead. From the laden trees sometimes fell masses of melting snow. When Le Jeune fell with his heavy burden he found it hard to rise. To walk on the smooth surface of a mountain lake was a relief but sometimes the ice broke under his feet. The "inns" at which they halted, says Le Jeune, with a touch of humour, were frozen streams where they had to break the ice in order to drink.

After the day's march came the making of the camp. While the men used their snow-shoes to scrape the snow from the ground needed for the rough housing, the women gathered poles of birch and pine to form a kind of tent. These they bent in and fastened at the top, and over all threw the rolls of bark, dragged laboriously from the last camp. At the one entrance they hung a bear skin and they covered the cold ground with twigs of evergreen. A fire blazed in the middle of the circle thus enclosed, but so low was the roof that those by the fire must sit or lie down;

there was no room to stand. On the fire boiled the huge kettle. The food was thrown in by hands never washed and the accumulated dirt on the inside of the pot was as thick as the copper itself. The savages devoured every morsel of the food, even drinking the water in which the meat was boiled. In bad weather and when game was scarce, they would fast for two or three days at a time. Le Jeune says that the skin of an eel sometimes served him for breakfast, dinner and supper. He had at one time repaired his linen soutane with eel skin, but his need was such that he ate the patch, and would, he says, have eaten the whole garment had it been made of that material; he ate old moose skins and even the tender ends of branches and the bark of trees. He is putting it mildly when he says that not one priest in ten could endure such hardships. Often, he says, the prayer came to him, "Give us this day our daily bread," but he added, "if it be according to Thy will"; if God should sentence him to die of hunger he would kiss the hand that smote him; to think of such an ending, he says, aroused in him peace and joy unspeakable.

His greatest trials came, however, at the camp fire. Sometimes it burned so fiercely as to be a torture and when he lay back his head rested on the snow piled round the hut. Piercing winds swept through the bark covering. Sometimes the smoke was so intolerable that he could breathe only by lying with his face to the ground. The hut was an inferno with men, women, children and dogs lounging together; with lewd talk and lewder actions. A primitive wit found vent in jeers at every personal peculiarity. Since to the beardless savages a beard was an offence, they taunted Le Jeune with looking like a dog or a bear or a rabbit and sometimes they told him that he was deformed, with a head like a pumpkin. In this usually there was little malice for they bantered each other with good nature. But the sorcerer was not so innocent. Le Jeune was uncompro-

mising in denouncing his puerile superstitions, his claims to prophetic insight, his noisy clamour to drive away evil spirits; and the man took his revenge. When Le Jeune was speaking, he would raise a howl or beat a drum. Sometimes he pretended to be seized with fits of fury during which Le Jeune's life was in danger. Usually he watched these transports in silence; but once when the savages, who had a strange reverence for madness, seemed impressed, Le Jeune moved to the seeming maniac, felt his pulse and announced to the hut that it was as cool as that of a fish. Sometimes to escape the brutalities of the hut he went out and lay on the snow under the stars. But he never repined. Good soldiers, he said, are not weakened but inspired by their wounds and by the sight of their own blood. His experience was not fruitless. In this rough school he learned the language of his tormentors. He saw, however, that thus to live with wandering savages was not the best way to win them, and when, half dead, he returned to Quebec early in April, he was brooding over better means to carry on his work.

During the summer after his return Le Jeune spent many hours on an account of his experiences. The last lines were written on August 7, 1634. As the ships were about to leave for France, he had no time to re-read his manuscript which had the proportions of a considerable book. In devout circles the *Relations* were read as books of devotion describing the trials of God's saints; and so great was the demand that the Parisian publisher, Sebastian Cramoisy, a keen man of business, was always eager to secure new volumes. Some demand came too from others than the devout for the *Relations* described life among the savages and gave vivid accounts of their manners. Thus urged, the Jesuits provided what the world asked for; Le Jeune's *Relation* of 1634 made a book; that of 1636 was still fuller; and that of 1637 surpassed all others in size. France was

deeply stirred; the king spoke of the noble sacrifice of the priests, and the queen's interest aroused that of many great ladies. A prince of the blood, the Duc d'Enghien, later the famous and arrogant Condé, wrote in praise of a devotion which he was not willing to imitate. Le Jeune addressed himself especially to Richelieu whose spirit, he said, was so great as to be fit to animate not one but four bodies; the enterprise of Canada, "honourable before God and man," was, he said, Richelieu's enterprise; he had planted and nourished this vine, and not only would he see the fruits on earth but he would taste them in the joys of heaven. What happiness would not the spectacle bring to the cardinal of five or six hundred Hurons, hitherto sunk in savagery, now listening to the glad news of the gospel. Such a victory furnished no less ground for content than his great deeds in Europe.

Le Jeune was not only a Jesuit priest, he was a Frenchman, and he appealed to France to maintain her ancient glory. In past ages she had sent forth her sons to seek fortunes in distant lands; the Gauls had gone to Italy, to Greece, and beyond to Galatia in Asia Minor; Frenchmen were serving in the fleets and armies of other nations. Meanwhile, however, in France starving peasants and artisans were turning to begging and to brigandage and all the time an infinite number of peasants and artisans not only might have homes in Canada from which famine would be banished but could build up a great French realm. There was, he said, no time to lose. Already once had the English seized New France and they might again ravage the country. What the French should do was to build forts at needed points; then the Indians would settle near them, and end their hard nomadic life. Indian girls would marry Frenchmen and these links between the two races would aid the task of the missionary. There should be schools for Indian boys and girls, teachers, priests and hospitals. The

work would be costly, but less so than some vain display in society or the stakes in a few throws of the dice.

Hitherto not a score of women had crossed the sea to Canada, but now no fears held them back. In the secluded life of the convents of France the *Relations* were read with absorbed interest and women offered themselves as "Amazons of the Great God." "The Carmelites," wrote Le Jeune in 1636, "are all on fire; the Ursulines are overflowing with zeal; the Nuns of the Visitation have no words to express their ardour; those of Nôtre Dame beg to have part in the hardships among these people; the Hospitalières wish to go out next year." In a single convent thirteen nuns signed a vow to go to Canada if this their Superior would permit. One nun, who had shown special zeal in founding branches of her order in France, prayed God as a special favour to let her die in the service of Indian girls in the forests of Canada. In the great church at Montmartre in Paris, closely linked, as the name implies, with the martyrs of the past, nuns took turns in prayer, night and day, before the altar that heaven should be even forced to grant benediction to the work in Canada.

Le Jeune urged, however, that volunteers should not come until needed preparations could be made. At the forefront was the problem of language. Brébeuf knew Huron, he himself knew Algonquin, but what, he asked, if both of them should die? Send us men, begged Le Jeune, capable of learning languages; then always there would be the means of reaching the natives. Buildings must be erected to receive the nuns. Land must be cleared of trees. There must be means to pay the workmen and to maintain the houses. Will not some brave lady endow a house for the volunteers? Answers came quickly. He records in 1636 that Madame de Combalet, the niece of Richelieu, who later received the title of Duchesse d'Aiguillon, was sending out six workmen to clear the ground and build a house for

Hospital nuns. "If I can do anything further," she wrote, "for these poor people for whom you are working so devotedly I shall deem myself happy." She lived in the house of the great cardinal and her zeal was well fitted to ensure his support. At a later time visitors at Quebec were struck by the massive solidity of the buildings, some of them built by skilled French workmen in the best style of the time, and paid for by the wealth of devout women and men inspired by Le Jeune's zeal. To him and his company, the great mysterious land of Canada was a magic garden where, in response to prayer and sacrifice, God was ever ready to show the wonders of His power. To live in New France was to live in the bosom of God. In the gloom of the forests the light of heaven was to be found and no one could know the sweetness of this sacred air until he breathed it.

There was rivalry for the honour of going to the perilous work among the Hurons. "He who fears God," wrote a priest in 1635, "knows nothing else to fear in this world." All of God's ways were to the priests wonderful and they felt a supreme joy in believing that the drop of water in baptism would turn a strong savage into a little child of God. Children, the Jesuits baptized whenever the chance offered, for the gate of heaven was always open to innocent little ones. When, as sometimes happened, savage parents forbade baptism of an ailing infant, as possibly a rite of deadly magic, the Jesuits felt justified in offering the child secretly some sugared water and in whispering at the same time the sacramental formula. To adults, however, the priests refused baptism, when they feared that the candidates were too weak to face the jeers of heathen companions. Should imminent death ward a convert from this danger, he might be baptized and then, after his last breath, he would pass at once to heaven. With this mystical fervour went a strong flavour of common sense. To be humble, to be patient, and to love, are the true ways to win the

natives, wrote a priest in 1635; rough zeal may burn rather than warm; the savages may not grasp the mysteries of theology nor measure the great love which sought them, but they can understand kindness and humility. Assuredly, whatever excess of belief in the miraculous there might be, this was the true Christian note which carried such conviction in France that the appeals touched "an infinity of holy souls."

The building near Quebec of a village for the Indians was the first thing achieved. Noël Brulart de Sillery was, like the governor, Montmagny, a Knight of Malta, a man of rank, who had represented France at both Rome and Madrid, and had served under Marie de Medicis as a minister of state. The ascetic fervour of the time seized him and in 1634 he gave up his employments to become a priest. Him too the Jesuit *Relations* stirred. When he offered to build a village, the Company gave him land at the point of the river four miles above Quebec still known as Sillery and, in 1637, he sent to Canada a score of workmen to clear the ground and to construct the needed buildings. The work went prosperously. By 1639 there was a palisaded village, with a chapel, a hospital, and a dwelling for the priest. Already fifteen Algonquin families had come to dwell there, some in lodges, others in substantial structures of stone. Of this material an abundant supply lay at hand and the masons from France were skilled in using it. The place quickly became a centre to which the natives thronged.

The Duchesse d'Aiguillon was not alone in costly gifts. Marie Madeleine de Chauvigny was the daughter of the Seigneur of Vaubougon, one of the *noblesse* of Normandy, whose château lay near Alençon. At the age of seventeen she made a happy marriage with M. de la Peltrie and she took part in the gaieties of an exclusive and polished society, although from childhood she had longed to be a nun and had abandoned this plan only in obedience to her parents.

French society of the time was deeply moved by such leaders as St. Vincent de Paul, who preached sacrifice for the sake of the neglected classes, and the vivid *Relations* from Canada stirred this devout lady. When, at the age of twenty-two, she was a rich widow and childless, she resolved to give both herself and her wealth to founding a school at Quebec for Indian girls. Though she never became a nun, she was guided by the Jesuits to work with the teaching order of Ursulines.

In the heart of Quebec stands the Ursuline convent with its spacious garden of some seven acres. The passer-by hardly suspects its existence, for except for one opening on a little crooked street, the convent is surrounded by secular dwelling-houses in solid rows. Only an observer from the air could see that within this irregular oblong, warded off from even a sight of the outer world, are the great convent buildings. The Ursulines taught females, while it was on males that the Jesuits centred their work of education. They had no institutions for females, who, in the days when the Society was founded, seemed to play a passive rather than an active part in wider human affairs. The constitution of the Jesuits, drawn up by Ignatius Loyola, in 1540, made the education of boys a chief aim. Girls were not, however, to be neglected and four years later Pope Paul III accepted the constitution of the Ursuline nuns devoted to their education. "I have just given you some sisters," the Pope said to Loyola, when in 1544 he signed the document creating the new order. The sisters were destined to be a great host, for at one time the Ursulines numbered twenty thousand, and they are still numerous.

The chief Ursuline monastery was at Tours where the garden and the walks were not unlike those which we now see at Quebec. In 1572 Pope Gregory XIII had ordered the nuns to be cloistered under the strict Augustinian rule

and, to this day, those at Quebec never leave the convent, and are not allowed to learn of the doings of the outer world even by the reading of newspapers. Shut out from contact with earth, the nuns turned in imagination and in prayer to the ecstasies of heaven. They dreamed dreams and saw visions which seemed fantastic in the harsh daylight of the outer world. The Jesuit *Relations* led to much thought about Canada, and need we wonder that, with lives so enclosed, to go there seemed to the Ursulines an adventure to which God was calling them?

At the house in Tours there was in 1639 an Ursuline nun just reaching the age of forty, of tall, handsome and commanding presence and striking vigour. Among the leaders who went to Canada, she is exceptional because she was the daughter of a silk merchant of Tours, and not, like most of the Ursulines, of the *noblesse*. At the age of eighteen, this Marie Guyard had become Madame Martin. The marriage was not happy, and when, five years later, she was a widow with one son, she resolved to carry out a desire, which she had cherished from her girlhood, to enter a convent. Duty called her to wait twelve years in order to direct her son's education and fit him for what he became, under Jesuit instruction, a devoted priest. During this time, she helped her brother-in-law in his business, and directed successfully the labours of a hundred men with sixty horses. When the hour arrived, she became an Ursuline nun and took the name of Mère Marie de l'Incarnation. The woman who in prayer spoke to Christ as a lover, reproached his coldness, and wished to be consumed in his chaste embraces, was, in human affairs, far-seeing and competent. Her air of command made her a natural leader and the Jesuits showed insight in recommending her to control the work for girls in Canada, as they themselves controlled that for boys. With her went from Tours a shy girl of twenty-two, of the noble family, de la Troche, who of

all the nuns so eager to go to Canada had seemed the least concerned when the choice was to be made, and who yet was chosen. She took the name of Mère Marie de St. Joseph and her gentle humour cheered the dark days at Quebec, until her early death in 1652. A third nun, La Mère Cécile de la Croix, from the Ursuline house at Dieppe, was also chosen. With them was to go Madame de la Peltrie, whose wealth should create the needed convent.

The going of women to Canada caused a great stir in devout circles in France. The queen, Anne of Austria, talked long with both Madame de la Peltrie and Mère Marie de l'Incarnation and another order, the Hospitalières, now joined in the work. The Duchesse d'Aiguillon had already secured the land for her hospital, the Hôtel-Dieu, which remains one of the conspicuous foundations of Quebec. Her uncle, Cardinal Richelieu, joined her in providing the needed revenues and the act of foundation requires prayers for the souls of both. For this hospital the nuns were to be chosen from among the hospital nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu at Dieppe, and after solemn intercession, on February 2, 1639, the nuns themselves chose three by ballot. Four or five Jesuit priests were ready to embark for Canada and on the same ship with them and the Ursulines and the Hospitalières went Father Vimont, who was to succeed Le Jeune as Superior at Quebec.

During the voyage the life was regulated with the precision of a convent. There was daily mass and the nuns, the Ursulines on one side, the Hospitalières on the other, chanted the offices morning, afternoon and evening. The voyage lasted for nearly three months but at last, on August 1, 1639, with joyous ceremony, the governor and the population, including many curious natives, welcomed the devout party at Quebec. In spite of Le Jeune's warnings no buildings were yet ready for the nuns. The Company of New France had, however, just completed a new store-house

near the fort on the cliff and here the Hospital nuns were lodged, while the Ursulines crowded into a small house on the quay. Le Jeune threw himself with ardour into the task of teaching to the nuns the Algonquin tongue, in which already he had prepared prayers and a catechism, and soon they had these by heart. The Hospital nuns had brought beds for their wards and these were quickly filled with savage patients young and old. Smallpox had been unknown in New France, but now this scourge, brought from Europe, worked deadly havoc. The store-house was overcrowded with sick; even the kitchen became a hospital ward and cabins of bark were put up to hold other patients. The Ursulines joined in the nursing and the nuns had to use their own supplies of clothing, since their patients came to them all but naked. There was scarcity of food and the stench of the patients was disgusting. So many died that the savages called the hospital "The House of Death," under the curse of God. In panic some fled to the forests and carried with them the contagion. It was one of Europe's devastating curses to the new world.

The natives had, however, a still more devastating curse of their own. War is the engrossing occupation of primitive peoples, for man is a combative animal. The tribes of Africa, the Maoris in New Zealand, and the other natives in the South Seas, like those in America, made war their chief trade. During long ages the savages in Canada had engaged in war and now contact with Europe, by furnishing better weapons, was making the desolation easier. The hostile native was most to be feared on the routes of travel. A party could lie hidden on the wooded banks of a river and make a sudden descent on passing canoes. The most vital outpost for trade, as Champlain had found, was at Montreal, where the Ottawa River joined the St. Lawrence and where was destined to grow up one of the great cities of modern times. The *Relation* of 1635 explained the strategic

importance of Montreal, and by the summer of 1636 the word Montreal was haunting devout minds in France. Jerome de la Dauversière was a collector of taxes at La Flèche, in Anjou, a noble by birth and full of the intense enthusiasm of the Catholic revival. While wrapped in prayer he saw vividly Montreal, an island in Canada, hitherto quite unknown to him, and was told to found an order of nuns who should serve a Hôtel-Dieu, or hospital, to be built at this place. On enquiry he learned that there were no settlers at Montreal to require a hospital, and he was puzzled. About the same time, in Paris, Jean Jacques Olier, a zealous priest, was praying in the church of St. Germain de Près when a voice told him to form an order of priests to serve at Montreal. Dauversière had set out for Paris, hardly knowing whither he went, but when, in the gallery of the Château of Meudon, near Paris, he met Olier, the two, we are told, instantly recognized each other and took counsel to carry out the call of God concerning unknown Montreal. From these wonders came the solid realities of to-day, the city of Montreal, with its great Hôtel-Dieu, and its powerful Order of St. Sulpice, founded later by Olier.

This mystical zeal caused the forming of the Society of Our Lady of Montreal, with about forty-five members, some of them ladies rich and devout. Montreal seemed to be linked with a special call of God. As Ville Marie and under the protection of the Virgin Mary it was to be the outpost nearest to the Iroquois in their land of frozen darkness, and, in such a position, defence must be a first necessity. This need pointed to a soldier as governor and he was quickly found. We know little of the early life of Paul de Chaumedy, Sieur de Maisonneuve, beyond that he had seen much of war in Europe and that he had the spirit of a crusader ardent to serve God and the king with his purse, his sword and his life. There was a gentle side to his char-

acter, for we are told that he spent leisure hours in playing the flute. When the Jesuit *Relations* inspired him to apply for work in Canada, the Jesuit Father Lalemant saw at once that here was the needed leader. Though Montreal had been granted to Lauzon, president of the Company of New France, and at first he refused any concession to the enthusiasts, Jesuit urging prevailed and in 1640 he transferred the island to the Society of Our Lady of Montreal. Such activity followed that during the summer of 1640 Le Jeune at Quebec was embarrassed by the tons of implements, provisions and equipment arriving for Montreal.

A woman was necessary to lead in the work of nursing at Montreal and one day, at Paris, Father Lalemant was visited by Jean Mance, daughter of a lawyer of Nogent-le-Roi, in Champagne, who told him that she had come to Paris because she knew that God wished her to serve Him in Canada, though she did not know why. Lalemant encouraged her, Anne of Austria and other great ladies saw and questioned her, and a rich widow, Madame de Bullion, who, like the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, was ready to found a hospital, furnished Mademoiselle Mance with money to go to Canada. As yet she had no definite plan but in the spring of 1641, when she went to La Rochelle intending by some means to embark for Canada, she met, at the house of the Jesuits, Dauversière, who was engaged in preparations for the sailing of Maisonneuve's party. We are told that he saw at once that she was the person chosen of God whom he had been looking for to take charge of the hospital at Montreal and when the little squadron sailed for Canada it carried both Maissonneuve and Mademoiselle Mance. With them went some forty workmen and soldiers for building and defending Montreal. He was to rule and she was to nurse the sick.

The party arrived in Canada in mid-August when it was too late in the year to begin work at Montreal. Montmagny

indeed suggested that another island, that of Orleans, across the basin from Quebec and still unsettled, would prove a better place for the colony. "That would be very well," Maisonneuve replied, "if I were free to choose a place. But I am not. I am sent by the Society to Montreal, my honour is at stake, and there I shall go to found a colony, even if every tree on the island should turn into an Iroquois." Late in the season he went to survey the ground in order the better to know what to do in the spring. It was on May 18, 1642, that the formal founding of Montreal took place when three or four small ships arrived from Quebec. With Maisonneuve had come Montmagny to hand over on the spot the feudal fief, Montreal. When the party landed at the mouth of a little stream, on a spot called later Pointe Callières, they fell on their knees and joined in chanting thanksgiving to God. Two ladies were in the company, Mademoiselle Mance, the first woman to work at Montreal, and the adventurous Madame de la Peltrie, whose zeal was such that she wanted to be everywhere and "astonished and edified" the little savage girls whom she met by kissing and embracing them. Tents were pitched on the strand and quickly an altar was raised and decorated by the taste of the ladies from the abundance of the spring flowers. On that beautiful day in May, Father Vimont said mass in the open air. Then, turning to face the company, chiefly of soldiers and workmen who knew that danger lurked behind every bush, he assured them that they had God's favour and that their posterity should inherit the land. Probably in the party none doubted that a miraculous leading had brought them there. "God no longer works miracles," some objected, even in that age, and the answer of these pioneers was: "How do you know? Since when was it given to you to control the divine power to the level of what man can do?" At once a fort was begun. Montreal was a reality and defiance had been flung in the face of the Iroquois.

Meanwhile the Iroquois were themselves getting ready for the struggle. In 1640 came, indeed, some hope of peace when an Iroquois delegation arrived at Three Rivers to return two French prisoners as a peace-offering and to arrange for the purchase of fire-arms from the French. A stiff refusal caused the Iroquois to go away in anger and after this peace was remote. The Dutch proved more complaisant, for by 1641 the Iroquois had Dutch muskets and quickly became expert in their use, while the chief allies of the French, the Hurons, were without these weapons. The sense of power made the Iroquois the more adventurous and implacable in their warfare. Not only did they haunt the borders of the Huron country on the north shore of Lake Ontario, but far up the Ottawa they caused such terror that the Algonquins left their fields untilled and perished in hundreds from disease and starvation. The Iroquois pushed eastward and even massacred stragglers in the outskirts of Quebec. To stop such incursions the French built not only one fort at Montreal where Maisonneuve had forty men, but also, at the mouth of the Richelieu River strengthened a second one to which Montmagny sent about a hundred men.

During the next twenty-two years Maisonneuve remained governor of Montreal. The place became the focus for the attacks of the Iroquois and he met them with such courage and resource that no hostile savage was ever able to pass its weak defences. On a visit to France in 1653 Maisonneuve was able to inaugurate a reinforced movement of colonists to Montreal. A nun at Troyes, Marguerite Bourgeois, had longed for mission work in Canada, perhaps because she and Maisonneuve came from the same part of France and she had heard much of his tasks, and in 1653 this remarkable woman accompanied him from France to begin her work in the dangerous outpost. She opened a school in a stable which he granted to her, and later she

founded the enduring convent of the Congregation of Nôtre Dame, with its great stone buildings, and also secured from France funds to build the Bon-secours Church. While Mademoiselle Mance nursed the sick, Marguerite Bourgeois taught modesty, courage and good manners to the women of the harassed community. For some reason Maisonneuve was removed from office just after New France became in 1663 a royal province, and he died in obscurity a dozen years later, but Marguerite Bourgeois continued at her tasks until her death in 1700 at the ripe old age of eighty. She did not encourage the excessive mysticism which at Quebec marked the work of the Jesuits and of Marie de l'Incarnation. "God," she said, "does not often set aside his ordinary laws," and partly through her influence Montreal maintained a certain aloofness which developed into a strong antagonism to the Jesuits.

CHAPTER XI

THE MARTYRS OF HURONIA

In the *Relation* of 1643 Father Barthèlemy Vimont describes the changed methods of warfare which came with the securing of fire-arms by the Iroquois. "Formerly," he wrote, "they came in large bands in certain periods of summer. At other times we were not molested. This year, however, they follow new methods. In small bands of twenty, thirty, fifty, or at most a hundred, they haunt points of vantage everywhere on the St. Lawrence. If one band goes away, another takes its place. Without regard to the seasons, these little, well-armed, groups set out from the Iroquois country. They lie in ambush and care not whom they attack; Montagnais, Algonquins, Hurons or French. We hear from France that the Dutch inspire these attacks, in the hope of forcing us to abandon the country, and even our mission work, but I cannot believe that their traders, who have many ties with us, treasure so evil a thought." The Iroquois had commercial reasons for going to war. They could plunder from their native enemies the furs which these were carrying to the French and the kettles, axes, blankets, and other supplies secured in exchange or sent by the Jesuits in Quebec to their missions.

This renewed strife spelt doom for the mission work of the Jesuits. They had gone far afield. At Miscou, an island at the entrance to the Bay of Chaleur, in Cape Breton, and on the borders of New England, were working Jesuit priests and they had already gone into the west as far as Sault Ste.

Marie. Their amplest labours were, however, among the Hurons, the most advanced of the natives except the hostile Iroquis. In France the society had to meet charges of greed for riches, of political intrigue, of urging relentless persecution by the state to crush heresy. It was the age in which the devout Pascal was writing biting attacks on Jesuit morality. In Canada, however, the Jesuits were sincere and courted sacrifice. One note is common to the missionaries; this life is the scene of testing, by privation and suffering, of fitness for the joys of heaven, and death is to be earned as a glad release; this world and the next are in intimate relation, and the living can hold converse with the dead and ask them for counsel.

Martyrdom was thus the menace and also the reward of the renewed strife with the Iroquois. In the summer of 1642, the Jesuit Father, Isaac Jogues, who had joined the Huron mission in 1636, was sent by Father Jerome Lalemant from Huronia to Quebec to secure sorely needed clothing and other articles from Europe. Jogues finished his business in fifteen days and by August 1 had set out on the toilsome return journey. In the party of forty were four Frenchmen, while the others were Hurons, some of them converts of the mission. Early in the second day, August 2, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence nearly opposite the mouth of the Richelieu River, the party found in the sand marks of recent visitors, possibly enemies. After a conference they went on, certain that, in any case, they were strong enough to meet attack. When suddenly from the bushes on the bank came a discharge of musketry, the Hurons in the rear turned and fled, taking with them one Frenchman. The others carried on a sharp fight, but the odds were too great. Goupil, a lay servant, or *donné*, of the mission, was first taken and with him a few Hurons. Jogues and Couture, another *donné*, managed to conceal themselves in the forest and might have escaped. Jogues had, however,

no thought of deserting a companion. To the amazement of the Iroquois he came out of his hiding place and asked to be put with Goupil and the Huron captives. Couture did the same. The three were carried back to the Iroquois country and Goupil and Couture were put to death with awful torture. Meanwhile at Quebec Vimont was obliged to send to France his annual *Relation* before he knew details. What he wrote was: "Bless God for the courage which He has given to the father, and for his devotion in returning to the two young Frenchmen. If these tigers burn them, if they roast or boil them and eat them, they will secure for the martyrs the sweetest of refreshment in the mansions of the great God, for the love of whom they exposed themselves to these dangers. Such is the price and the coin with which Jesus Christ bought the salvation of Greeks and barbarians." This must have brought only hard consolation to anxious relatives in France, but it shows that for the Jesuit teachers even death by torture had few terrors.

Unlike his two French companions Jogues was not tortured to death. His finger-nails were torn off, his hands were lacerated, twice on the way back to the Mohawk villages he had to run the gauntlet through long rows of savages and was beaten to insensibility. But the savages did not kill him. After a year, by the aid of kindly Dutch traders, he escaped to their Fort Orange (now Albany), on the Hudson, and in the end was able to sail for England. From there he crossed to France in a small trading craft. Put ashore near Brest, he made his way to the Jesuit College at Rennes, and in ragged garb and with hands fearfully injured told his story. From the *Relation* of 1643 it was already known, and he was received as a hero. Later the queen received him in Paris. But repose was not for him. He was bent on returning to Canada. There in 1646, he was chosen to go as a missionary to the Mohawk tribe of

the Iroquois, and, when these savages murdered him, he won the long coveted prize.

The aim of the Iroquois was not conquest but destruction; to make a desert of the land of their enemies. The Hurons lived in only a small area. Its southern frontier stretched westward about thirty miles from a point on Lake

MAP OF HURONIA

Simcoe, a little south of the present town of Orillia, to the waters of Nottawasaga Bay, a great inlet of the Georgian Bay. The traveller by rail to-day from Barrie to Penetanguishene passes through the heart of Huronia. If, from Penetanguishene, he goes by boat round the little peninsula to Midland, and then takes train to Orillia and thence back to Barrie, he will have made almost the whole circuit of a region perhaps the most tragic in the annals of the Society of Jesus. Here are to be found to-day, at one or two

places, a few desolate ruins of the stations of the Jesuits, but of most not a trace remains. Their method of work is in marked contrast with that of the English. Eliot, the great missionary in New England at this time, was fired with a zeal as fervent, but unlike the celibate Jesuits, he did not go to live among the natives. He visited them, translated the Bible into their language—a tongue now lost—preached to them and urged them to go to live in the English settlements, and in the end was able to send tweny-four native preachers to live among their own tribes. It is not easy to determine which method proved the more effective. Certainly that of the Jesuits involved the greater personal hardship. The priests divided Huronia into missionary districts, and usually adopted the wise policy of working in pairs. The two fathers lodged in a central village, from which the other villages of the area could be reached easily. A church or chapel was built, and every inducement was used to attract the Hurons to the services. They attended in large numbers and the annual *Relations* give, in addition to their tale of hardships, glowing accounts of conversions running to hundreds and even to thousands. The *Relations* were written for edification and enthusiasm is not always critical, but the hour of trial showed that the spiritual work had enduring influence; for some Hurons proved ready in the time of disaster to face martyrdom with their teachers.

In March, 1649, eighteen Jesuit priests were scattered in various stations, a few among the Tobacco and Neutral nations lying south-west of Huronia. But priests were not the only labourers. There were nearly three times as many other Frenchmen; four lay brothers and twenty-three workmen of various kinds, serving without pay, together with eight soldiers, four boys and seven men who received wages. We find in Huronia chickens and pigs and also two bulls and two cows and hardly know how the animals were taken so far. The route by water involved a journey of

a month in light canoes, over some forty portages. Chickens might be hatched from eggs, easily carried. Probably small pigs and calves were taken, odd passengers in canoes, and we may picture strange processions which passed over the rough portages along the dim forest paths with these animals carried or in lead. To Huronia were also taken church ornaments and even church bells, perhaps little more cumbrous than the kettles which it was the pride of the natives to take back to their villages.

The Jesuit accounts vary as to the measure of comfort enjoyed by the priests. At the beginning their houses were on the pattern of the native cabins, but some of their workmen were skilful builders and in time stone masonry was used at least for defences. Near the town of Midland of our own time, a small river called the Wye flows into one of the many inlets of Matchedash Bay. A little more than a mile up this stream the Jesuits were able to build Sainte Marie, their chief station, largely through a grant by Richelieu of thirty thousand livres. Jerome Lalemant wrote to the cardinal a letter of thanks in which he said that he had visited personally almost every one of ten thousand savages. The great danger, he added, came from the presence of English and Dutch on the borders of New France, and he begged the cardinal to spare no effort to crush the Huguenots and these other enemies of God. The fort, about a hundred feet from the bank, had solid stone foundations on at least three sides, and four square bastions from which could be poured a deadly fire of musketry. It was so strong that the Iroquois, even in their hour of greatest triumph, shrank from assaulting it. At this centre, three or four times a year, the scattered Jesuits came together for rest and counsel. One of them declares that, though life was far removed from the standards of Europe, it was yet agreeable. The food was chiefly of porridge, made from Indian corn and sprinkled with smoked fish, powdered. The salt,

the bread, the fruits, the oil and wine, to which French palates were accustomed, were lacking, but the plain fare gave a freedom from sickness not found among those who had the rich and varied foods of Europe. Sainte Marie was a coveted haven for men who had spent months in the native villages. For their journeys winter was the best season. It was easier to travel on the frozen surface of the streams, sometimes wading in deep snow, sometimes on snow-shoes, than to pass in summer over the rough and overgrown forest paths. Sometimes the missionaries slept in the forest on nature's mattress of soft twigs plucked from the trees. They preached the Gospel in thirty-two villages and they entered every one of the native cabins where they found what they called miniature hells, men with naked bodies, black with dirt, lying half roasted by the fire, children, dogs, clouds of dust and filth which soon befouled the visitors. The ribald jesting sometimes turned to insults and threats. Sickness in the village was ascribed to Jesuit magic. At Sainte Marie, however, were no native cabins. There dwelt only Europeans and the priests found peace and quiet. They had no light in the evening, except from the cabin fire, and by this they read their breviaries, wrote their letters, and studied the native language. The house, wrote Father Ragueneau in 1648, was "an earthly paradise where dwelt peace and joy and love and zeal to win souls."

The spiritual tasks were difficult. Among savages who had but little idea of law it was not easy to arouse the sense of sin, which is the violation of the law of God. "I do not know what it is to have bad thoughts," said one native, and it was a hard task to set up standards of conduct. There were quaint difficulties in the way of observing church fasts and feasts. Lent came at the season when the hunters secured the most abundant supply of meat, and then to fast was not easy. To rest on Sunday from the hunt, with game, long sought, at hand was another and a too complete

counsel of perfection. But, though the priests stressed the Church's customs, these caused only minor obstacles. Many practises of this savage society were remote from the standards of Christian morals and the priests insisted on fundamental changes in conduct. Modern opinion will not quarrel with their demand that a Christian convert should not share in cannibal feasts on the flesh of their enemies, boiled in kettles like other food, and eaten with frantic elation. Converts must also give up divorce and polygamy and hold to one wife during life. They must abandon the observances in which shameless profligacy became a religious rite. They must no longer make sacrifices to propitiate evil spirits, or join in the "eat-all" feasts, or obey the fantastic promptings of dreams. Drunkenness had become a vice among young girls, and so great was the fever for gambling that a savage would even stake and lose the long hair which was his pride. The Jesuit standard was strict and some priests were morbidly afraid of compromise with sin. For these Ragueneau, the head of the Huron mission, wrote, in 1648, wise counsel. Be chary, he urged, about condemning a thousand things which shock refined spirits; many are really innocent and due to ignorance; little by little the savages will themselves give up such practises and see their folly. It is not easy, he added, to perceive everything in a day; time is the most faithful teacher.

The Jesuits had the joy of seeing many savages aim at conformity with their standards. One priest tells with pride of a convert who gave up the use of tobacco which he loved more than his food; a stern abstinence, as the smoker in all ages would admit. Many were, however, unwilling to sacrifice any indulgence. A savage once told Le Jeune that nothing would induce him to give up five of his practices; license with women; the belief in dreams; belief in the sorcerers; bloody revenge on the Iroquois; and taking part as a religious rite in the "eat-all" feasts (*festins*

à tout manger), at which it was a sacred duty to eat to gluttonous repletion every morsel of food which the host might choose to provide in order to appease some evil spirit. Converts who shunned such practises often became outcasts in the minds of the majority. When the sorcerers found their fantastic means of healing merely laughed at, they turned in savage fury against both converts and teachers.

The Jesuits talked of the punishments for sin and, when pestilence came, they were charged with having prayed to their God to send the scourge. As misfortunes increased, savage fears found a cause in the priests who had declared that their God was all-powerful, and we may well marvel that they escaped during the various epochs of disaster. Though their enemies made threats they usually contented themselves with raising a clamour during a service, or throwing missiles into the chapel, or setting fire to the bark cabin where priests lodged, or pulling down the crosses which they were eager to display, or trying to chop down the tree in which hung the church bell. A Jesuit lay helper was murdered in 1647. Once an enraged Algonquin sorcerer, when rebuked by a priest, threw him to the ground, dragged him by the legs into the fire and ashes and would have killed him but for a timely rescue. Father Ragueneau was beaten with a club by a militant unbeliever. When the Jesuits sang hymns, scoffers said that obviously God did not wish to hear or such shouts would not be needed. To warnings as to punishment in eternal fire, an objector asked how a good God could torture his children forever; it would be worse than the prolonged tortures by the Iroquois.

It is possible that, undisturbed by warfare, the Jesuits might have educated the Hurons into a tractable society, though it would have required centuries to reach the level of the older civilization. Industrious habits in production, the restrictions imposed by the need of order, the mental culture which leads to rigorous conceptions of law, are the

result of slow growth. Even when brought in childhood to the schools at Quebec, Indian boys and girls rarely shook off their native wildness. After an experience of nearly thirty years Marie de l'Incarnation wrote in 1668 that to tame the native children was all but impossible: "No one else has had experience equal to ours and we are obliged to say that of a hundred passing through our hands scarcely one have we civilized. They may appear docile but when we least expect it they are over our enclosure and off to the forest life." Happily or unhappily the French among the Hurons were spared the labours of a difficult experiment. The Hurons were neither saved nor destroyed by the newcomers from Europe. They, and some of their Jesuit teachers, were destroyed by the native force of the Iroquois, more cruel, as Father Ragueneau wrote, than all the pirates of the sea.

A row of four stations stretched from St. Joseph near the southern frontier of Huronia north-westward, by way of St. Ignace and St. Louis, to Sainte Marie, the mission headquarters. Since St. Joseph was the farthest outpost towards the Iroquois country it would probably be assaulted first. Surprise would be easy for rarely did the Hurons, mere amateurs in war of the European type, place guards at night and send out scouts to detect the approach of an enemy. St. Joseph was important with its two thousand inhabitants living in the crowded houses of the sordid Huron type. Around it was a palisade with wooden watch-towers. As it was the first Huron town to be reached on the return journey from a raid on the Iroquois, it had been the scene of Huron triumphs when many an Iroquois warrior had been tortured to death through the long night, watched by the gloating eyes of savage enemies. The place had a church in charge of the Jesuit father, Antoine Daniel. He had been in Canada since 1634 and was one of the silent Jesuits. Except the Lord's Prayer in Huron verse we have

nothing from his pen; but in courage he ranks with the bravest.

The exposed position of St. Joseph made caution necessary. Yet in 1648 was this important place left almost unguarded, and for a reason. In the previous year the Iroquois had cut off trade with the French and now the Hurons had pressing need not only for kettles, knives and hatchets, but for weapons. Bows and arrows were out of date; the Iroquois had muskets; the Hurons too for their own salvation must get them, and the only possible source of supply was the French on the St. Lawrence. Parties going there must be strong enough to repel the largest of the Iroquois war parties. Accordingly in June, 1648, a great band of two hundred and fifty Huron warriors set out and St. Joseph was without its chief defenders. By mid-July the canoes laden with furs reached the St. Lawrence in safety and there the Hurons gave a good account of themselves. Near Three Rivers they found and attacked a party of Iroquois, defeated them, killed many and captured prisoners whom they were joyously expecting to torture to death on their return home.

Meanwhile at St. Joseph these same July days saw a dark tragedy. On the morning of July 4, 1648, some of the inhabitants were at early mass. Only on the previous day Father Daniel had returned from a stay for prayer and counsel with his brethren at Sainte Marie. He had had many discouragements. Infants he had baptized freely, but as yet few adults, since he feared their apostasy in the face of temptation. Now the outlook had improved and in the company gathered at that early service in the church some appeared really to care. Suddenly rang out the cry "To Arms." Iroquois had crept up during the night and were forcing the gate. While a few defenders held it Daniel rushed in his vestments from cabin to cabin urging those who could to fly, and hurriedly giving baptism to those

whom he thought certain to be killed and therefore to be free from the danger of relapse. Some Hurons, including women and children, were able to rush by another gate into the surrounding forest. But the old and some of the women, burdened with young children, could not fly. In terror they crowded round Daniel and followed him back to the church. Meanwhile the Iroquois had forced their way into the village and cabins were going up in flames, sweeping now towards the church. There Daniel was comforting the terrified people by the promise of heaven to those baptized. Since he could not go to each one in the church he dipped his handkerchief repeatedly in water and scattered the drops on the heads of the multitude. As the fire neared the church, Daniel went out alone in his robes to face the enemy. Awed by this striking figure they paused in their rush. But a gun-shot quickly killed him and then the savages hacked open the body and, to give them courage, bathed their faces in his blood. They rushed into the church, laid down the body before the altar, and then set on fire the flimsy structure with its shrieking crowd of old and young. Indian warfare meant such an attack and then a quick retreat. The Iroquois seized about seven hundred prisoners and led them away on the forest trail in a long procession. The wail of children betrayed many mothers who had fled to the forest. On that march of horror most of the prisoners were killed. The station of St. Michel, near by, met the same fate and both it and St. Joseph were a blackened desolation when the warriors returned from Quebec. It was the first great Jesuit disaster.

The following winter of 1648-49 was full of terrors, and gloomy despair, varied by bursts of resentful energy, seemed to possess the Hurons. Though the priests were uneasy they could hardly have pictured the realities of the approaching final scenes. About nine o'clock on the morning of March 16, 1649, the French in Sainte Marie observed

towards the south a cloud of smoke and soaring flames. The colour of the smoke made them think it must be from the cabins of St. Louis, three miles away, where Fathers Jean de Brébeuf and Gabriel Lalemant were stationed. As they watched, some natives came in view, hurrying along the road to Sainte Marie. At first it seemed that they might be enemies, but they were quickly recognized as Hurons, Hurons in a shocking condition. One had an eye pierced by an arrow, another a bleeding stump where the hand had been severed. Their news was startling. St. Louis was on fire; St. Ignace, four or five miles beyond St. Louis, was burned; and the Iroquois were heading for Sainte Marie itself.

Let us hear Father Ragueneau's story. A thousand well-armed Iroquois had set out in the previous autumn. During the winter, while living by hunting, they had slowly worked their way over trails deep in snow, to the borders of Huronia. Of the coming peril the Hurons had no warning. Passing St. Joseph, already destroyed, the enemy came to St. Ignace, the next village. It had a stout palisade fifteen or sixteen feet high and on one side was protected by a deep ravine. The place was naturally strong but the fate of St. Joseph had caused panic flight and only about four hundred of the more helpless people remained. On this March 16, silently, long before daybreak, the Iroquois crept up over the snow. A sudden dash; fierce war cries; shrieks of the terrified; bark cabins, with women and children in them, fiercely burning; and the tragedy was complete. Three Hurons escaped and ran, in the darkness, the league to St. Louis. The Iroquois pressed on, leaving a guard at St. Ignace on the captured furs and the hapless prisoners. Day had not yet come on that dark March morning when the Iroquois reached St. Louis. Four hundred of its inhabitants had fled, but some eighty warriors remained to fight. They repelled a first and a second rush

at the gate. The Iroquois lost about thirty killed and many wounded, but their third assault succeeded. The prisoners then taken were chiefly a few old people, but there were two of note; Fathers Brébeuf and Lalemant had remained in the hour of trial, to baptize those who were now near death and through baptism would, in their view, enter forthwith the kingdom of heaven, and to give to the helpless support and comfort. The cabins were quickly aflame and it was this smoke that at nine o'clock of that morning the anxious French watched at Sainte Marie. They did not know that already a gruesome procession was filing back to St. Ignace with, at its head, the two priests taken captive, stripped naked on that March day, and already tortured by the tearing away of the nails from their hands and feet. At the entrance to the captured village they had to pass through a double row of savages who clubbed their naked bodies.

The story of the torture which followed was gathered later from eye-witnesses. The two priests were of different types. As we have seen, in 1625, at the age of thirty-one, Jean de Brébeuf, scion of a noble family of Normandy, had reached Canada with Champlain, and there, except for the brief period of the English occupation, he had spent the rest of his life. To Huronia, his chosen field, he went in 1626 and he had withdrawn from Canada only when the English took Quebec in 1629. He wrote two of the *Relations* concerning Huronia, and also a Huron grammar and a Huron catechism. He was a tall man of vigorous physique and practical judgment, but also a mystic who heard the voice of God in dreams and visions. Gabriel Lalemant, nephew of the two missionaries of the same name, was now thirty-nine years of age. "No one could be more frail and delicate," wrote Marie de l'Incarnation. He came of a family whose devotion to the religious life reminds us of that of Bernard of Clairvaux; his eldest brother was a

monk, his three sisters were nuns and his widowed mother became a nun. He had spent many years in study at the University of Paris, had taught in Jesuit colleges in France, and by temperament was a retiring student. Only in the previous year had he reached Huronia.

Since the French and the Hurons might rally, the Iroquois were in haste at St. Ignace and so began at once the torture of the two priests. Brébeuf was tied naked to a stake and one of the worst agonies of Lalemant must have been caused by his forced watching of the suffering of his companion. It began about one o'clock. Perhaps some reckless blow killed Brébeuf sooner than his tormentors wished, for after three hours he was dead. At six o'clock began the torture of Lalemant, and it continued through the long night until about nine o'clock the next morning. Knowing that he was weaker, the savages were perhaps careful not to strike a mortal blow to shorten his agony. The ingenuity of cruelty to the priests amazes us:—bodies half burned, hair torn out, a hand cut off, eyes burned out, red-hot axes hung round the neck, belts of bark filled with burning pitch fastened to the tortured body, the nose, the lips, and finally the tongue cut away. During the dread scene renegade Hurons who had listened to the teaching of the priests gave them a derisive baptism of boiling water. "We baptize you," mocked these savages, "that you may be happy in heaven, for without baptism you cannot be saved. We are your true friends, for we send you to celestial bliss. You should thank us, for we make you suffer in order that God may recompense you." Brébeuf, silent and unmoved, had stood absorbed in prayer. At times he seemed to come back to earth and then he encouraged the Christian captives and rebuked the unbelievers. When Lalemant prayed aloud, his tormentors forced burning coals into his mouth: in their tradition torture was to be borne in stoic silence. The Iroquois ate slices of their victims' flesh while yet they

lived; they tore out, roasted and ate the heart of Brébeuf and drank the warm blood. In all the annals of martyrdom there is nothing more horrible than this story.

Sainte Marie was now menaced with similar scenes. Two hundred Iroquois warriors set out as soon as Lalemant's sufferings ended. They fell in with some prowling Hurons, killed many, and pursued the others until within sight of Sainte Marie. The Hurons, however, rallied, and it is a tribute to the reality of the priests' influence that Christian converts, especially the best of those in the missions at the neighbouring stations, La Conception and Sainte Madeleine, were now the chief recruits. They drove the two hundred Iroquois back to a defence behind the palisade of St. Louis and finally carried the place and took some thirty prisoners. When the Iroquois came back reinforced, there was prolonged hand-to-hand fighting, unusual in savage warfare. In the end, however, the Hurons were completely beaten at a cost to the enemy of about a hundred lives. By the 18th the struggle was over and the horror-stricken watchers in Sainte Marie noted the profound silence of the forest, as if Nature herself was awed by the tragedy and by the menace of some new disaster.

The 18th was the eve of the patron saint of the Mission, St. Joseph. "We redoubled our devotions," says Father Ragueneau; "those of us who were priests vowed to say during a whole year a monthly mass in honour of St. Joseph, while the others vowed divers penances." The devotions seemed not to be in vain. The Iroquois, in the heart of a hostile country, were growing so nervous that on the Saint's day, the 19th, panic seized them and they set out hurriedly on the long march homeward. They placed on the backs of the stronger captives loads of plunder so heavy as to be more fit for horses. Before setting out the ruthless captors tied some of their captives to posts in the inflammable bark cabins of St. Ignace, set these on fire, and went

away with the agonized cries of burning women and children in their ears. Cruelty itself, says the narrator, might well have turned to compassion at a spectacle so inhuman. The line of retreat was marked by bodies of the weak, who fell by the way and were tomahawked, and by half-burned corpses.

Huron prisoners, who had been eye-witnesses of these scenes and had escaped, were now arriving at Sainte Marie. Ragueneau, conscious that he was telling a tale to edify future generations, questioned the more trustworthy and wrote a connected narrative. On the 20th he sent a party to St. Ignace. The Jesuit *donné* or lay brother, Régnaut, found the bodies of the two priests lying slightly apart and he spent two hours in verifying every detail of the narrative of the eye-witnesses. The bodies were carried to Sainte Marie. "On Sunday, March 21," writes Ragueneau, "we gathered the precious remains with hearts so full of tender consolation and devotion that, of all who assisted at the burial service, I know of none who did not rather wish than fear an end like theirs, and who did not count himself very happy to be where, within a couple of days, God might enable him to shed his blood and to give his life in a similar manner." This is the high note of exaltation. When the Jesuits retired from Huronia they carried to Quebec in two small chests the bones of the two martyrs carefully wrapped in silk and by 1665 miracles due to these relics were reported. In the Hôtel-Dieu at Quebec the skull of Brébeuf is still preserved.

The doomed Hurons were more numerous than their assailants, and with courage and leadership might have rallied, but their spirit was broken. Those at St. Jean Baptiste and St. Michel saved themselves by joining a tribe of the Iroquois, the Senecas. Formed into a separate village called by the Christian name of St. Michel, they retained their Christian faith and, as the Jesuits thought,

were thus able, in the mysterious providence of God, to become themselves missionaries among the pagan Iroquois. The other Hurons abandoned in panic the dozen or so of their remaining villages, burned them lest they should be used by their enemies, and fled. Thus it happened that daily in the chill spring, over sodden ways, arrived hundreds of wretched men, women and children at Sainte Marie. The Jesuits rejoiced that the divine word, "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," seemed now to bring the fruits of conversion for, during the year up to the midsummer of 1649, they baptized two thousand seven hundred persons. But Sainte Marie itself the French, in sorrow, decided to abandon as unsafe. Their first plan was to move to Manitoulin Island farther north, convenient for the route to Quebec by the Ottawa River, and approached only across a broad stretch of water. Three or four hundred Hurons had, however, found a nearer refuge on an island, St. Joseph, the present Christian Island, lying near in the Georgian Bay, and here it was decided to build a new station.

June 14, 1649, was a sorrowful day at Sainte Marie. By hard labour the French had built a small ship and a huge raft. On these they loaded all that could be removed, including the precious ornaments of the church, the furniture, the considerable supplies of Indian corn, the poultry and pigs, two cows and two bulls. Laboriously the laden raft was taken to St. Joseph Island, where a new Sainte Marie was begun near the south-east corner. There were skilled masons to rear a stone fort, and before winter the little settlement was strong for defence. But one grim enemy, famine, invaded the island. The Hurons had lived by agriculture and in that summer no harvest could be reaped. Within a few weeks as many as eight thousand refugees reached the new settlement. Berries, fish and nourishing roots staved off starvation during summer, but winter brought dire scenes. In contrast with the improvi-

dent savages, the French carefully guarded and doled out their store of food. But they could not feed the thousands who had no other resources. "We look to Providence for the future," wrote Ragueneau; "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Our food is a little grain, with dried fish and herbs, and we have water to drink. Our clothing is the skins of animals. When all is gone, we must place our hope in the goodness of God, and courage, trust and patience are not lacking." Soon, instead of strong men, living skeletons were moving about, eagerly devouring loathsome things, even disinterring the dead and eating the putrid flesh. With famine came disease, and in the background was always the deadly fear of the Iroquois. When the ice broke up in the spring some Hurons went off to fish, only to meet death or slavery from the prowling enemy.

Southwestward of Huronia in the valleys of the "Blue Mountains," near the modern Collingwood, the Jesuits had been working among the Tobacco Indians, who cultivated tobacco and sold it to other tribes. There were two mission stations, St. Jean and St. Matthias. This tribe, too, the Iroquois were resolved to destroy. In December, 1649, Ragueneau heard of the danger, warned the two missionaries at St. Matthias, Garreau and Grelon, and thus enabled them to escape to Sainte Marie. At St. Jean, a large village with perhaps two thousand people, were two other missionaries, Charles Garnier and Noel Chabanel. Ragueneau's warning caused not panic at St. Jean but the resolve to attack and destroy the approaching enemy and warriors went out over the snow to track them. Three hundred Iroquois were, however, lurking near and they managed to learn from a Tobacco Indian and his squaw, whom they captured, that, with this scouting party absent, St. Jean was defenceless. On the afternoon of December 7, through the silent forest, deep in snow, the Iroquois crept up to St. Jean. In broad daylight with savage war-whoops, they

rushed into the place and the butchery began of men, women and children. Garnier was killed and Chabanel, absent at the time, was murdered next day by a renegade Huron.

By this time the cup of sacrifice seemed to be full. Clearly Christian Island would not do and the panic-stricken Hurons were convinced that their only safety would be under the protection of the French at Quebec. In solemn assembly, three chiefs told Ragueneau that already more than ten thousand of their number were dead and begged him to lead the survivors to safety. Some of the Hurons took another course. They scattered westward, haunted everywhere by their enemies. Some went even to the prairies beyond the Mississippi, only there to suffer at the hands of the Sioux. All were not destroyed. More than a hundred years later, the Wyandots, Hurons under another name, are found at Detroit playing under Pontiac some part in the politics of the forest.

After a year at St. Joseph, the French were forced to admit that the whole Huron country must be abandoned and that the remaining Hurons must for safety be taken to Quebec. Word went out in 1650 for all to gather at the new Sainte Marie for the last preparations. During the year in that place what seemed a rich spiritual harvest had been reaped, for three thousand Hurons were baptized. Many of them must have perished, for in the end only three hundred Huron converts gathered for the migration. It comforted us, says Ragueneau, that these who had lost their belongings, their relatives and their country, had not lost their faith. As we set out, he adds, we shed tears at leaving a land where had centred our hearts and our hopes, a land now red with the blood of our martyred brethren. The canoes threaded their way among the islands on the eastern coast of the Georgian Bay. They went cautiously as in an enemy country. At one point Ragueneau had a view over

a tract where, a few years earlier, he had seen a swarming population; now not a soul remained. On the route by the French River to Lake Nipissing there was only a solitude. A little further the French passed spots where parties of Iroquois had spent the winter in hunting. One day there was a sharp alarm when scouts reported traces of an enemy, but the party proved to be friends. It was that of the Jesuit Father Bressani on his way from Quebec to reinforce Huronia with forty soldiers and twenty Indians, in ignorance of the final tragedy. He had found the enemy recklessly bold; under cover of a dark night ten Iroquois had attacked his party of sixty and had killed seven before they were checked. Now Bressani turned back with the French and the Hurons. Along the river Ottawa there was no trace of habitation. In fear of the Iroquois the Hurons were afraid to halt even at Montreal and went on to Quebec. Except for the French settlements the region from Tadoussac to Lake Huron was a desert.

CHAPTER XII

THE FRENCH IN THE NEW NETHERLAND (NEW YORK)

THE ruin of Huronia might well have caused the French to despair of the future, but their courage did not fail. Even the vast desolation of the Iroquois did not wholly destroy trade, for if the tribes of the remote north and west were to survive they must secure knives, hatchets and muskets. Since the Iroquois barred their going to the Dutch, in the French was their hope. During the darkest days the remote Ottawas managed, in peril of their lives, to reach one or other of the French trading posts with furs. Religion too held fast. In 1650, the melancholy year of final failure in Huronia, Marie de l'Incarnation wrote: "The enduring of this cross will exalt the Church. I am not cast down; even at my age I am studying the Huron tongue." She soon had a new testing. During the night of December 30, 1650, the Ursuline nuns and their pupils awoke to find their house on fire. When, barely half dressed, they reached the deep snow which covered the ground, the astonished crowd of French and Indians, attracted by the fire, saw them kneel round Mother Marie and chant a *Te Deum* for their escape, and renew the offer of themselves for their tasks. Their chief fear was that of having to return to Europe. A year and a half later they had a great new convent of stone and their Superior was praising the wonderful ways of God.

Meanwhile Iroquois savagery was insatiable. If we could forget their aims we might praise the energy in war

of a small people who destroyed many tribes and spread desolation over half a continent. But they linked with the skill and cunning of the tiger the political outlook of children. Unity was the only policy which would keep the natives strong to resist or to compromise with the advancing tide of European influence. Instead, the tribes were destroying each other. On the other side, French and English and Dutch might have united against the native menace, but they also were at strife. Those were days of unrest and uncertainty in Europe. The year which saw the ruin of the Huron mission saw in England the beheading of a king, and the turning of an ancient monarchy into a republic. It saw in France the rising of the Fronde, the last struggle of the feudal nobles, who had resisted Henry IV, to check the centering of all political power in the hands of his despotic grandson, Louis XIV. England, fiercely Protestant, was suspicious of a France which was soon to deny to Protestants the toleration guaranteed by Henry IV. Even the two Protestant republics—England and Holland—at one in religion, were rivals in trade and in sea power, and were sometimes at war.

Some effort was indeed made by the French and the English to reach an agreement. The Abenakis, dwelling on the Kennebec, in the present State of Maine, were hardly less in danger from the Iroquois than were tribes a thousand miles away in the interior. In 1646 the Jesuits had sent Father Gabriel Druilletes, as a missionary to the Abenakis. At the end of August the priest had set out by way of the river Chaudière. It flows into the St. Lawrence nearly opposite Quebec out of the height of land from which the Kennebec River flows in the opposite direction to the Atlantic. Druilletes had a hard experience. There was danger in going in a frail bark canoe down rapid, rock-strewn waters, while the autumn weather was changing quickly to the bitter cold of winter. The rough trails past the rapids were

so frightful, he said, as to seem to lead to hell; he had no other company than that of savages with bodily strength but no beauty of mind; he was half-starved and day after day as he ate the revolting food he remembered with longing the bread and the wine of France. When he reached the Abenakis, he was received kindly, and at once set himself to learn their language; since he had some medical skill he won favour as a healer of the body as well as of the soul.

At length Druilletes reached the sea and was so well received at some English posts that on his return to Quebec he seemed to be a suitable person to treat further with the English. Accordingly, in 1650, at the critical moment of the ruin of Huronia, he went to Boston. A living Jesuit, in his black robes, must have caused a sensation among its Puritan people. Recently they had passed a law that a priest discovered in the colony should be expelled, and that, if he returned, he should "upon lawful trial and conviction" be put to death. The visit proved fruitless. The English wished a treaty permitting freer trade with Canada, but they would not agree to the condition required by the French of joining them in war on the Iroquois. From this time, in America as in Europe, the two nations went their different ways, and soon were at war. The Dutch, too, had no thought of breaking with the Iroquois, who controlled the access to the interior.

It seemed fitting that the exiled Hurons should settle on the Island of Orleans across the basin from Quebec, in a position not unlike that on the island from which they had just come, and there a new village, called by the name of the abandoned Sainte Marie, was quickly begun. The French divided among the Hurons some cleared lands and in addition built a stone fort for their protection. But the Iroquois followed their victims to the very gates of Quebec. They lurked in the forests of the island and caused the same panic

which had made a hell of Huronia. It was soon clear that only within the fort built on the island were the Hurons safe.

The condition of the French settlers at Quebec was hardly less wretched. The Superior of the Jesuits kept a journal in which he noted matters of interest and at this time it is chiefly a record of haunting terror, day and night. Little wonder that nerves were shaken and that among the weaker element the desire spread to escape from the country. This was not easy. The colonists were not free to go back to France. To do so they must secure leave from the Company to go in its ships. In April, 1653, sixteen Frenchmen, including some soldiers, decided to run away, hoping, no doubt, to reach the sea coast at Gaspé and to secure passage to France in some fishing vessel. Three months later word came from Gaspé that most of them had starved to death, after having been reduced to cannibalism. To remain, to endure, and to hope for rescue was the resolve of the French and, even in that dark hour, some exalted spirits rejoiced that they were permitted to suffer for the glory of God. The menace came very close to Quebec. In August, 1653, the Jesuit Father Poncet and a certain Mathurin Frenchelot were seized at Cap Rouge, only a few miles away, and were carried away by Mohawks to what seemed inevitable death. Poncet's companion perished horribly; he himself was clubbed and tortured and was about to be burned when an old Indian woman, whose brother had just been killed, adopted him.

Meanwhile, in response to prayers, as devout French suppliants thought, the Iroquois were beginning to show a desire for peace. On June 26, 1653, sixty Onondagas approached Montreal shouting to those who watched from the fort that they had come to make peace. They were received perhaps too eagerly. On one night, we are told, there was sorrow and the outlook was hideous, while morn-

ing brought joy and radiant faces to the inhabitants. There were, of course, misgivings. In the past, says the *Relation* of 1653, we have made peace with these savages, but it is doubtful whether they have ever really made peace with us; they may wish the French for allies, but they are bent on destroying the Hurons and the Algonquins. Negotiations began, however, and there seemed to be good omens from heaven, the result it was thought of special prayers, on the feast of the nativity of the Virgin Mary. *"Deus nobis haec otia fecit,"* writes Father Le Mercier, *"digitus Dei est hic"* (God has given us this peace. The hand of the Lord is in it.) Delegates from all the Iroquois tribes arrived and passed on from Montreal to Quebec. We have detailed accounts of the speeches and of the presents exchanged, when peace was concluded. The Iroquois agreed to free Poncet and at the end of September paddled away homeward, leaving behind them for the first time not terror but joy.

The Iroquois were not, however, all of one mind. Some wished enduring peace; others wished a truce with the French only that they might concentrate against another enemy. The Erie tribe held the region lying south of the lake of that name and their independence was an offence to their Iroquois neighbours. In 1654, with the usual savage disregard of consequences, the Eries, some of whose people had been killed by the Iroquois tribe of Onondagas, tortured and burned an important Onondaga chief who fell into their hands. Before dying he cried: "My death will be avenged; in burning me you will burn your entire people." When the news reached the Iroquois, twelve hundred warriors set out secretly and this quick action caused panic among the Eries. At last, however, some two thousand warriors, with their women and children, made a final stand in a fort defended by palisades. In assaulting it the Iroquois used their canoes, first as shields and then as ladders with the

thwarts as steps. They took the fort and massacred so many, including women and children, that some of the cabins were reported to be deep in blood.

Now came a remarkable opening for the French when the Iroquois, who had just destroyed Jesuit teachers, begged the French for a mission to themselves. The purpose was in part sinister. They wished to disarm suspicion so as to get into their power the Hurons still among the French and thus to secure new victims for torture and slavery. Naturally, however, the Jesuits hoped that the savages were turning at last to the truth and there was anxious deliberation at Quebec. While the Iroquois agreed that they were at peace with the French, they denied that this peace included the Hurons and Algonquins. Already priests were venturing into the Iroquois country. In 1654 Father Le Moyne went to the Onondaga tribe of the confederacy and, in the next year, with his life always in danger, he went among the Mohawks and astonished the Iroquois by his eloquence in their own tongue. After his return to Quebec in 1655 the Jesuits made the important decision to send a mission to the Onondagas. The scale was to be adequate and the cost would be heavy. More than a mission was planned, for it was hoped that the Iroquois country, much of the present state of New York, might be added to New France. Late in the autumn of 1655 Fathers Chaumonot and Dablon went to the Onondagas to survey the prospects of the mission. Chaumonot had served a hard apprenticeship in Huronia and he could charm the Iroquois with his oratory in their own language, while Dablon carried with him instruments of music and touched the natives by this gentler art. After a preliminary survey, Chaumonot remained with the Onondagas to await the mission which was to arrive in the coming summer. Meanwhile Dablon set out in March, 1656, to return to Montreal. During four wintry weeks he battled in a canoe with floods and ice

on the raging St. Lawrence and at last reached Montreal. Nature and man alike had few terrors for these hardy spirits.

On May 17, 1656, the mission, which included a company of ten soldiers, some forty other Frenchmen, and half a dozen Jesuits, started from Quebec, in two large boats. In military command was Major Zachary Dupuys, commandant of the fort. Marie de l'Incarnation relates that when Dupuys went to her to say farewell he spoke of the risks, but added that he should be happy to die for a design so glorious. Father François le Mercier, the superior of the Jesuits, himself led the mission, and from Montreal in June, 1656, he wrote, in a farewell letter to his leader in France, that he was going to the savage wolves and tigers who had tortured Jesuits martyrs and massacred the Huron nation; Nero and Diocletian, he said, had not hated the Christian faith as these people hated it; yet, during three years, they had begged for a mission, and God seemed to have touched their hearts; if the French could convert this masterful nation their work among weaker tribes would have rich promise.

The party pressed up the St. Lawrence beyond Montreal. To paddle close to its banks in order to avoid the current, and to drag or carry the canoes past the rapids was a long, hard task. Food was scare for lack of skill, or the mysterious caprice of the waters, denied the needed supply of fish. A dozen canoes of Onondagas had started with the French as guides but, with brutal heedlessness, all but five men went their way and left their supposed guests to face the danger of a wild and hostile country. When, on July 7, 1656, the French reached the mouth of the Oswego River in what is now the State of New York, they were starved and almost despairing, and that night the only refreshment was a sip of brandy for each member of the company. The next day, when wholly without food and with many fall-

ing ill, they struggled up the Oswego River against a current which seemed to make advance impossible. "I will admit," says the writer of the *Relation,* probably Le Mercier, "that the thin and wan faces of most of us showed every sign of defeat." "But," he adds, "the Providence of God is wonderful; when we fall to the depths He lifts us up."

Aid was indeed at hand. They had sent a messenger to announce their coming to Chaumonot who was watching for them, and now a canoe, soon followed by two others, laden with supplies, came paddling swiftly down the river. Fatigues were forgotten; the sick seemed to be healed; "One happy day," writes the relieved father, "wipes out the memory of the wretched ones. . . . We rendered thanks to God for succour so sorely needed." That night God seemed to send a draught of fishes for one Frenchman killed twenty large salmon. A day or two later, as the French passed a rapid, so numerous were the salmon that thirty-four were killed with swords and paddles. On July 11, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the French reached the shores of the little Lake Onondaga, which is about six miles long. They had dragged with them five small cannon and now, using ceremony which seemed to befit a momentous occasion, they fired a salute to the people and the country of their hopes. "The sound rolled over the waters, crashed in the air, and echoed very pleasantly in the forests," writes the father. They were in the heart of the present State of New York and that land they claimed for France. Lauzon, the governor of Canada, had made to the Jesuits a grant of a hundred square leagues in a region where few Frenchmen had ever set foot.

At the farther end of the lake, on the site of the future mission, a great multitude of Iroquois, from all the tribes except the Mohawks, awaited the party. The French advanced down the lake in stately procession, four canoes

abreast, with what of military pomp the soldier, Dupuys, could command. As he neared the waiting crowd he fired a second salute which was greeted with shouts of delight. A change of heart seemed to have come to the Iroquois. "These poor savages gave us every possible welcome," so runs the hopeful narrative; "their eyes, their gestures told of their love for us, and this we returned in kind, and blessed God that, after torments, dangers, and weariness, He had brought us at last to the goal of our pilgrimage." The Iroquois had built two large platforms from which to make the prolonged harangues required by custom on such occasions, but heavy rain happily interrupted the speeches, and in the evening the French were so exhausted that merciless oratory was again cut short. When they retired, their hosts lulled them to sleep by chanting savage music. Next day the French sang a *Te Deum* for their happy arrival, took formal possession of the country in the name of Jesus Christ, and dedicated it to Him in a solemn mass. With great labour they had brought church ornaments which, in that wild place, seemed magnificent. On Monday, July 17, they began a house on a hill overlooking the lake. This settlement, too, was to be called Sainte Marie. The Onondagas wished it to be a strong place, a refuge from their own enemies, possibly even from their uncertain friends the Mohawks, in case of need, and the French decided to lodge their whole company in one large structure which was, in effect, a fort. They had with them skilled mechanics who went at once to work. No Iroquis village was near and this made both for safety and for relief from spying curiosity. On the spot stands to-day the city of Syracuse.

While the workmen were clearing the ground and shaping timbers, Le Mercier, with an escort of soldiers, advanced overland to Onondaga, the chief village of that tribe, a dozen miles away. The military pomp, the beating of

drums, the firing of salutes, were new wonders to the savages. When, at the council, Chaumonot spoke eloquently and presents were exchanged, the only note of discord came from the acrid raillery of some Mohawks who wished to have the mission among themselves. Evidence of the love of the French by the other Iroquois seemed overwhelming. If a change should come, its cause, the Jesuits declared, would be a fickleness inspired by jealous demons. The good fathers were too sanguine. The darkened minds of some of those who shouted welcome were already planning massacre.

The peace of 1653 had been broken almost as soon as made, but on the part of some of the Iroquois it was not a designed treachery. There was rivalry among themselves. The country of the Mohawks touched the Hudson and their interest lay in fostering trade with the Dutch on that river and in being the middle-men for even the other Iroquois tribes. The Onondagas, on the other hand, had access to the St. Lawrence by way of the Oswego River, and were more ready than the Mohawks to make peace with the French in order to secure the benefits of their trade. Thus it happened naturally that, when the Onondagas desired peace, the Mohawks were likely by some outrage to make it impossible. One tribe in the confederacy might be at peace while the others were at war; the Mohawks took no part in the destruction of the Eries and may have regretted the security which it gave to the Onondagas. Caprice, indeed, often caused war. Since women did the work of the fields, the warriors, when at home, had little to do, and were often ready to find refuge from idleness in making war. The fascination was that of the chase in more developed communities and the young men might commit any outrage without fear of punishment by their own people. If the Iroquois had any fixed

resolve it was to destroy completely the Hurons and the Algonquins and, in the end, the French.

The Iroquois had need to increase their numbers by adopting other natives. While Quebec could recruit its population in France, the Iroquois had no such resource. The losses of even successful war were heavy and, to keep up their strength they planned to adopt Huron and Algonquin captives. The *Relation* of 1660 declares that the Iroquois could then number only two thousand two hundred warriors and that even of these a thousand had been adopted from conquered tribes. The French found among their most ferocious enemies renegade Hurons fighting with the Iroquois. The other Hurons, still at Quebec, were a store from which to draw recruits and, to carry them off, Mohawks and Onondagas engaged in keen rivalry. They intended to burn the older captives, to enslave the women, and to make warriors of those fit for this service.

In the night of May 19, 1656, two days after the mission of fifty-five had set out for Onondaga, three hundred Mohawk warriors paddled silently past Quebec to the Island of Orleans and by daybreak were lying in wait for Huron victims. The lurking savages waited till the women had come forth for their work in the fields and then, in a wild rush, they killed six Hurons and seized about eighty others, chiefly women and girls. At mid-day the French in Quebec witnessed a harrowing spectacle. As a long row of forty canoes in battle array filed past the town, the Mohawk warriors raised triumphant yells and caused their wretched prisoners to sing and even to make some attempt at dancing in their frail craft.

There were cannon in Quebec. Why did they not fire on the canoes well within range? One reason was that the firing would destroy Huron friend as well as Mohawk foe; another that the mission on the way to Onondaga might be

massacred if the French should break the peace. The governor, Jean de Lauzon, formerly president of the Company of New France, who watched this defiance, was a timid man. Montmagny had been recalled in 1651 and the principle was then laid down that the term of the governor should be three years. Ailleboust, one of the devout companions of Maisonneuve, had served for this term and now Lauzon held the post. The moribund company was still feudal lord of Canada, and Lauzon is chiefly remembered by vast grants of land made to himself and to his family. He was past seventy, a trader, not a soldier, quite unfit to lead in a dangerous crisis; and now he struck no blow against the murderous band which flouted him. Little wonder that after this the Mohawks sneered at the French as mere barking dogs, who let the Hurons under their protection be carried off to be tortured at the stake, or to become slaves and to be killed like chickens or rats, on any caprice of their masters. In this summer, in the region of the Ottawa, they murdered the Jesuit Father Garreau who had been a missionary to the Tobacco nation.

The Island of Orleans proved so unsafe that the Hurons removed to a camp at Quebec surrounded by a palisade. The cramped life tended to make them restless and some of them listened to further proposals to remove to the Iroquois country. In May of the next year, 1657, at Quebec, Hurons and Mohawks conferred on a plan of migration with the French present as interested onlookers. The timid Lauzon was now gone and his son, the Sieur de Charny, held for a time his father's place, until new arrangements could be made. The Mohawk spokesman was both insolent and inviting. Years earlier, he said, he had wished to take the Hurons by the arm and to guide them to his own country; the Hurons, however, had drawn back and then he had tomahawked them. Now, he said, the hour has come; get up and come with us; we regard you no longer as

enemies but as relations. During a whole night the Hurons weighed this rude wooing, which offered friendship or death. One clan, that of The Bear, agreed to go, but the remnant of the other clans refused. When the Mohawks demanded from the French canoes to carry away their new allies, this was too much. The French replied sharply that they doubted the sincerity of the Mohawks and that if these needed canoes they knew well enough how to make them. It was therefore in Mohawk canoes that the Hurons, including many women and children, paddled away, to what for many was martyrdom. With them went Father Le Moyne, to care for the Christians and if possible to make new converts.

The going of Hurons to the Mohawks made the Onondagas jealous. They too must recruit their numbers and in the summer of 1657, when Le Mercier and his companions were toiling at Onondaga, about a hundred Onondaga warriors arrived at Quebec and demanded in a council that the remaining Hurons should go back with them or take the consequences. "You come," replied a Huron warrior, "with arms in your hands to carry us off, not as friends but as prisoners." None the less did the remnant of the clan of The Rope (La Corde) agree to go. The French fell in with the plan and took the fifty Hurons to Montreal in small sailing vessels. Father Ragueneau, former head of the Huron mission, was at Quebec. No memory of the cruel fate of the martyrs in Huronia which he had witnessed now kept him from joining this company, with a few French volunteers, among them a young trader named Pierre Esprit Radisson, who had had a hard experience of savage life. In 1652 he had been captured near Three Rivers by a skulking party of Mohawks. A squaw adopted him in lieu of a lost son, and he became in externals a painted savage. In an effort to escape, he and an Algonquin captive killed their Mohawk companion in a manner entirely brutal, but they

failed; the Algonquin was killed and Radisson was recaptured. Then he faced death by torture which had already begun when again his life was claimed by his adopted mother. Later he escaped to Albany and reached France. But his family was in Canada, and thither he returned, and now he was to use with effect his knowledge of Indian ways. Late in July the party set out from Montreal to paddle up the St. Lawrence to the Oswego river. Within a few days there was a horrible scene. An Onondaga chief tomahawked a Huron girl, who rejected his advances, and the savage company killed seven Hurons before the eyes of their wives and children. When Ragueneau protested warmly, he was told in derision that the governor and the superior of the Jesuits at Quebec had asked that the Hurons should be killed. The priest himself and the whole company would probably have been massacred, had not fifty Onondagas, still at Quebec trying to bring away the rest of the Hurons, been in the power of the French.

In the end only a few Hurons remained at Quebec, and they settled first at Old Lorette, some miles away, and then at New Lorette. The Jesuit father, Charlevoix, who was living at Quebec in 1705, visited the place. It was, he says, wild, but it pleased him to listen in the church to the Hurons, the men on one side, the women on the other, chant in their language the hymns and prayers. Each of them was pledged by a solemn vow not to touch strong drink, and an offender was required to do penance publicly. The men ate in one house, the women and children in another. Disease had reduced their numbers and they were miserably poor. When they engaged in a dance to their own savage music, Charlevoix was not entertained by the melancholy survival of their former life. To this day is to be seen at New Lorette a small remnant, still under the care of priests, and not yet entirely absorbed into the life of the community about them.

While thus the Hurons were being scattered, the mission in the heart of the Onondaga country seemed to prosper. The arrival in August, 1657, of Ragueneau and the party of Hurons brought both welcome companionship and a further horrid spectacle, for the Onondagas burned not only some of the Huron men but also women and even children of three or four years. None the less did the priests, at peril to their lives, go long distances to carry their faith to the Senecas and other tribes. There were some hundreds of baptisms, mostly of infants, or of the old at the point of death. The Mohawks, however, held aloof and continued to send war parties which committed outrages almost before the gates of Quebec. Here, meanwhile, a change came. Lauzon's unwarlike son, Charny, left Quebec to become a priest in France and, until his successor should come, he was replaced by the competent Ailleboust, who had continued to live in the colony and knew how to deal with the savages. In November, 1657, exasperated by repeated outrages, he gave orders to seize any Iroquois who should try to cloak their intended mischief by a pretence of treating with the French and soon he had twelve prisoners. In January, 1658, three young Mohawks arrived at Quebec, the eldest not more than thirty, the other two mere boys. When these youths demanded in arrogant terms the return of the prisoners, Ailleboust decided to teach them a lesson. At an assembly of French, Hurons and Algonquins on February 12, in the chief hall at Quebec, he rebuked the insolence of the Mohawks. "You speak to me," he said, "as if I were your captive and at your mercy. . . . You take me for a dog. . . . You say you are our good friends yet you go on with your murder. . . . A Frenchman does not forget such repeated perfidy; I will no longer tolerate your tone." He refused to treat with these irresponsible youths; the Mohawks must send some one with authority to decide whether it should be peace or war.

Not merely the Mohawks but all the Iroquois had in fact decided for war. They lusted for the mastery of the world which they knew. Hurons and Algonquins must be destroyed, and it would be an added triumph to include Europeans in the devastation. Friendly natives warned the French at Onondaga that they would be seized and that, while some would be tortured to death, the rest would be held as hostages for the return of the Iroquois prisoners at Quebec. Le Mercier appears to have been ill and already to have returned to Quebec, and it is Ragueneau who now tells the story. It seemed almost impossible to escape. The land was in the grip of winter. Yet the only hope of escape was in boats by way of the Mohawk river, still ice-bound; to try to go by land would only mean massacre in the forest, or slavery worse than death. So discontented had become the ten French soldiers that nine were about to desert and to try to reach the Dutch settlement.

Cunning deeper than the cunning of the Iroquois now found the means to get away. The French must wait until the break-up of the ice. They had eight canoes but, since these were not enough, they must build boats and build them without the knowledge of the Iroquois who tried to spy on every act. In the large mission house, really a fort, there was a loft and here the French were able to build two rough flat-boats each to hold fifteen persons. When, by mid-March, there were signs that the ice was breaking up it was time to act. The intention was to work upon the superstition of the Iroquois and young Radisson now used with effect his knowledge of their ways. He declared that he had been warned in a dream of approaching death and that only an "eat-all" feast could appease the malignant spirit. In these feasts, as we have seen, it was a point of honour for the partakers, in order to appease evil spirits, to eat the last morsel offered to them, else would the victim die. A taste for gluttony made the savages the more ready

to aid in relieving such afflictions and when the French prepared a feast to be held on March 20 about a hundred guests appeared. Before it began there were songs, dances and athletic games, and spirits ran high. The French had killed even their pigs, and now from great kettles the young Frenchman, in danger of death, served lavish helpings of venison, bear meat, pork, wild duck and fish, seasoned, it may be, with soothing drugs. While the savages gorged themselves French musicians played soft music. Soon, with stomachs distended, faces distorted and eyes rolling, the guests begged the host to end the feast, and when, at last he declared that the demon was appeased, a hundred savages lay on the floor in the sleep of repletion.

At eleven o'clock all was ready. In the darkness the French carried boats, canoes and food to the lake. The cold was bitter and ice was again forming. When daylight came the refugees were sweeping down the river, strong with the spring floods and icy cold. It had rapids and a dangerous fall and to pass difficult places the French had to wade in water sometimes up to the neck. All next day they rowed and paddled for some forty miles and, when night fell, they looked out over the dark waters of Lake Ontario and, tired and wet, lay down on the snow for the half-frozen sleep of exhaustion. Next day they hurried for about sixty miles along the south shore of the lake until they reached the entrance of the river St. Lawrence, a mighty flood, a mile wide, so swollen and dangerous that, as far as possible, they must keep near the shore. In one of the tempestuous rapids they lost three men. Day after day they held on amid heart-breaking difficulties from flood and cold until, at last, on the evening of April 3, nearly two weeks after setting out, they reached safety at Montreal. The welcome was joyous for rumours had spread that all had been massacred. The river below Montreal was still ice-bound and this caused a delay of fourteen days; but the fugitives spent

Easter at Three Rivers and they reached Quebec on April 23, the day after the ice broke up at that point. Such a journey by canoe in wintry conditions would to-day seem all but impossible. Yet so normal was acute hardship to the Jesuits that their *Journal* for April 23 has only this entry: "The Onondaga mission is at an end. All our French arrived at five o'clock this evening." Verily, says the devout Ragueneau, the Angel of God guided us as He did his chosen people of old when they fled from the captivity of Egypt.

It is not easy now to imagine what might have been the later history of New France had the mission to the Iroquois won those intractable savages to alliance with France and to acceptance of her religion and culture. As yet the English were far away on the Atlantic coast of New England and the Dutch, a minor nation, held what was soon to become New York. Six years later, in 1664, they lost it, without striking a blow, and they might have lost it to the powerful France of Louis XIV rather than to the weaker England of Charles II, who was soon to be in the pay of France. The French who, after incredible dangers, reached Quebec, perhaps, by their retreat, settled the destiny of one of the great communities of the modern world.

After the flight from Onondaga the Iroquois fury increased. The settler on the outskirts of Montreal, or Three Rivers, or Quebec went to the fields in the morning with a knife, and perhaps a hatchet or a pistol, at his belt; and often with a musket hung over his shoulder. His seizure by lurking savages might mean torture through a long night amid the jeers of human fiends. While he worked in the fields, his wife and children might vanish to a merciless captivity. Yet were the fields tilled and new settlements made for the settler's courage was sustained by religious faith. At this period became general a devout practise still continued in some households in French Canada. Morning and evening, says the *Relation* of 1651, in every

house the family gathers; together they confess their sins; the head of the family leads in saying a Litany; and women, children and servants join in the responses. More than a thousand years earlier, in the midst of war and tumult, Europe and Asia had heard the same cry: "O God, the Father of Heaven, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners."

The tales of suffering, of miraculous escape, of stern retribution during the period are endless. Some of the instances satisfy our sense of justice. In June, 1660, eight renegade Hurons, who had become Iroquois, lurked near a house at St. Anne de Beaupré, twenty miles below Quebec, and when the men went out for the day the savages rushed in, seized the young wife and her four children, and paddled off. Word went quickly to Quebec to watch for the canoe on its way homeward and a party, chiefly of Algonquins, lay in wait at Point Levy, opposite Quebec. For safety the marauders travelled by night, and at about ten o'clock on the evening of June 5, the huge canoe, bearing eight savages and the woman and her four children, came creeping past. A sharp volley wounded fatally the woman and killed one child, but stopped the canoe and those of the Iroquois not drowned were made prisoners. The life of one, a youth of fifteen, was spared, but the others were divided between Three Rivers and Quebec, to be publicly tortured and burned by the Indian allies of the French. No doubt some of the harassed Europeans in Quebec watched with grim content the burning of their tormentors. The Jesuits were comforted when one of the doomed savages asked for and received baptism, for since he was to die at once, there was no danger of relapse and no period of probation was required. God works in mysterious ways, says the *Relation* of 1660, for the torments of fire thus open the door of heaven, even to Iroquis; what a marvel to see a wolf, come to ravage the sheepfold of Jesus Christ, suddenly turned into one of His lambs! We call up a picture of

the square in the town; the stakes and the firewood in the centre; swarthy victims with torn flesh enduring prolonged agony; French spectators awed and perhaps horror-stricken. The age was hardened to physical suffering. During the Thirty Years' War, which ended in 1648, brutal soldiery in Germany tortured men, violated women, and impaled children on their swords, or dashed them against walls, and regions as great as Huronia were left tenantless, except for a few old men or women, clinging to ruined homes amid their dead. The starving people even robbed the graves and cut corpses from the gallows for food.

The executions at Quebec in 1660 had one startling effect. It was a native custom that dying prisoners should reveal what they knew of the plans of their people. Those now burned declared that hundreds of Iroquois were already on the way to take Quebec and wondered that they had not yet arrived. We know why. In command of the garrison at Montreal was a young officer of good family, Adam Dollard, Sieur des Ormeaux. Some incident in France had made him an exile in Canada and he seems to have wished to gain fame by a striking deed of valour. Now he saw an opening. The savages burned at Quebec told of an Iroquois vow that the summer of 1660 should see the final ruin of the French. Quebec should fall first, then Three Rivers, and last of all Montreal. A great army of warriors was to gather on the St. Lawrence, while far up the Ottawa, in the Algonquin country, a large band which had spent the winter in hunting was only waiting for the ice to break up in order to join other bands below Montreal and to swoop down upon Quebec.

To meet the danger Dollard and sixteen other young men formed a plan to go out and attack any Iroquois bands which they might find on the Ottawa River. They expected to return, but the venture was perilous for they intended neither to give nor to accept quarter, and before they set

out near the end of April they made their wills and took the communion. A little delay to permit of the spring sowing would have freed others to go with them, but Dollard feared to be too late, and, moreover, if elders went, he might not have the coveted command. Though the young Frenchmen were not skilled canoeists and the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, hardly yet free of floes of ice, were dangerous even for the expert, by May 1 Dollard had reached an abandoned Algonquin palisade at the foot of the Long Sault Rapid, on the Ottawa, and had begun to repair it. Here some forty Hurons and Algonquins joined the party. While they were busy with this work the Iroquois suddenly appeared paddling down the river. They landed to attack the French, and soon two hundred savages had surrounded the weak palisade. So deadly, however, was the fire of the French that the Iroquois were checked, and sent for aid to other Iroquois numbering, by one account, nine hundred, lurking in the islands of the Richelieu River. Against the first two hundred Iroquois, Dollard held out for a week; after many hundreds more had arrived, he held out for still three days. The French lacked water and when they dug for it in the ground, the trickle, we are told, with grim realism, was not as great as that of the blood from the wounded. With the exception of a brave Algonquin chief, Annahotaha, the treacherous Hurons and Algonquins, enticed by promises of mercy, jumped over the palisades—there was no gate—and joined the enemy, who promptly tortured some of them to death. At last when, in overwhelming numbers, the Iroquois pressed up to the palisade, Dollard tried to drop among them over the wall a cask of gunpowder. It caught, however, in a branch and exploded among the French. The end came in hand-to-hand fighting. One Frenchman killed some of his wounded companions to save them from capture, but the Iroquois took and tortured to death four or five. The whole story became known

a little later when some of the renegade Hurons had escaped and reached Montreal. A week after the tragedy a fleet of three hundred canoes led by Radisson, who had gone to trade westward after taking part in the "eat-all" feast by which the French escaped from the Onondagas, came sweeping down the Ottawa for barter at Quebec and paused to survey the scene of the struggle. By the river bank were charred human remains; trees were marked by bullets; gaping holes had been burned in the stockade; and within, in the clay, he saw a hole scooped out with the object of finding water.

The Iroquois danger was checked by Dollard's sacrifice. Some of the fickle savages now returned to their villages to torture their few prisoners and no doubt to weigh the dangers of the plan to destroy the French. If seventeen Frenchmen within a wretched palisade could hold out so long and kill so many, what chance, the Iroquois may well have thought, against hundreds of defenders behind the walls of the towns? Montreal alone had a hundred and sixty Frenchmen and Maisonneuve, there on guard, was warning other places. From this time the Iroquois seem, in truth, to have realised that their triumph could never be complete. They could not destroy two thousand French in Canada who had the means of securing supplies in Europe.

Dollier de Casson, the head of the Sulpicians at Montreal, declared that Dollard and the other heroic youths had saved Canada when it was on the verge of final ruin and that posterity should honour them. The long struggle with the Iroquois was not yet ended, but in truth New France was delivered, and this posterity has not failed to recognise. In these sacrifices were laid the foundations of a New France which, in spite of the later British conquest, endures still, and has never weakened in its devotion to the faith and culture of its martyrs. The missions had seemed to

fail and the martyrdoms had been many. We cannot, however, weigh success or failure by results traceable in each case, else would man's history seem to be crowded with the wreckage of high resolve and effort. Deep and wide are the compensations of sacrifice. The story of the martyrs of Huronia and of the Long Sault passed into the traditions of the French in Canada, and confirmed their belief in a religion which had produced so selfless a devotion. To many of them in our own time the visions and dreams of priests, nuns, and lay enthusiasts express merely the poetry of devotion; but the sacrifices which these inspired were real and fruitful.

Such visions and dreams call for understanding rather than derision, for they may play a great part in the life of a society. When they came to Joan of Arc she died to save her country and remains the most fascinating and inspiring figure in France's history. In the Hôtel-Dieu at Quebec, during the darkest days of the Iroquois terror, a nun, La Mère Marie Catherine de Saint Augustin, saw demons who suggested to her mind vile impurities. She realised with agony the struggle of good with evil spirits for her soul and to her appeared from the spirit world the martyred Brébeuf to be her guide and confessor. In the Protestant world of the time we find similar emotions. John Bunyan saw evil spirits in monstrous shape, blowing hot flames. He heard in the air fearful cries of cursing and wailing, and in a dream he saw heaven on fire and heard the trumpet of the Day of Judgment. Fearful temptations came to him—thoughts of horrible impurity when he was preaching, the desire to fall down and worship a tree, a broom-stick, and even the parish bull. While followers of the Jesuits believed that a woman was cured by touching the gloves of the martyr Jogues, followers of Bunyan begged on their death-beds that their bodies might be laid as close as possible to his body. Such mystical visions are both

unreal and real. They are unreal to any evidence from the senses of others; they are real and inspire action for those who experience them. Joan's visions made her the captain of an army; and the martyrs in Canada, like Joan in the motherland, helped to create the national tradition which makes French culture and French resolve still so tenacious both in the old France and in the New France which became a British state.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CHURCH IN NEW FRANCE

Even amid the Iroquois peril there had been sharp internal conflict in New France. The Church had quarrelling factions. At Quebec the Jesuits were dominant while at Montreal their supremacy was challenged by the Sulpician Order founded by Jean Jacques Olier in 1645. In the days of what seemed miraculous guidance, the Society of Our Lady of Montreal had secured the island, as a feudal grant, but since the real work of the society was completed when the town came into being, the remaining members were glad in 1657 to transfer their interests to the Order of St. Sulpice. At one time the order had as many as twenty-five thousand members and it is still powerful. Since monopoly is always sensitive about intrusion, the Jesuits, after many labours and martyrdoms, felt that Canada was their peculiar field and hoped to have a bishop who should be in sympathy with their views. Equally, however, could the Sulpicians claim that Montreal was theirs. Soon they too had martyrs. In 1659 two of their priests, Le Maître and Vignal, were killed by the Iroquois. The order opposed the policy of the Jesuits to isolate the natives, and aimed rather to fit them for the life of Europeans.

In 1659 it seemed as if the Sulpicians had stolen a march on the Jesuits. Since many ships and settlers sailed from Rouen, the Archbishop of Rouen claimed that Canada was under his jurisdiction, and he now sent to New France four Sulpicians headed by the Abbé Queylus as the archbishop's

vicar-general and, in effect, bishop. The *Journal* of the Jesuits records their dismay. On arriving the Abbé had gone directly to Montreal, but on September 12 he returned to Quebec and took over the cure of souls. A few days later in a sermon he attacked the designs of the Jesuits. On October 2 the Superior of the Jesuits writes: "To show a desire for peace I went to see the Abbé." The next day the Abbé returned the visit. Then a letter by one of the Jesuit fathers, Pijard, fell into his hands, and he found himself described as waging against the Jesuits a war more pestilent than that of the Iroquois. This angered him and in a sermon on October 21 he likened himself to Jesus among the Pharisees.

To the little community had now come hot dissensions not to be settled at Quebec but in France, where the Jesuits were very powerful. The strife centred in the need of a bishop. It is worthy of note that though, in some of the English colonies, Virginia and New York, for instance, the Church of England was strongly entrenched and aided by the state, no Anglican bishopric was created in America during the whole colonial period. The colonies were nominally under the Bishop of London but were almost wholly beyond episcopal authority. The Roman Church had a stronger policy but there were special difficulties about sending a bishop to Canada. If Canada was a diocese of France the Canadian church would have the liberties of the Church in France. But the Jesuits, true to their policy of devotion to the Pope, wished Canada to be a mission directly under him. Had Louis XIV begun his personal rule as early as in 1659 the Jesuits might have failed. In 1659, however, it was not the young king, already brooding over mastery in both state and church, to whom they appealed, but to the friend of the Jesuits, the queen-mother. The result was that the claim of the Archbishop of Rouen was brushed aside in France, and the Jesuit father Le Jeune was asked

to find a bishop for Canada. It would have been a fitting post for Le Jeune himself, but under the rules of the order no Jesuit could be a bishop and Le Jeune was firm in insisting that the bishop should not be taken from another religious order. In François de Laval-Montmorency, Abbot of Montigny, he found a man devoted to the Society of Jesus. Not yet was he made Bishop of Quebec for Quebec was French and a diocese of New France might claim the liberties of a diocese of old France. Accordingly Laval became the representative of the Pope as "apostolic vicar" with the title of Bishop of Petraea *in partibus infidelium*—in unconverted regions. Against this denial to the Church in Canada of the Gallican liberties Mazarin, still in power, received many protests, and he insisted that the bishop should at least swear allegiance to the king of France. Otherwise the Jesuits had their way.

At the head of the steep Mountain Street in Quebec leading to the Upper Town stands the colossal figure in stone of Laval and, near at hand, looking out over the broad river, are the massive buildings of the modern university which bears his name. He was the Pope's vicar for all New France and in time the jurisdiction extended from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi. Good birth counted for much in the society of New France. Laval's family of Laval-Montmorency was one of the oldest and noblest in France and always he was the aristocrat with the air of command. Members of his family had married into royal houses. There were Lavals among the cardinals of the Church, among the marshals and admirals of France. A near relative was Henry, Duc de Montmorency, that titular Governor of Canada executed by Richelieu because he seemed to aspire to kingship.

Laval was born in 1622 and from early youth he came under the spell of that ascetic revival in France which regarded this life as a torture and death as the great release.

At nine he took the tonsure of a priest; at twelve by family influence he became Canon of Evreux; later he was made Abbot of Montigny. His family sacrificed everything for church and state. Two brothers died on the field of battle, another became a Benedictine monk, the only sister became a nun. To the one remaining younger brother Laval renounced at a date uncertain the family inheritance, in order the more fully himself to turn from the world. He became a member of the strict community of the Hermitage at Caen. The leader was a certain Bernières de Lamoigny, who thanked God for the love which conferred upon men the privilege of enduring pain. Laval was one of a band which made long pilgrimages on foot through the country, begging for bread, and concealing their station, in order that they might lose nothing of the contempt and hard treatment shown to the very poor. In his later years at Quebec he slept in a bed where he was tortured by fleas; to avoid indulgence of the flesh he kept meat until it rotted; and he lived a life of poverty in order to have the means to give to the poor. No one could charge Laval with seeking personal gain. In times of pestilence he nursed the sick night and day, made their beds with his own hands, and shrank from no humble or disgusting service. More than two hundred years after his death an urgent claim was made that he should be canonized.

Laval's arrival in 1659 was welcomed with joy. The Iroquis were menacing Quebec itself with massacre, and the Jesuits declared that he came as a consoling angel from Heaven. After landing at Ile Percée in Gaspé, this first bishop to set foot in Canada spent a month on the way to Quebec visiting remote little stations, to give cheer and comfort. No fewer than a hundred and forty persons were brought to him for confirmation. When, on June 16, 1659, he reached Quebec, church bells rang and cannon boomed in welcome. That day a Huron child was born

and Laval held him at the font in baptism; that day, too, Laval went to a young Huron dying of a loathsome disease, and with his own hands arranged the suffering body to receive the Church's last rites. Hundreds were waiting to be confirmed and prayers went up to God in four languages, Huron, Algonquin, French, and Latin. It was not long before, in the depth of winter and in peril from the Iroquois, Laval was going out on snowshoes to discharge his duties and, in summer, was kneeling in a frail canoe and, during long days, taking his part in the paddling. In his endurance of toil, discomfort and fatigue, he amazed even the ascetics of Canada. No check could daunt him.

Human nature may show contradictions of humility and pride. If, in the ascetic life, Laval is like the English Becket, not less is he like him in the unyielding assertion of his episcopal authority. The Pope was God's Vicar and in the new world Laval was to make good papal supremacy over even the civil power. There is no mistaking the ruling ecclesiastic, the man of unbending will, in Laval's high, narrow forehead, resolute eye, huge nose and thin lips pressed together. The light moustache and the scanty beard were in the clerical fashion of the time. He had no wide outlook, but what he saw he saw clearly. No interference of the secular power was to taint the Canadian Church. Its bishop was to rule. The State had indeed its functions but it must discharge them in the interests of the faith and the morality for which the Church stood. Laval required from all the clergy a declaration that in the Church his jurisdiction alone was to be recognized. Queylus had returned to Montreal and there was seized by a squad of soldiers and incontinently shipped back to France. It showed the disciplinary power of the Roman Church that, after a further struggle, he accepted defeat and became a missionary in Canada under Laval as bishop.

Laval was pursuing this policy in Canada just at the time

when a young monarch on the throne was asserting in ardent terms the divine origin of kingship. There was a deep cleavage between Louis XIV and the Pope. The words Gallican and Ultramontane indicate two opposing schools of religious thought, whose influence goes far beyond France, but it was in France, the ancient Gaul, that Gallicanism had its strongest development. To the Gallican the church of France was a national church closely related to the monarchy. While the Pope was the constitutional head of the whole Church, the bishops too had a call from God and not the Pope alone, but the Pope and the bishops together were the ruling authority. Since kings too derived their power from God, the Pope had no right, in the Gallican view, to interfere in the temporal affairs of princes. The Ultramontanes, on the other hand, gave the Pope full authority over all the earth. It was for him to superintend the life of the nations, their creed, their opinions, their education, their literature, even their science. The Church was superior to the State and might depose kings. Since all the earth is placed by God under a supreme bishop there could be no room for national churches; the whole Church is one. It goes without saying that the instincts of a despotic ruler like Louis XIV favoured the Gallican and not the Ultramontane view. In his desire to be supreme in everything, Louis was ready to make war upon even the Pope. In 1662 there was a riotous fight at Rome between the papal guards and the French escort of the Duc de Créqui, the French ambassador. When the French embassy was attacked, Louis took a high tone and in the end sent a force into Italy and exacted from the Pope humiliating apologies.

In maintaining Ultramontane opinion in France the Jesuits both succeeded and failed. They succeeded because, in middle age, Louis XIV took a Jesuit confessor, came under Jesuit influence, and carried out the Jesuit policy

which included a plan wholly to destroy Protestantism in France. They failed because the completeness of their seeming victory stirred the anger of the nation until, with almost universal approval, the order itself was dissolved by the Pope in 1773. The Jesuits were engaged with the Jansenists in a deep spiritual struggle within the Church. The Jansenist laid emphasis on the inner working of the spirit of God in each contrite heart, while the Jesuit stressed the value of the external discipline and ordinances which to the Jansenist meant a mechanical religion. Just at the time of the most heroic phase of the work of the Jesuits in Canada, Pascal was writing in France in fascinating literary style his *Letters of a Provincial.* Their irony and wit, their freshness and charm, have made them classics in literature and Pascal pressed the Jansenist attack on Jesuit morality. In its worship of the letter, the order, he urged, neglected the love of God as a motive for human conduct. The *Letters* appeared in 1656, the year of the perilous mission to the Onondagas. When the dispute crossed the sea to New France charge of Jansenism were made from the pulpits of Quebec against those who opposed the Jesuits. To Laval's autocratic temper the Jansenist view of an inner light superior to external authority was an offence. So also was Gallicanism. Jansenism died out, but Gallicanism had the support of the civil power and to this day has a vital meaning in French Canada.

The presence of a single Protestant in Canada involved to Laval a danger like that of the germs of pestilence. While in Massachusetts death was the penalty of a priest's presence, Laval did not desire one so extreme for Protestants in Canada; but when he heard that the French merchants sometimes sent out Protestant clerks he objected that they had not the loyalty of Catholics to the king, and that Quebec was not too remote from Boston for them to plan revolution. Their discourse was, he said, seductive,

they had books, they sometimes assembled together, people spoke of them as honourable, and nothing could shake them in their error. Since they were a danger, Protestant clerks, he urged, should not be allowed to come to Canada.

The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries made much of the externals of rank. In England the pomp which attended the journey of a great noble is in amusing contrast with the lack of ceremony of the ducal traveller of to-day, lost in the crowd which awaits the arrival or departure of a train. Even amid the equality of conditions in New England a guard of soldiers was needed to escort the governor to church. When, in 1660, Louis XIV went to meet his bride arriving from Spain, his equipage extended along the highway for miles. Questions of ceremony and precedence caused trouble between the envoys of the nations, led to intolerable delay, and sometimes to bloody brawls. When Louis XIV built the great palace at Versailles and gathered about him the nobility of France, the disputes over precedence were endless. We need not wonder, therefore, that in Canada, where relations between Church and State must be fixed for the future, it seemed to matter whether it was the governor or the bishop who should receive the higher mark of honour. In truth it did matter, for on this depended whether Canada should be chiefly a mission or a real New France. In modern capitals questions of precedence cause anxiety, as London and Washington well know, but usually rules are precise enough to solve difficulties. In Quebec, however, there were as yet no rules and there was no one to make them. If the bishop or the governor yielded, the future might be compromised. Hitherto, the superior of the Jesuits, assuredly not a great prelate, could not claim precedence of the governor who was a ruling magistrate, but now a prelate was on the spot.

Argenson, who had become governor in 1658, was young, devout, and forceful. So also was Laval, and within

three months of his arrival in 1659 strife broke out. Hitherto, it seems, the seat of the governor in church had been within the altar rail; now Laval insisted that the governor, a layman, should remain outside that sacred enclosure. The governor had been churchwarden, by right of his secular office, but to this Laval refused his assent. The catechising of children was a ceremony at which both the governor and the bishop were present and, when difficulty arose as to which of them the children should first salute, the Jesuits tactfully arranged that the children's hands should be so engaged that no salute to either would be possible. When, however, two mischievous boys saluted the governor first, Laval insisted that they should be whipped. The Jesuits could not ask governor and bishop to dine together at their table, since one would have a seat above the other. In church services, however, Laval was supreme, and at Christmas he was censed by a deacon, while a lesser person censed the governor. But at the Castle of St. Louis the governor was in control and there, when soldiers were drawn up for the ceremonial procession of the Fête-Dieu and Laval demanded that they should not only take off their hats but also kneel as he paused to recite prayers, the governor replied that it was the soldier's duty to remain standing. In the end, to avoid difficulty, such processions were abandoned. When Laval assumed power to punish for blasphemy a prisoner of the state who was a heretic, there was furious strife; the militant bishop excommunicated persons for civil offences and he is said to have declared that "a bishop can do what he likes." When at last Argenson appealed to the king for instructions, the king was wary and had soft words for both sides. Time alone might solve an issue which still flares up in French Canada.

When Argenson retired in 1661 no quarrels with his successor, the Baron Dubois d'Avaugour, about ceremony

seemed likely. He was an old soldier, honest, devout, and capable, with peremptory manners but a kind heart. So simple were his ways that he would not have any formal inauguration to his office. Laval planned to receive him with ceremony at the door when he should first attend the parish church, but he headed it off by going unattended to mass on a week day and thus making a formal first reception unnecessary. For a time he did not even occupy the governor's residence but lived in the house of M. Jean Bourdon. He went about calling at private houses, broke bread informally with the Jesuits, and declared himself the enemy of all ceremony.

In a sharp issue which soon arose between Laval and the governor, Laval was morally in the right. As we have seen, the Europeans had quickly found the most desolating weakness of the natives to be the feverish taste for brandy. Marie de l'Incarnation notes that they became easily intoxicated and she thought that the lack of flavouring in their food, especially of salt, made fiery liquids both attractive and deadly. Champlain had tried to check an evil, deplored by every good man. Laval watched it anxiously, and Marie de l'Incarnation says that he pined away before what he saw and well-nigh died of grief. On Easter Day, 1660, he quoted in the church God's word to Moses, calling him down from the Mount: "*Descende, peccavit populus tuus*" (Go down, thy people have sinned) and declared excommunication against those taking part in the vile traffic. Prohibition was, however, a problem for the civil authority; Laval had not secured for his act the governor's consent, but he awed the offenders and the evil was checked. The governor went with him so far as to consent to a law that the civil penalty for the offence should be death.

If the misery could be ended by such enactments the penalty was not too severe. In 1672, Nicolas Denys, who held the post of governor and was owner of vast lands in a

part of what is now Nova Scotia, published his *Description Geographical and Historical of the Coasts of North America* (*Arcadia*). In this he described scenes on the Atlantic duplicated as far west as Lake Superior. In Acadia when ships had sold their liquor to the natives and had sailed away, the orgy would begin. The Indians, says Denys, "care only for brandy; they do not think it worth while to drink unless they get drunk and fight and hurt each other. When a debauch begins the women remove from the cabins the weapons on which the men can lay hands, muskets, axes, spears, bows and arrows, even knives, everything which might inflict deadly wounds. . . . Then they clear off to the woods with the children and hide." Women who remained drank with the men and the bout would last for two or three days. No year passed in such a camp without the killing of six or eight Indians; brother murdered sister, husband strangled wife, a mother might throw a child into the fire or into the river. Everything in the cabins would be smashed and the din would endure until came exhaustion or stupor. Blasphemy, thieving, impurity resulted. But the man who committed murder in his frenzy would deny any guilt; not he but the drink was the culprit.

Clearly, to check such evils, severity was needed. Avaugour was a merciful man, given to softening severe sentences. Undoubtedly many in the colony were selling liquor to the Indians and, if the law making it a capital offence had been retroactive, some of the highest in Quebec and Montreal might have adorned the gibbet. When, therefore, Avaugour had cases under the new and severe law he leaned to mercy. Laval, however, wished severity, and in October, 1661, Quebec had a spectacle which must have stirred many a guilty heart. Two men were condemned to be hanged for selling brandy to Indians. In pity Avaugour allowed them to be shot while another offender was whipped. During the outcry against this rigour an incident occurred which

angered Avaugour. The family of a woman put in prison for this offence begged Father Lalemant, the superior of the Jesuits, to intercede with the governor in her behalf. Avaugour's reply to the Father was brusque: "Since this woman is not to be punished there shall be no penalty for any one else." There was great jubilation at the leave given by the governor to furnish drink to the savages, says the *Journal* of the Jesuits in January, 1662. After some hesitation Laval acted, but when, on February 24, he again excommunicated those sharing in the trade, for once his authority failed. Protests and even riots broke out and on the same day he was obliged to revoke his act. The governor had made up his stiff military mind and the Indians were free to have what brandy they could buy.

Such disorders and outrages ensued in Quebec that, if the wicked rejoiced, some of the saints mourned. "I see the majesty of God dishonoured, the Church brought into contempt and souls in danger of perdition," wrote Marie de l'Incarnation, on August 10, 1662. Two days later, Laval sailed for France to secure support in his fight. While the forces with Avaugour were not organized, Laval had the potent papal influence and he won an easy victory. Not only was Avaugour recalled; Laval was asked to name his successor. The bluff old soldier seems to have had few regrets at his recall. On the way to France in 1663 he wrote a report in which he outlined a policy for the young king. There could be a New France, he said, which would become both the most attractive and the most powerful state in the world. Quebec should be made impregnable with a fort on the south side of the river and one at the St. Charles. France should not tolerate the English and the Dutch as neighbours. Their towns were both rich and heretical and, if the king would put under his, Avaugour's, command four thousand men and ten big vessels of war, he would undertake between May and July to capture both

Boston and Manhattan, and then he would ascend the Hudson and capture Orange, the poor little wooden Dutch fort, and return by Lake Champlain to Canada. He would put governors in all the English and Dutch towns and crush opposition. France should then divide North America into ten provinces with Quebec as the model. Three thousand men could scatter the Iroquois rabble. By holding the Hudson River, the French would have an outlet to the sea in winter when the St. Lawrence was closed. The soldiers sent out should be chosen for their fitness to become settlers. By this strong action France could stay the progress of heresy in America and four hundred thousand francs a year for ten years would do the work. It is noteworthy that, within a year after this report was written, the English did exactly what Avaugour advised the French to do against the Dutch, and the Dutch colony became New York. The old soldier turned his zeal to the war of Austria against the Turks and in 1664 he was killed in Croatia.

CHAPTER XIV

NEW FRANCE UNDER COLBERT

THE *Relation* of 1661 is a vivid document. The writer was Father Le Jeune, who some thirty years earlier had faced hard labours among the savages but was now living in France, though recently he had visited Canada. In the year 1661 alone one hundred and fourteen persons had been killed, of whom nearly eighty were French. "All conditions of men, all ages and sexes have this year been sacrificed to the fury of our enemies," wrote Le Jeune, and he made a direct appeal to the patriotism of the young king, Louis XIV: if he took counsel of heaven he might find that his own welfare was wrapped up in that of New France. "When you consider, Sire, what the French name signifies, you will know that a great king who makes Europe tremble ought not to be held in contempt in America." His appeal, he added, was "not in the language of a court but of the heart." Two years later, when the Jesuit father, Du Creux, was writing in France a history of Canada, he addressed an appeal to the king in similar terms.

Hitherto the mind of political France had never really turned to Canada; the problems at home were too absorbing. By the year 1661, the two cardinals, Richelieu and Mazarin, had ruled France for about forty years. The death of Richelieu in 1642 had been followed in the next year by that of Louis XIII. Since the new king, Louis XIV, was a child of five his infancy aroused hopes in a

restless nobility that they might regain power lost under Richelieu. Moreover, with the ending of the long Thirty Years' War in 1648, there was a lawless soldiery without employment and ready for mischief. Cardinal Mazarin, who took over Richelieu's tasks, had to face the dangerous rebellion of the Fronde, and when it ended in 1653 France had a despotic monarchy. The young king endured in Mazarin a minister who ruled with something like royal pomp; no one sat while engaged with the cardinal, and always a great train followed him. This Louis pondered. When, a little later, he gave counsel to his youthful son, he said of himself: "I determined at all costs to have no prime minister; the name should be banished for ever from France. . . . Never allow yourself to be ruled; be the master. . . . God, who made you king, will give you needed light." On the morning after Mazarin died in 1661, Louis summoned the ministers and startled them by saying that he should rule in person. Henceforth, he said, they should give him their counsel when he should ask for it, but he forbade them to sign the most trivial document, even a pass, without his order. Daily they must report to him and to no one were they to show favour.

Since the monarchy had saved the unity of France it is hardly strange that the nation now made its young ruler an object of worship. He was the first offspring of a marriage childless during its first twenty-two years, and his people called him "the gift of God" whose birth made the monarchy secure. To them royalty had a mystical power and Louis was spoken of as "a living Christ" whose touch performed miracles of healing. "When the king goes out the rain stops," said Primi Visconti, an Italian admirer. Within less than a century this despotism had crumbled into ruins, but it is true that Louis gave to France a position in the world which she had never before held and which she has never since lost. Under him France became the leader of

continental Europe in letters, in painting and sculpture, in architecture, and in refined manners. There is something wholesome in the tastes of a king who took active exercise and lived in the open air, created beautiful gardens, built great roads, and tried to give classic dignity even to the language of daily life. If there was corruption at his court there was always decorum, and vice, in Burke's phrase, lost half its evil by losing all its grossness. Louis gave to France "the ministry of beauty," and his self-discipline for his great place in the world was heroic. Kings, whose functions are divine, have no right, he said, even to be ill and must seem incapable of disturbing passions. God alone is the judge of their rule, but He holds them to strict account. They must try to know all that concerns the welfare of their people. Louis bore himself with majesty surrounded by magnificence. To-day the majesty is gone, but the palace and the gardens of Versailles are his monument of magnificence and France still counts herself the home of the rare and exquisite things of life that Louis aimed to make her, a land of glory, military and spiritual, of happiness and of beauty.

The foreign policy of Louis XIV was dominated by his rivalry with Spain. The court of Spain had long assumed airs of superiority towards the court of France. With impregnable pride Philip IV showed disdain for Louis XIV, and Spanish dignitaries claimed precedence over French. This was in itself intolerable, and Louis remembered also that Francis I of France had been taken captive to Spain and treated with Castilian insolence, that Philip II had fomented civil war in France and tried to partition it, and that Spain had aided the rebels of the Fronde. She was entrenched on France's frontiers from Italy to the Netherlands, and because she did not know her own weakness ventured sometimes to adopt a menacing tone.

A chief cause of the colonial ambitions of France is to be

found in the resolve of Louis XIV to humble Spain. Himself half a Hapsburg, through his Spanish mother, he was determined to take over Spain's great rôle in the world. Was he not the successor of Charlemagne, king of the Franks, who in the year 800 had founded the Holy Roman Empire? In 1662, at the festivities over the birth of the dauphin, Louis appeared in the dress of a Roman emperor, and this reveals his mind. He was chastened later by adversity, but he never wavered in his aim to displace the House of Hapsburg from its position and himself to lead Europe; and his success was real. He lived to see his courtiers at Versailles jeer at the barbaric manners of the Spanish court, at the idleness, the ignorance, the mock solemnity and the rustic type of dress of its courtiers; and to see on the throne of Spain his own grandson, not a Hapsburg but a Bourbon, who founded the dynasty which still endures in Spain. Louis XIV could not grasp all that he desired, but he gave France the first place in Europe and those natural frontiers on the Rhine which she retains.

Mazarin once declared that in Louis XIV was enough of greatness to make four kings and one upright man. On the other hand a sharp-tongued courtier, Saint-Simon, declares that the talents of Louis were even below mediocrity. His regal charm of manner, his refined taste, a certain sympathetic temper, "the gift of tears," delicacy of feeling and dislike to give pain, made him an imposing figure in the life of a great court. He had good sense, and the caution, of his favourite phrase, *Je verrai.* On the other hand, he was capable of cold and brutal cruelty, and up to middle age he was licentious, though less so than his cousin Charles II, and he had what Charles lacked, genuine uneasiness at his own lapses. In work Louis was a model of regularity. He toiled for eight or nine hours each day and spent much of his life in annotating reports and writing letters. When the day came to make decisions respecting Canada, he read

voluminous papers, many of which still exist, with careful annotations in his own handwriting. He disliked frivolous talk with women and would discuss public matters only in council with his ministers. Perhaps genius is required to rule a state wisely. A modern prime minister, chosen especially for the task, often fails. Louis was hardly a man of genius and he attempted even more than genius could perform. Kings, he said, born only for the public good, ought to be humble about themselves but proud as to their position; their profession is great, noble, delightful, and their happiness is to be found in lofty enterprises for the well-being of their people. Louis was so sensible as not to be pleased when the Minimes Frères of Provence said that God was only a copy of Louis XIV, and he was not offended when Gramont called his verses bad. He bore the rebuke when, before the adulterous and warlike king, Bourdaloue preached a sacrificing sermon on impurity and Mascaron on war. Yet was Louis always the god-like ruler, who delighted to sit in a great chair, like a throne, with his counsellors about him, and to say quietly the final word which should decide their differences.

Since the old nobility might presume on their rank Louis XIV denied to them any important part in the government. His despotism, like that of Napoleon later, was democratic enough to open a career to talents. Mazarin's most trusted servant had been Jean Baptiste Colbert, the son of a draper in the ancient city of Rheims. Now he served Louis XIV faithfully, though, like Richelieu and Mazarin, he amassed a great fortune. An insatiable greed for offices for his relations was one of his defects. In state affairs he was both ruthless and tireless. With him in power colonies must be business ventures. France should create a world empire and a world commerce, and to do it she had nearly twenty million people, perhaps three times the population of England. In the far east she had, like England and Holland, a great

trading company. Though she left most of South America unchallenged to Spain and Portugal, she held a position in the West Indies more secure it seemed than England's until in 1655 Oliver Cromwell took Jamaica from Spain. In Hindustan, Colbert began trading posts, and he sent feelers to far Japan. In Asia, Africa and America France might, thought Colbert, take what she needed; in Asia the Dutch settlements in Ceylon; in Africa the Cape; in America what both England and Holland still held. She should seize such strategic points as Aden and Singapore. In his fear and hatred of a republic, Colbert even planned to conquer the Dutch republic.

To achieve such tasks ships were needed, and Colbert devoted much energy to the revival of the French marine which had been woefully neglected. It was not easy to interest the king in ships. He was never on the sea, and it is doubtful whether he ever put foot on a ship other than those of inland waters. He had little imagination, and was always reluctant to spend money in remote regions which he could not see with his own eyes. To instruct him in the marine Colbert created a little Venice at Versailles. There were a grand canal with gondolas presented by the Doge of Venice, feluccas of Naples, and English yachts carrying sailors in uniform. There was, too, a naval museum, and Colbert helped to create a school of naval construction. He built arsenals and fortified seaports. But the king's attention to ships were spasmodic and artificial; his thoughts were of soldiers; and the wish to conquer Holland, from which could come no enduring results, aroused him more than plans to create a great French Empire overseas.

Though Colbert's grandiose dreams were never to be realised, he might have made New France prosperous. Conditions seemed to favour emigration, for in France there was acute distress. The age was one of glory for Louis XIV

and for France, but not for the masses of his people. France tends to run to extremes; even in 1871, in the last of her civil wars, she executed without trial many thousand men and women. So ruthless had been the wars of religion that when Henry IV was king the villages in whole regions became deserted ruins. The wars of the Fronde, from 1649 to 1653, led in some districts to the misery of cannibalism. In 1662, at the dawn of the glory of Louis XIV, there were more than six thousand paupers in one house of charity in Paris. During the winter of 1663-1664, when Louis XIV was coming to the rescue of Canada, there were in a single town two hundred orphans whose parents had starved to death. In some villages children were found dead with grass in their mouths. It seemed that, for a decent standard of living, France's twenty millions were too many. Colbert desired, however, not fewer but more people in France. He encouraged early marriages, and eased taxation for those with ten or more children, on condition that none should become priest, monk, or nun, so that all might engage in productive labour. He even essayed the hard task of forcing the beggars, who thronged in France, to work. Idle pilgrims he ordered to be flogged. Produce! produce! produce! was his cry, in order to create wealth.

In appealing to the king in 1661, in the name of the honour of France, Le Jeune touched the monarch's pride. The torment of New France meant derision for France's power and religion. In 1659, when the Iroquois crept up and killed Le Maitre, a Sulpician priest, at Montreal, a savage donned the black robe of the priest, threw over it a sheet to serve as surplice, and then, in view of the walls of the town, led a procession round the body in mockery of the Church's funeral rites. While this parody outraged religious feeling, other incidents stirred pity. Marie de l'Incarnation describes how Madame d'Ailleboust, wife of

the former governor, nearly died of horror when she met by chance a man carrying into Montreal for decent burial a body, strapped to his own, and with this a mass of severed arms and legs, the result of a recent massacre. As he passed through the streets the wives and children of the dead raised loud lamentations. Surely this a king, the greatest in Europe, could not endure. Canada's need seemed even to call portents from heaven. We hardly wonder that, in the dire anxiety of the time, in a land of forests and vast solitudes, men seemed to hear in the air thunderous voices and the wails of women and children.

Argenson, the governor, who retired to France in 1661, told the young king, in the flush of his new personal rule, that without help Canada would be lost. Argenson's successor, Avaugour, sent back to France a message that he could not remain unless prompt aid were forthcoming, and he added a jibe at the futile Company of New France which, he said, seemed rather to welcome the Iroquois outrages as a sign of the wrath of heaven on the Canadians for not paying to the Company their annual tribute. In 1662 the colonists sent to France one of their number, Pierre Boucher, to place their need before the king. To him Boucher described the woe of Canada and added a glowing vision of its becoming a kingdom greater and fairer than France itself: none, he said, who knew the country wished to leave it; he had met in Paris many who had fled from the Iroquois terror and were yet eager to return. The coldest winter was more cheerful than winter in France. When Louis asked whether children would thrive in Canada, Boucher was the person to give a conclusive answer, for he survived to see a hundred and fifty descendants. The king was convinced; Canada should be rescued; he would smite the Iroquois. At once he gave orders to build boats which would be needed to carry troops up the Richelieu River to

the Iroquois country. After this Boucher sailed for Canada with a letter promising that a whole regiment should come and with him went many new colonists and a hundred soldiers.

Early in the evening of February 5, 1663, at the close of a serene day, Quebec was startled by a rumbling as of carriages driven rapidly over a rough pavement. Houses shook like trees in a strong wind; the air was filled with thick dust; roofs rattled as in a hail storm; closed doors opened and opened doors closed; church bells rang with no hand to touch them; stone chimneys crumbled and falling timbers drove people from their houses in wild terror; in fear cattle lowed and bellowed. Some even declared that moanings came from that strange, inarticulate creature, the white whale, in the great river. Disturbed imaginations magnified the alarm. The very mountains, says the *Relation* of 1663, seemed to be torn from their roots; some rivers disappeared, others ran yellow or red; voices were heard in the air and shapes of men were seen with fire pouring from their mouths. In the Hôtel-Dieu, at Quebec, a devout nun, as she prayed for mercy on sinful souls, saw four enraged and furious demons at the four corners of Quebec, threatening its destruction until a majestic being, wonderful in beauty, rebuked their rage and drove them off still threatening. We know what was happening. This was the great earthquake of 1663, severe in Canada and felt in New England. The shocks continued from time to time during the greater part of the summer but no lives were lost and little real injury was done. We may indeed impute to the nervous strain of the time the startling accounts of a convulsion of nature not infrequent in the region of the St. Lawrence; in the year 1925 a similar shock caused alarm and injury to buildings. In 1663 God seemed by these portents to announce change and, in truth, a new era was at hand.

With Laval in France using clerical influence, with lay voices urging that the honour of France was at stake, with a young king eager to play a great rôle, it seemed that France was now to carry out an adequate colonial policy. The first need was that the king should take over full control of New France and get rid of the futile Company of New France whose whole history is one of dismal failure. It had always lacked capital, and the shareholders had now dwindled to a few who were thinking chiefly of what they might get from the inevitable wreck. The Company, owner of an empire, had shirked its pledge to send out by 1643 four thousand settlers, by making huge grants of land and trying to pass on to the new owners the task of settlement. To the son of the governor, Lauzon, had been granted land on the St. Lawrence stretching for nearly two hundred miles from the mouth of the St. Francis river to a point far above Montreal, but there is no evidence that he ever placed on his grant a single settler. His father, the head of the Company, had taken for himself the island of Montreal, made over later to the Sulpicians, and a vast tract on the St. Lawrence opposite Quebec. Already we have seen it dodging its duties when in 1645 because trade languished it had handed over its unprofitable monopoly in trade to an association at Quebec called the Company of Inhabitants (*La Compagnie des Habitants*) on the hard condition that they should assume the Company's debts, pay the needed salaries, including that of the governor, and also an annual tribute to the Company of a thousand pounds of beaver skins. It retained, however, its ownership of the land of New France.

This control of trade by the Company of Inhabitants had meant only a new evil. Thereby a few influential persons secured so complete a monopoly that no colonist could buy furs from the natives or sell to them. The so-called Company of Inhabitants consisted merely of some eight leading

and unscrupulous men who tricked even the Company of New France by failing to pay the annual tribute of beaver skins, and so stirred its resentment that it seemed to regard the carrying off and torture of settlers by the Iroquois as an act of God in punishment for the default. Argenson, the Governor, asked that the Company of New France should send out an agent to report on conditions, and when, in 1660, Dumesnil, a lawyer, was sent, his enquires at Quebec aroused bitter antagonism. In retaliation for his charges of corruption, some savages were, he declared, incited to kill him. Late in August, 1661, his son was attacked in broad daylight in the streets of Quebec, and so injured that he died on the 29th. During some four years Dumesnil continued his enquiries, until at last, in 1663, a file of soldiers, led by the two chief men whom he accused, went to his house, gagged him, broke open his drawers, and carried off his papers with the proofs of his accusations. Murder, it seems, was not too strong a weapon for profiteers at Quebec to use in order to baulk enquiry.

At last, in 1663, the king ended disorder by a decisive act. At his demand, on February 24, 1663, the few shareholders of the Company of New France met in Paris and performed the one useful act in their power by ending the life of the Company and surrendering to the king its rights. They submitted a long list of their losses which they hoped the king would meet, something to which he gave little heed. He accepted the surrender with the stern reproach that, during the Company's long tenure of privileges, it had done little to send out colonists. Now he intended to see that reforms were carried out. On May 7, 1663, he instructed a certain Louis Gaudais Dupont to go to Canada to take possession on the part of the king and put a stop to abuses. The chief duty of Dupont was to end the rule of the dissolved Company, to put Canada under royal govern-

ment, and to require from the seigneurs an oath of faith and homage to the king.

Dupont remained in Canada for only six weeks. He can have learned little but with a new system he brought new hope. We have in the *Relation* of 1663 a description of Canada as any one sailing up the St. Lawrence in that year would see it. There were signs of progress. Houses were to be seen all the way from Cap Tourmente to Quebec. The Island of Orleans was growing rich harvests. Far away on the south side of the river settlements were visible. Quebec stood out boldly with houses and quays at the lower town and, high up on the cliff, a fort and a group of churches and monasteries. Settlements stretched up the river beyond Quebec to Three Rivers and Montreal. The writer might almost appear to be describing the scene of to-day, and we wonder that so much had been done in spite of the Iroquois fury and of the small number of French settlers.

The enduring system of government for Canada was now matured. On March 17, 1647, Canada had received its first constitution, under which, by royal authority, a governing council was created. A year later this was amended and improved. In the Council were to sit the governor, the superior of the Jesuits, until a bishop should be named, and the governor who had just retired from office, if he should remain in the country. Each of the three towns, Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal, elected a municipal officer called a syndic, and these three, acting with the three permanent members of the Council, were to choose for a term of three years two persons, and thus complete the number of the Council to five. Should the retiring governor leave the country the same electors were to fill the place from among the inhabitants. This system endured, however, for only a few years. When, in 1663, Canada became a royal colony changes were inevitable, and the Edict of April, 1663,

became Canada's second and enduring constitution. It set up a Sovereign Council, and left nothing to popular vote. In the Council were to sit the governor-general, the bishop, and with these five other persons to be named each year by the governor and the bishop jointly. An attorney-general (procureur-général) and a registrar (greffier) also sat in the Council. Most important of all was added in 1665, in the person of Jean Talon, an intendant, who ranked in importance with the governor and the bishop. With minor changes this system endured during the whole remaining period of French rule, and on the whole it worked very well. Canadian opinion had a real influence in the Council, for the five appointed members were usually men of affairs who understood conditions, and since they were on the spot could delay and even abrogate orders from France likely to prove injurious. To be a member of the Council was a high honour. The councillors wore a special costume, and the reports of their deliberations show how carefully they considered the business brought before them.

The powers to be exercised by the Council were not clearly defined. The Decree of 1663 likened it to the Parliament of Paris, which was chiefly a law court. In Canada, however, the king was to be even more supreme than he was in France where royal decrees did not become law until registered by the Parliament of Paris, which claimed and sometimes exercised the power to refuse to register unwelcome measures of the King. This power the king in time over-rode in France; and from the first he did not intend to give to the Sovereign Council at Quebec the function of registering decrees and, with this, authority to bring them into force only at its pleasure. The Council was to be a judicial body, the final court in all cases civil and criminal. It was also to carry on the government with power to regulate trade and to spend money but with no power of taxa-

tion. The king reserved and exercised the right to take direct action in the affairs of Canada without reference to the Sovereign Council. A few years after 1663 it was re-named the Supreme Council, at a time when in France, no less than in Canada, the king forbade such use of the word sovereign, since, as he said, foreign nations might not understand that he alone was sovereign. For judicial purposes the Council met once a week at Quebec. At the upper end of a long table sat the governor with the bishop on his right hand and the intendant on his left, the three in exactly equal line, since matters of precedence were of high importance. There were regulations as to whether a member should speak sitting or standing and as to the wearing of swords. Quebec was nearly as formal as Versailles.

Louis XIV had just abolished a trading company to whose neglect he attributed failures and had assumed the direct government of the colony. Yet now, to our surprise, he creates a new Company with the powers of the old one. One reason seems plausible. International law hardly existed, pirates and privateers made the high seas insecure, and protection, which the state did not furnish, was too costly to be borne by the private trader. Thus the great trading company seemed to meet the need of the age. Through the Dutch East India Company Holland was founding an Eastern Empire, England had its East India Company and was soon to create the Hudson's Bay Company, a powerful organization which still plays a great part in commerce. France had similar ambitions and in Colbert a remarkable leader. His energy carried him into every sphere. He was reorganising finance, creating a great navy, developing industries and giving attention to art and letters. To him success involved control by one directing mind and this "man of marble," as he was called, himself toiled and was relentless in what he required from others. And now, in 1664, to give France the leadership of the world in com-

merce, he divided the vast field under two monopolies. The Company of the East Indies was to have the east. To the Company of the West Indies (*Compagnie des Indes Occidentales*) were granted the west coast of Africa from Cape Verde to the Cape of Good Hope; South America from the Amazon to the Orinoco River; North America from Florida northward, including Newfoundland and other islands, and Canada. It hardly mattered that other nations held some of these regions. The Company was to own the land and to have the monopoly of trade. How reconcile these sovereign rights of the Company with the intention of the king himself to govern the colonies? No reconciliation is possible. In one hand the king held what with the other he gave away, and thus created a mischievous dualism. He could do this with a light heart, since at any time his personal authority would over-ride all other rights, and soon it was clear that he and not the Company was to be the real master of New France.

No support which the state could give was lacking to the French companies, except the privilege of being left alone to do their business in their own way. The king wrote autograph letters to cities and towns asking them to take stock in the trading companies. In consideration of the provision that the companies should support extensive religious establishments, bishops urged the buying of shares and appeals were made at church doors. Nobles were to be free to share in this trade without derogation of rank. The companies were even permitted to grant titles of nobility, though such colonial honours were not accepted by the French nobility as conferring a real equality with them. Intendants brought pressure to bear in their provinces to aid the companies. The urgency was such that foreigners taking shares were offered quick naturalization. Even Jews might go to the colonies to trade though no offer was made to Protestants. None of these influences had enduring

effect. There was little prospect of sound finance when at any time Colbert might order a company to pay a dividend which it had not earned. There were too many officials, too many high salaries to personages at court, and inevitably there was some rascality.

The art of colonization can never be reduced to exact method. While a less developed people may be ruled for their own good by some external authority, it may be doubted whether any colony of Europeans has ever succeeded which did not contain within itself the chief directing energy and authority. The French have a natural capacity for the tasks of pioneers, for clearing the forests and earning a livelihood by incessant labour on the soil. But, in no doctrinaire sense, liberty is necessary for a strong colony. In the growth of a single tree a thousand influences of sun and air are involved and its roots feel their way in every direction; so is it with the life of a colony; only those on the spot can adjust the nice forces which make for natural growth. But this freedom the France of Louis XIV was never willing to give.

The best colonizing work has been done by men fired with religious fervour or economic discontent, who have crossed the sea, in order to be free to shape their own destiny. In France there was discontent on a scale far greater than in England. In spite of the majestic power of Louis XIV, many risings took place during his reign; sometimes even in Paris jibes directed against the king were secretly placarded in public places. This unrest found, however, no natural easement. Those who opposed the religion of the court were not permitted to go to the colonies, while in the colonies independence of thought could not grow up because the leaders were paid servants of the court and obedient to its policy. The peasants of France, isolated in their villages, were too ignorant to organize anything; the bourgeois were broken up into exclusive guilds;

the middle class, then as now, had no unity; and the clergy were divided by the strife of Jesuit and Jansenist. Thus the king, the higher clergy, the nobles and the vast army of officials were all that mattered in France. It was under their lead that France should be great; the duty of the masses was to obey, to pay taxes, to fight and, if need be, to die, for France's glory. This strict despotism did not bring public order. Though in the crowded scene of Paris evils were obscured, elsewhere they were vivid enough. Peasants were plundered in their hovels by armed brigands. "The provinces," wrote the Venetian ambassador, in 1664, "are ruined by the misery of the masses;" and this was true during the whole reign. Yet France secured little relief from colonization. While many thousands of the people of England sought homes overseas, it is doubtful whether during the century and a half of the life of New France as many as ten thousand colonists settled there.

The king both aided and injured the Company of the West Indies. While he forced many towns in France to subscribe for its shares he also forced upon the Company his own choice of directors. No important French company was left to itself. If, perchance, one employed Protestant clerks, an order might come for their peremptory dismissal. At a despotic court selfish intrigue easily gains the ear of a fallible ruler, and the distant colonies had no chance if they menaced interests nearer home. The persons engaged in refining sugar were able to secure a royal order that only raw sugar might come in from the sugar colonies. The cloth makers secured the same prohibition for rival fabrics from the East. Capital had no security from such interference and all the companies languished. In the far east, while English and Dutch trade prospered, French enterprise failed and in the west the Company of the West Indies lasted for only ten years. For its failure we may find two chief causes; grandiose plans which hardly touched reality, and

a mechanical despotism which either never knew or soon forgot the stern realities of cause and effect.

The Church was resolved not to be the servant but the partner of the State in New France. Laval's prestige seemed great when in 1663 he was allowed to find a governor after his own heart. He chose an old friend, the town-major of Caen, Safficey de Mézy, a straight-laced old soldier who had shared with him in the strict life of the Hermitage. With a stern ascetic as bishop and another as governor, the colony, it seemed, might be moulded on a divine pattern. They sailed together for Canada in one of the king's ships and we can imagine the plans for the future which they discussed. But Mézy, like Laval, was used to command. Since, under the new constitution, the two were to select jointly the members of the Sovereign Council, Mézy, a stranger in Canada, left much to Laval, who naturally chose men of his own views. In time doubts began to enter Mézy's narrow mind that some who posed as the bishop's friends were seeking personal gain. The harsh treatment of Dumesnil in his effort to correct abuses was not reassuring. Thus it happened that suddenly Mézy, using his authority as governor, dismissed three members of the Council and ordered that the people should elect their successors. When Jean Bourdon, the procureur-général (attorney-general) denied in the Council Mézy's power so to act, the governor rose from his chair, seized Bourdon by the throat, dragged him to the door, struck him repeatedly and threatened to kill him. This was, no doubt, the rage of a man half mad. A bitter quarrel resulted. Laval rebuked Mézy from the pulpit and the governor replied by placarding through the town to the beat of the drum charges against the bishop. Neither knew the meaning of compromise. In the end Mézy was stricken with illness and when he died in May, 1665, heaven, to many of the devout at Quebec, seemed to have stood by Laval.

Education was to be in the hands of the Church and its first need was for trained priests. At Quebec to-day a great group of buildings includes a modern university, a seminary for the education of priests, and also a school for boys—La Petite Seminaire—in which during two and a half centuries many of the youth of Canada have received their early training. One sees still in the streets of Quebec bareheaded boys wearing blue coats so long as to seem skirts, confined by a green sash at the waist. If we follow them we shall probably find our way by narrow, crooked streets to the entrance of the great courtyard of the seminary with a vast tree in the centre surrounded by buildings unmistakably French, of the style of the late seventeenth century. As we ramble about in this huge medley of masonry we shall see interminable corridors, a great gallery high up with noble views of the mighty river and the blue Laurentian Mountains, and on the gallery priests in black soutanes, sometimes in pairs in deep converse, sometimes alone and with moving lips reading the breviary. A stone arch marking the entrance of a narrow passage to the buildings has over it a monogram formed of the letters S.M.E. It is that of the *Séminaire des Missions Etrangères.* The parent seminary was founded in Paris in 1663 and Laval at once affiliated with it his foundation at Quebec. Here is expressed the motive—missionary work—from which came this college and over all seems to brood the spirit of the founder, Laval. It is fitting that the modern university, which is not the parent but the child of the seminary, should bear his name.

In April, 1663, just when the king was taking over the rule of Canada, Laval secured the royal approval of his plan. The seminary was to be the centre of the ecclesiastical life of Canada. There Laval dwelt and near the spot in the great episcopal palace dwells still the archbishop of Quebec, who usually has the high rank of cardinal. The

training of priests began in 1663 and the seminary for boys was opened in 1668. To the seminary Laval handed over his own private income, and he secured for it not only lands in Canada which to-day bring in large revenues, but also the income of three abbeys in France. The Canadian parishes were to pay the tithe and all tithes were to go to the seminary. Laval demanded a tithe of one-thirteenth of the harvest of grain, but the habitants protested, and in the end half this amount, one twenty-sixth, was secured. It is still levied for the support of the parish priest. Laval required that all priests should be removable by the bishop. In him and the seminary should centre the whole life of the Canadian Church. Every parish priest visiting Quebec, no matter how humble, was invited to lodge at the seminary; if he was ill, and when he became old, its doors were open to receive him. He was expected to keep up with the seminary a regular correspondence. When he died, prayers were offered there for the repose of his soul. The one condition was that the rule of the bishop should be law, and this rule was to extend to the daily life of the people in the parishes. When we picture the rather forlorn little capital, we are amused to find Laval declaiming against slavery to fashion, and forbidding the communion to women whose arms and shoulders were bare or had only a transparent covering. Parents must bring an infant to be baptized as soon as possible after birth, and intentional delay brought the refusal of the sacraments to the offenders.

These conditions meant that monarchy and theocracy were in rivalry for supremacy in New France, as also they were in France until the crisis of the Revolution when the Church was overthrown. In New France the Church was more dependent on the State than it was in old France, and in action, if not in the realm of opinion, the victory was with the State, for the successors of Laval never secured the prestige which had enabled him even to name the governor.

The day of the Church came later when secular rule had fallen into the hands of British governors, and the Church remained the chief, almost the sole, public channel by which French ideals of religious and social life were kept before the minds of the people, with the result that they are retained in full vigour to this day. On the secular side, Louis XIV and Colbert gave to Canada, in 1663, a rule marked by an elaborate dualism. Officials ruled in Canada; but there was an overriding authority in France which in the end took in charge the minute affairs of administration. It was efficient in the sense that it neglected no detail, but not so, in the end, could a growing colony be governed.

CHAPTER XV

THE HUMBLING OF THE IROQUOIS

With Canada a royal province and the king its ruler, all things were to become new. At the head of the Company of the West Indies the king placed an old soldier, a noble of high rank, the Marquis de Tracy. As Lieutenant-General over all the French dominions in the west he was to make at once a grand tour of inspection, beginning with South America and working northward. Accordingly, in February, 1664, he and his train of gallant young Frenchmen sailed from France with two ships of the royal navy and many other vessels. For thirty years France had claimed what is now French Guiana, but the colony had not prospered and the Dutch had occupied it. Now came two blows, one by England, one by France, to the colonial empire of Holland. In the year 1664, the English seized what is now New York, and the French recovered Guiana. Tracy sailed to Cayenne and forced the surrender of a colony which from that time has remained French. With him was the military officer La Barre, who won distinction in these operations but later proved a complete failure as governor of Canada. During a year, they visited Martinique, Guadaloupe and San Domingo, and took possession in the name of the new Company. Then Tracy headed northward past the coasts of Florida and Virginia, and at the beginning of June reached the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He was past sixty, a man of huge stature, and now ill from the effects of the West Indian climate.

During that summer Quebec was a busy port. Ship after ship arrived laden with soldiers, with settlers and their families, and with unmarried girls intended to become wives for its surplus of bachelors. Never had a colony an outlook more hopeful. The most powerful state in Europe seemed to be bending its energies to the peopling of a New France. At Quebec the arrival of Tracy was eagerly awaited. The streets of the little town, which had as yet only seventy houses, were thronged with soldiers, with hundreds of workmen, newly arrived, with Hurons and Algonquins, impassive in face but full of fierce joy at the coming war on the Iroquois. Already had arrived from France the many flat-boats ordered by the king, each of them to carry twenty men for passage to the Iroquois country, past the rapids of the Richelieu River.

When on June 30 Tracy's two ships of war were espied far away, Quebec offered an elaborate reception. He wished no ceremony, but on landing a crowd followed him up the steep Mountain Street. At the entrance of the church, while the bells rang, Laval and his clergy awaited Tracy. He entered and knelt in prayer and then he told the people of the work he was to do. The king, he said, had a deep love for Canada and grand designs for its future. He was sending out the famous Carignan-Salières regiment, which had just been fighting the Turks in Hungary, and soon it arrived in this strangely different scene. The sending to Canada of this fine regiment may well have seemed to mark a new epoch; never before had France aided colonial effort on so great a scale. The regiment included more than a thousand men and a hundred officers and, in contrast with the puny aid of Champlain's time, its coming indicated that at last France was resolved to build a great new empire. Company after company, with bands and banners, marched through the streets of Quebec, and in September came also the rulers of Canada whom Tracy was to install

in office. The new governor was Daniel de Rémy, Sieur de Courcelle, and with him came a new type of official, the intendant, Jean Talon, who was to be the business man in the new system. They were men of rank. Courcelle had been governor of Thionville, and though too impetuous to succeed in forest warfare, he proved a good governor. Of Talon we shall hear much.

Operations against the Iroquois began at once. They had harassed Canada chiefly by way of the Richelieu River, and thither were now sent some eight hundred men, a great force compared with anything hitherto seen in Canada. The soldiers built three forts impregnable to Iroquois attack; one at the mouth of the river, the present Sorel; one at the foot of the Falls, the present Chambly; one, Fort Thérése, on an island near the point where Lake Champlain discharges its waters into the river. Well may the intractable Mohawks have had sinking hearts at these preparations, but when they made gestures for peace, no one trusted their promises. To the good nuns at Quebec, heaven itself seemed to show interest in the holy war. On one day, instead of a single sun, three suns were seen during half an hour. A comet flared in the south. The earth trembled. When the Ursuline nuns made scapularies for the soldiers, four hundred wore these signs of God's protection. Among the soldiers were some Protestant heretics, but now twenty of them were converted and, on October 8, there was a solemn ceremony in the great church in Quebec at which Berthier, one of the captains, abjured the Protestant faith and was received into the Roman Catholic Church by Laval in full canonicals and in the presence of Tracy and other high officials. The very air of New France, it seemed, was fatal to Protestant opinion.

It was already late autumn but Courcelle, the new Governor, wished to go at once to attack the Iroquois. Though Tracy, older and wiser, preferred to mature effective plans,

the ardent Courcelle hurried to survey the new forts on the Richelieu and to plan a march in mid-winter into the Iroquois country. The wild design was, it seems, opposed by Colonel de Salières, the commander of the regiment. Courcelles, however, persisted. He gathered about a hundred Canadians at Quebec and set out on January 9, the coldest time of the year. At Three Rivers and Montreal came volunteers and when, on January 30, he left Fort Thérése, he had five or six hundred men, some of them only recently from France. Courcelle had arranged to have as guide a band of Algonquins. When they were late in coming, he pushed on rashly without them and of course lost his way in the trackless snow of the forest trails. The route was under the shadow of the Adirondack mountains by way of Lake Champlain to Lake George, and then on across the Hudson into the forest-clad land of the Mohawks. The hardships of the march proved terrible. Every man, including Courcelle himself, had to carry a pack of at least twenty-five pounds and even the dogs bore loads. So harsh was the season that even the natives of Canada, hardened to its winters, could hardly survive the intense cold. Those recently from France, unused to marching on snow-shoes, without fur coats and caps or adequate covering when they lay down at night under the stars, had hands, feet, and arms frozen.

Sometimes in blinding snowstorms Courcelle pressed forward, but he failed to come into touch with any force of the enemy which would stay to fight. At last he almost stumbled upon a little Dutch village, Corlaer, where now is Schenectady, with the Mohawk villages still many miles away. The news of the arrival of so large a French force spread and three English envoys came quickly from Orange (Albany), fewer than twenty miles away, to demand the reason for this invasion of an English province. It was now nearly two years since the English had seized New York

but this knowledge had not yet reached Quebec for the Iroquois had barred effectively even the passage of news. Courcelle explained that he had no designs against either Dutch or English; he wished only to chastise the Mohawks. These he was now told were absent from their villages on a war of their own. Since to go further seemed futile Courcelle turned back. He had left near Lake Champlain a store of food for the return journey, but this had been pillaged. His men were too unskilled in hunting to secure game and, from hardship and starvation, he lost more than sixty. On March 17 he reached Quebec, an angry, a bitter, perhaps a wiser man. He charged the Jesuit missionary at Fort Thérése with deliberately ruining his effort by delaying his Algonquin guides. Inevitably ferment followed at Quebec, but Tracy soothed the governor with some mild praise and the superior of the Jesuits, with similar tact, declared that only the French courage and constancy of Courcelle could have achieved such a march.

Tracy was himself to lead the vital expedition. The Mohawks sent delegates to Quebec to sue for peace, but when one of their number boasted of having murdered a Frenchman, Tracy told him that he should kill no more and hanged him in sight of his companions. The summer of 1666 passed and not until September did Tracy set out. Amid the ringing of bells, the beat of drums, the shouts of a crowd of French and natives, one of the great regiments of Europe marched with all the pomp of war to the quay and embarked in the flotilla which was to carry it up the St. Lawrence. A few days later this force in flat-boats was pushing up the Richelieu and on to Lake Champlain and Lake George. The leaves were falling in the late autumn when, from the foot of Lake George, the spot where later was built Fort William Henry, Tracy began his march of about a hundred miles to the Mohawk villages. The route, up and down hill, by forest trails, over unbridged

streams, was difficult. A certain Chevalier de Chaumont described later to Marie de l'Incarnation the stiff march and told of the huge lump on his back caused by his burden. Even had horses been available the trails were too narrow for their use. At a rapid stream Tracy himself, elderly and heavy, was saved from drowning only by the arms of a sturdy Huron.

The hardy venture succeeded. All night on October 15 Tracy marched amid a raging storm of wind and rain, in the hope that when, at daybreak, he should emerge from the forest, he might surprise the first of the Mohawk villages. But these savages had heard from afar the mysterious and menacing beat of the French drums, and their spies had watched the astounding array of French uniforms and arms on the forest pathways. Village after village the French found deserted; the savages had scattered to remoter wilds. The French wrought what havoc they could. They burned five of the villages and were amazed at their substantial character. Some of these Iroquois "long-houses" were a hundred and twenty feet in length, built by skilful carpentry, and well equipped with implements and furniture. Tracy found stores of food great enough, as was said, to sustain all Canada for two years. The remotest of the villages was surrounded by a triple palisade, twenty feet high, with a bastion at each corner and with stores of water to put out fire in case of need. Here the savages could have made a strong last stand, but fear was in their hearts and they had fled. When their villages went up in flames the Mohawks at last learned a needed lesson as to French power. Their country was beautiful with great fields of Indian corn, some of it thirteen feet in height, and with noble trees, among them the chestnut, providing welcome food for the French army, half-starved on the long march. We know how the English at Albany would have raged had they known that in a formal ceremony the French took

possession of the country. After the army had heard mass, a cross and the arms of France were raised together, while the *feu-de-joie* was the flames of the Mohawk villages. After this France long dreamed that that land should be hers, but it was too late, for the strong English, and not the weak Dutch, held the Hudson River and the commanding approach to that region.

About seven weeks had sufficed for a campaign which a little earlier would have saved New France its most tortured years, and on November 5, 1666, Tracy was again in Quebec. There, the intendant Talon had remained with, we may be sure, many civil affairs to regulate. He was no soldier, but, as he wrote to the king, he was ashamed to be in comfort at Quebec while others faced hardships. In Tracy's absence, during the twenty-four hours of every day, prayers had been offered continuously in the churches and monasteries, and now with fervent joy *Te Deums* were chanted. In the following winter, when Quebec had a sense of security hardly known before, this showed itself in a spirit so festive as to stir pious misgivings; for the *Journal* of the Jesuits notes that on February 5, 1667, "the first ball in Canada was given by the Sieur Cartier. May God avert evil consequences." Tracy had many Iroquois prisoners, among them a redoubtable chief called the Flemish Bastard, because he was a Dutch half-breed. While Tracy robed him as a grand seigneur and welcomed him at his table as an honoured guest, he made him feel that the French were masters, for he kept in chains the other Iroquois who wept like children at sight of the preparations to destroy their nation. The French required them to make a great quantity of snow-shoes for the use of the army which was to ruin them, should further need arise, and during the winter Tracy sent the Flemish Bastard back to his country to tell his people what further to expect.

These tactics were effective. In July, 1667, at Quebec,

Iroquois delegates agreed to peace and gave hostages for its observance. They asked for French teachers, for French physicians, for French mechanics to instruct them in the arts of Europe. Clearly they did not, as yet, recognize that they were subjects of England. At once the Jesuits sent half a dozen priests on the perilous venture and peace endured for a score of years. When Tracy's work was done a man-of-war came to take him to France with every mark of honour and on August 28, 1667, he sailed away. His noble example of goodness, wrote Marie de l'Incarnation, had won all hearts; by striking the Iroquois he had done what no one before had dared or even hoped to do, and she prayed that he might return. In truth the foundations of Canada were now well laid. There was a proud record of exploration since the time of Jacques Cartier and Champlain; and this La Salle, La Vérendrye and many others were to continue. The Canadian church had its army of martyrs; even the Canadian village had already the outline which still endures.

CHAPTER XVI

THE INTENDANT JEAN TALON AND THE TASKS OF COLONIZATION

It was the first intendant, Jean Talon, who faced as a whole the problems of colonization and discovery and made some adequate plan for their solution. The Talon family belonged to the legal and official class, the *noblesse* of the long robe, and had among its members names renowned on the battlefield, in the courts, and in public office. It is interesting to remember that Montcalm, who perished in the last struggle to save the colony for France, was married to a Talon. Jean Talon claimed descent from an Irish colonel, an exile in France in the reign of Charles IX, and certainly he had Celtic imagination. In Canada he proved to be Gallican in opinion though he had been trained in a Jesuit school. His high official career had begun early, for in 1665 Mazarin had sent him, at the age of thirty, to rule as intendent the province of Hainault, bordering on the Low Countries, and one of the most difficult governments in France.

During the century and a half between Richelieu and the Revolution the intendants were so important that an acute Scotsman, John Law, the notorious author of the "Mississippi Bubble" of 1720, said that upon the will of thirty intendants depended the fortunes of the French provinces. The intendant was the special representative of the rights of the king. The office itself was ancient, but its great

authority was due to the increase of the royal power. A despotic king needed in all parts of France officials who should check any other authority. The governors of the French provinces had usually been great nobles with powerful local interests. When Richelieu broke down their opposition to the king, it proved convenient to place side by side with the governor, as intendant, a man of lesser rank, who should keep in his hands the real power, while leaving to the governor the duties of ceremony for which his high rank fitted him. In functions governor and intendant were not indeed unlike governor and prime minister in the British colonial system of a later time. As the monarchy became more centralized the governor of a province was apt to be in attendance upon the king at Versailles and then the intendant was left to rule alone. Naturally the nobles disliked his prying efficiency. Hainault was then, as so often since, the scene of active fighting and in Talon's care were not only taxes, the administration of justice, the condition of roads, bridges and canals, but also the equipment of the French army led by the great Turenne. Clearly Jean Talon was an important man, and in 1665 the king and Colbert, in their new enthusiasm for a great New France, chose him to carry out plans for its future. In France the office of governor was so deeply rooted that it could hardly be abolished, while, in the king's interests, the intendant was necessary. In Canada there was no old abuse of power by a governor. Conditions invited a single ruler, either intendant or governor, and this would have saved much strife. But Canada was to be a French province and to the official mind the copy must be exact. So Canada now had a governor, Courcelle, an active and, it seems, capable person but rather obscured by the intendant, Talon, feverishly alert, capable and masterful and using to the utmost the powers of an office new in Canada. It is a mistake to suppose that the display of the court of Louis XIV involved

neglect of the details of government. An army of officials incessantly demanded reports, and in this school Talon had been trained. Within his jurisdiction was to be left the whole of New France in North America, including Acadia and Newfoundland. Though the area was great, little escaped his planning which, in truth, went so far beyond achievement that he may well seem a dreamer.

Before setting out, Talon read whatever books and papers were available about Canada and discussed its problems with the young monarch. It required heroism to give up a high post in France to face the crude perils of a tortured colony; heroism even to cross the Atlantic, for the voyage of Courcelle and Talon occupied one hundred and seventeen days—only a little short of four months. While waiting at La Rochelle for his ship, the *Saint-Sebastien,* Talon became aware of a difficulty which stirred his wrath. The Company of the West Indies, to which Colbert had so rashly granted a monopoly of trade, made objection to the sending to Canada of effects belonging to settlers; these, it was claimed, should be bought in Canada at the Company's stores, and of course at the Company's price. Talon sent a sharp protest to Colbert, and thus made the beginning of a successful war on a monopoly which was well-fitted to strangle colonization.

In September, 1665, governor and intendant had landed with some pomp at Quebec, and, for most of the next seven years, Canada filled Talon's thoughts. He had a clear and orderly mind, a wide outlook on the fascinating problem of founding a state, the curiosity to explore its possibilities and the directing energy of a trained bureaucrat. The age required ceremony in its rulers, and Talon had the tastes of a courtier. To keep up at Quebec a stately magnificence was to do honour to the Grand Monarch, and the remote little outpost of France saw striking parades. There was, however, simplicity in Talon. Awaiting him on landing at

Quebec was a request from the nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu for special protection, a request full of meaning when we remember their recent panic in dread of massacre by the Iroquois. On the day of arrival he went along to the Hôtel-Dieu and asked to see the mother superior. With her was a young and witty nun who had taken the name of the Mère de la Nativité. Though Talon declared himself the valet of the intendant, sent to give assurance that his master would do all in his power for the nuns, his bearing was not that of a servant, as the discerning young nun readily saw, and he quickly admitted his identity. This was the beginning of a friendship and later we find the intendant exchanging verses and epigrams with the clever lady. At his own expense he built a new wing of the hospital and after his final return to France he kept up a correspondence with the nuns. When he made his first visit to Montreal he was not content with official reports, but went from house to house enquiring about the welfare of the occupants. No detail was too minute for his attention.

Within a few months after arrival Talon took a census. The situation was not brilliant. In the spring of 1666 there were 3,215 French in Canada of whom nearly two-thirds—to be exact, 2,034—were males. Quebec had a population of 547. In the whole country were 4 lawyers, 4 surgeons, 20 shoemakers, 11 bakers and 7 butchers. The spiritual needs of the colony were cared for on a larger scale. In all exactly a hundred persons were engaged in religious work—54 clergy and 46 women in the various monastic houses. The priests were scattered far afield. Already the Jesuits were working on the far shores of Lake Superior. If priests were many in proportion to the population, the parish was large, for it included half a continent.

Talon had a masterful temper. In theory he was subordinate to the governor, but it is clear that both the king and

Colbert regarded him as the man to whom they must look to rule the colony. In the solemn ceremony, when Tracy took possession of the country of the Iroquois, the thing had been done not by his nor by Courcelle's authority but in the name of Jean Talon, "intendant-general of justice, police, and finance in New France." Petitions from the people were addressed to Talon, not to the governor. The collection of taxes was wholly in his hands, and on this point he had acute strife with the Company which tried to dodge payment, while at the same time it was exacting in respect of its own dues. Naturally Courcelle tried to show that he was superior to Talon, who once complained that the governor treated him as if he were a valet, with the duty to be in constant attendance upon his master. Courcelle resented Talon's activities, which were, he said, so many that nothing was left for himself to do. The old disputes as to ceremony continued and Courcelle objected to Talon's taking the chief seat in church even when he himself was not there to occupy it.

With the other great person in the colony, the bishop, Talon came into sharp conflict, though there was no unseemly quarrel. Talon was a devout man, assiduous in his religious duties, and liked and trusted in the strictest circles at Quebec. He was however, a Gallican, whose high view of the king's office led him to declare in his will that he had no right to dispose of even his private estate except at the king's pleasure. He thought that the Jesuits, long dominant at Quebec, were interfering too much in civil affairs, with too many prohibitions and excommunications. The eternal problem of the sale of liquor to the natives was still acute. Laval desired the penalty of death for selling brandy to the natives, but Talon found even too severe the milder penalty, imposed in 1663 by the Sovereign Council, of a fine for the first offence of three hundred livres, and for the second the lash or imprisonment. What,

he asked, was the chief commerce of New France? Beaver skins were the currency of the country. It was for the fur-trade that ships and merchants came to Quebec and the trade was based upon intercourse with the Indians. Since these were determined to have fiery liquor, to stop selling it to them would send them to trade with the English, and bring ruin to Montreal and Quebec. The natives thus driven to the English might join with them to destroy New France. The retort was that the savages themselves deplored the evils of the traffic and would rather trade where it was banished, and that if trade inevitably reduced the natives to bestiality trade might well cease. But it shows Talon's influence that on November 10, 1668, the Sovereign Council proclaimed that the French inhabitants might sell liquor to natives. Laval refused to sign the decree.

Talon was the final dispenser of justice and he was stern. The citizens of Quebec had an object lesson when they saw how a theft from the garden of the Hôtel-Dieu under cover of darkness was punished. The criminal, branded with the *fleurs-de-lis* on the cheek, stood in the pillory during four hours, and was sentenced to four years in the galleys. A whipping with three years in the galleys was the penalty for larceny. Grave crimes met with the penalty of death. Loose characters are apt to haunt seaports and the scaffold was a familiar sight at Quebec. Talon smote high as well as low. The Sieur de Frédéric was a captain in the Carignan-Salières regiment and a nephew of its colonel. He was a dissolute person who engaged in illicit trade in brandy with the savages and so used his military rank to intimidate the population that, when a habitant protested against injury to his crop owing to the hunting across his fields, Frédéric forced him to ride a wooden horse with a weight of two hundred pounds tied to his feet. The case aroused Talon's ire and, in spite of the protests of the colonel of

the regiment, he sent the officer back to France, there to be judged.

The rule at Quebec was paternal. The government even undertook to name prices which the dealers might charge. In June, 1667, with solemn gravity, the Sovereign Council, the governor and the intendant being present, accused one Jacques de la Mothe, of charging too much for wine and tobacco. In his defence he declared that, since some of his wine had been spoiled, he was obliged to raise the price for the rest; as for tobacco, his was of such a quality that he could not sell it for the low price decreed. The Council appointed two of the members to go to his shop and test for themselves both wine and tobacco with the result that the offending trader had to pay a fine of twenty-two livres for the benefit of the poor. None the less did the traders manage, in many cases, to secure their own prices. We are pleased to find, as early as in 1664, a trader named Charles de la Chesnaye declaring that, since he earned and spent his money in the colony, he should have the right to buy and sell as he pleased.

Talon's energy was all-pervading. In the forests he saw riches; from the ashes of the burnt trees could be made the valuable potash of commerce and from the oaks could be built ships for both old and New France. He proposed to ensure a supply of such timber by planting acorns or young oaks along the banks of the rivers. He began the industry of ship-building on the banks of the St. Charles River near Quebec and after his time it reached great proportions. Canada could supply pitch and tar; she could grow hemp for ropes and for coarser cloth, and so insistent was Talon in this experiment that no one could buy the thread in common use except by exchanging for it hemp which must be grown in the colony. From the rivers and sea coasts of Canada, teeming with fish, wealth would come and trade with the West Indies would increase.

At great cost wine came from France but why, asked Talon, should not the Canadians drink beer? Accordingly he built at Quebec a brewery, so solid in its structure that on its foundations stands to this day a building devoted to the original purpose. Canada, he hoped, might export annually to the West Indies two thousand hogsheads of beer. To help Canadians to wear cloth from their own wool, he encouraged the breeding of sheep and in a letter to the king he boasted that he himself was clothed from head to foot in the homespun which is still a valued product of French Canada. Flax for linen was grown in the colony. He built a tannery that Canada might cure leather. He knew of the great deposits of copper on Lake Superior and planned copper mines. He encouraged the building of forges for iron on the St. Maurice, near Three Rivers. He even announced gleefully that he had found coal in the cliffs near Quebec and planned that, instead of returning to France in ballast, ships should carry back cargoes of coal. This coal, however, did not exist. The most permanent source of wealth would be agriculture and in this Talon himself led. He secured a grant of land on the banks of the St. Charles, the fief called Les Islets. He greatly desired to be ennobled and in the end Louis XIV made him Baron des Islets. There he began a model farm. He imported horses and distributed them among the settlers to encourage breeding. The attractive and hardy horses on the farms in Quebec are no doubt descended from these animals and so effective was breeding that fifty years later the settlers had too many horses and might better have reared horned cattle. Such was the stir of life in the colony that in 1670, when Talon had just returned from a visit to France, Marie de l'Incarnation wondered at the great new buildings in course of erection. Horses, sheep and pigs were landed; vessels were sailing to the West Indies with timber, peas and maize, from there to France with sugar, and from France back to

Canada with needed merchandise. Great riches, she says, lay almost in sight; but she adds devoutly of her own company: "Our fortune is already made; we are the portion of Jesus Christ and he is our portion."

Inspiring these hopes was the vision of a great French Empire. The taking of the country of the Iroquois was to be only a beginning. In 1666, Talon wrote to Colbert urging that Louis XIV should back Holland in negotiations with England to end the war and should insist upon the return to Holland of New York. As a condition of this support, France should be assured by Holland that, on reasonable terms, she might acquire the restored New Netherland. Then she should have all the fur-trade of the north, domination over the Iroquois, and the great artery of the Hudson River. Talon planned to knit closer ties between Canada and Acadia by opening up of an overland route. France should take possession of Hudson Bay and perhaps find a northern route to the Pacific. Above all, she had, by way of the St. Lawrence, the entry to the heart of the continent. These were the days before the discovery of the Mississippi and Talon's conceptions of geography were vague, but he hoped that the frontiers of New France might be extended to Mexico, as in fact they were when Louisiana was founded. Before Talon left Canada he had already begun to encourage the exploration of the far interior which is the most remarkable feature of the time of Frontenac, who came after him.

Talon's term in Canada was divided into two parts. By 1668 his health and also family interests recalled him to France. A new intendant was named, a certain M. de Bouteroue, who reached Quebec in October, 1668, but did nothing which requires record. Talon intended to return soon to Canada and he may have made the state of his health only an excuse for going back to explain to the king and to Colbert by word of mouth the needs of the colony.

The Sovereign Council wrote to Colbert that he might trust fully in Talon as to the needs of New France. All Canada grieved at his going, said Marie de l'Incarnation, and the nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu were consoled only by the hope of his return. Clearly Talon avoided personal antagonisms. In France he had two chief points to press, the ending of the Company of the West Indies, and the softening of Jesuit domination in Canada by bringing in other religious teachers.

As to the monopoly, what, Talon asked, did the king desire for Canada? If trade alone, then the Company might well be left to enjoy its monopoly and to own the country; but if an empire was to be built up in Canada, if Frenchmen were to live there, it was a mistake to give control to a body thinking chiefly of profits and dividends. No Frenchman arriving in Canada and no resident Canadian might engage freely in trade. The only unhampered occupation for an immigrant was to till the soil and, as Talon said, not every one, especially of an educated class, wished to farm. The king had ordered him to encourage trade, but this the system made impossible and, if it continued, the next ten years would see fewer rather than more people in Canada. Talon's urgency was not easily resisted and accordingly on May 15, 1669, Colbert wrote to Courcelle, the governor, that henceforth trade was to be free. In compensation the Company received one-quarter of the beaver skins brought in, one-tenth of the moose skins, a monopoly of all trade at Tadoussac, and the sole right to carry to France in its own ships the furs taken in the colony. The intention, as Talon urged, was that from these sources the Company should pay the cost of government. Clearly, in setting up the greedy ogre of the Company, Colbert had shown no great insight, but he was acting in the spirit of the age. Charles II of England gave a similar monopoly to the Hudson's Bay Company and this, maintained during nearly two hundred

years, proved under British rule what monopoly was under French rule in Canada, the deadly enemy of settlement on the land.

After only a few months in France, Talon was ready to return to Canada and on May 17, 1669, the king gave him a new commission. He was to try to live in peace with the clergy, but he was to moderate the rigour of the bishop and the Jesuits. The Récollets had been the first missionaries in Canada but had been forced to withdraw in order to leave the field free to the Jesuits. Now the Récollets were eager to come back and the king did not ask, he ordered, that three brothers from their house in Paris should sail in the next ship. The house built at Quebec half a century before was in ruins and, since the Récollets might never return, others had taken their lands. These the king offered to restore, but they declared that they had made a vow of poverty and would be content to have only the desolate ruins of their house. Talon was also to encourage the Sulpicians who were at Montreal. He embarked for Canada at La Rochelle on July 16, 1669, with the Récollet priests, but not until thirteen months later, in August, 1670, did he reach Quebec. His ship battled for three months with tempests; one of the Récollets died; and at last, menaced by famine, the ship turned back and found refuge in the port of Lisbon. It sailed again after a few days but was wrecked within a few miles of that harbour. Then Talon and his companions made their way back to France where they arrived early in 1670. In May they sailed again for Canada but when the voyage had already lasted for three months, the ship ran on the rocks near Tadoussac. At last, on August 18, 1670, Talon reached Quebec. He had been away for twenty-one months of which thirteen had been covered by efforts to reach Canada.

In his last years of office Talon gave much thought to the placing of settlers on the land. The traders and the work-

men in the towns came chiefly from Paris or from French seaports, while the men and women selected in Talon's time to go on the land were chiefly of Norman stock. It is estimated that four-fifths of the families in Canada were either wholly Norman by birth or Norman on either the father's or the mother's side. The lure of adventure was in the blood of these descendants of the Norsemen who had been a terror to Western Europe and it was natural for them to delight in the freedom of the Canadian forest. When skilfully led, they fought well and from their daring activities on the frontiers of New England comes many a tale of blood. Among themselves they were contentious and Talon rebuked them for their incessant lawsuits. The view widely held that the French Canadians are a people naturally submissive to authority has slight foundation.

Some earlier settlers in Canada had brought with them their families and soon a generation had been born into the conditions of pioneer life. New England also was peopled by entire families, father, mother and children, who had set out together to found new homes. But now in New France, under Louis XIV, this rarely occurred. Many unmarried soldiers of the Carignan regiment settled in Canada and prospective wives were sent from France. Unmarried officers, the king and Colbert thought it well to keep in the colony, to avoid the risk of losing them, should they return to France, and wives of their class either came from France or were found in the country. For both men and officers the king provided bounties. A private received either a hundred livres in money or fifty livres in money and provisions for a year, to sustain him while he was hewing out a rough home in the forest. Sergeants received fifty livres more, and officers were helped according to their need; some of them to the extent of fifteen hundred livres. Rather more than two thousand five hundred colonists were sent out by the king in the time of Talon and the cost of each

was at least a hundred livres. Thus, to the French state, was colonization costly. England, on the other hand, paid nothing to create New England and other colonies; the colonists made their own way and were the stronger for the experience.

The king's task of supplying wives was delicate. He encouraged marriage with native women. To the Indian bride of a Frenchman he made a gift of a hundred and fifty livres. That intermingling of races which, two hundred years later, was still a feature of the Canadian west, thus met with high approval. In 1665 the king sent a hundred girls, probably orphans, from houses of refuge. They were quickly married, for in the same year he sent out more than four hundred unmarried men. Hitherto the social life of Canada had been singularly free of scandal. In the parish of Nôtre Dame at Quebec, of six hundred births registered between 1621 and 1661, only one was illegitimate. Selection had been strict. When, in 1662, Pierre Boucher was asked in France whether some of the settlers were not of depraved character he replied hotly, "We know how to hang in Canada," something which Canadian justice has not since neglected. Quebec, like Paris, had a public hangman, with an official house. Disorders there were, but chiefly among the transient population of the seaports. The girls now sent out were carefully chosen. Talon wished that none younger than sixteen or older than forty should be selected, that the girls should be of attractive appearance and have certificates of good character, and that the unfit should be deported. The clergy objected to any one from La Rochelle, as that place was tainted with Calvinism, but Talon appears to have paid little heed to the objection, for he secured a royal order that the application of no suitable person should be refused. When it was found that girls from the towns had not strength for a severe climate and rough pioneer life, Colbert wrote in 1670 to the Archbishop of Rouen to

ask that in thirty or forty of the parishes in Normandy the curés should select girls to be sent to Canada. Before them lay a hard experience and sometimes even a fatal one, in crossing the ocean. The ships were usually crowded and insanitary, and often, during the long voyage, colonists who were turning hopeful eyes to the west were awed by the solemn services in which the dead were committed to the great deep.

Rash statements have been made that women sent out were picked up in the street. In the gossip of the time we hear that, since respectable women were unwilling to face the prospect of Canada, the officials gathered up abandoned characters. Unwise officials may have used this method, but oversight was too strict to permit such persons to go to Canada, or, if they went, to remain there. It was hard conditions in France which caused women to volunteer the hazardous venture of seeking not only homes but husbands in this wholesale manner, and no doubt the pressure of poverty behind them and the lure of the unknown before them account for the going of many. In charge of each party went on the voyage usually a nun as a watchful guardian. The Jesuit Father, Charlevoix, who lived in Canada nearly half a century later, and observed manners with a keen eye, praised the care shown earlier in selecting settlers, and since so continued that, as he thought, the simplicity and purity of the first centuries of the Church were revived in the Canadian villages. More men than women of doubtful character were sent to Canada for it was possible to get rid of a scapegrace by sending him under a *lettre de cachet* to a new scene where he might do better.

It came to pass that, in Canada, to be unmarried was almost a crime. In the towns were workmen, paid by the day, whose lack of family ties led easily to idleness and vice and Talon declared that such persons must be married within fifteen days of the arrival of the vessels bringing

girls from France, under penalty of denial of a license to engage in trade or in the chase. A celibate at Montreal, desiring a license, was ordered to pay a fine of three hundred livres should be not be married within a given time and he saved the fine by marrying. Colbert desired that youths should marry at the age of eighteen or nineteen and girls at fourteen or fifteen. A young man, marrying at or below the age of twenty, was to receive on his wedding-day a gift from the king of twenty livres and he was to be free from taxes until the age of twenty-five. A father, whose son at twenty and daughter at sixteen remained unmarried, was to be fined and was required to appear at the end of each six months to explain his position. In both France and Canada Colbert encouraged large families by exemption from taxation. His decree in France in 1666 was copied in Canada in 1669. The father of ten children, living and born in wedlock, no one of whom was a priest or in a religious order, was to have a pension of three hundred livres a year. The father of twelve children was to have four hundred livres. The discrimination against those entering the priesthood is typical of Colbert's anti-clerical opinions.

The marriage mart in Quebec lends itself easily to derisive comment. Baron La Hontan, a French officer who did not reach Canada until ten years after this immigration had ceased, gives a malicious description of the scenes when the prospective husbands crowded to select their brides. The jeering soldier, who hated bitterly the austere rule of the Canadian clergy, says that, classified in different rooms, were women large and small, stout and lean, fair and dark. There was no time for the amenities of courtship. The suitor made his choice and, if the girl consented, a priest and a notary were on the spot and the marriage ceremony was at once concluded. Immediately afterwards cattle, pigs, chickens, salt meat, and a sum of money were furnished by the governor to aid the start in life of the newly married.

About a thousand of "the king's girls" had been sent to Canada by the year 1672. As he sent in all half as many more men, we need not wonder that a fortnight sufficed to ensure marriage for women who desired it. In 1671 six or seven hundred births led Talon to write that the sending out of marriageable girls might be suspended. In 1672, when there were barely seven thousand people in Canada, Laval estimated the baptisms and therefore the births of the year at eleven hundred. The women of New France then bore and ever since have borne large families.

CHAPTER XVII

FEUDALISM IN THE CANADIAN VILLAGE

Half the tasks of statesmen is to undo errors of their predecessors and this Talon had found in respect of the granting of land. The Company of New France had granted some sixty seigneuries, chiefly to directors and their associates, most of whom never saw their holdings. The grants had been recklessly made and without a proper survey, but even so it was not easy to cancel them. The extensive grants caused the great evil that settlers were widely scattered and this meant greater peril from the Iroquois. Kings expect quick results and when came the day for reform Louis XIV was for a drastic policy. In 1663 he ordered the owners to clear their lands within six months, on pain of forfeiture of the uncleared portions. The tough primeval forest was, however, not to be so easily tamed and when Talon arrived in 1665 the order remained a dead letter. He wished to place people on the land, but he saw that to confiscate unsurveyed grants would only make new difficulties and that an accurate roll was necessary. To prepare this required time, and not until 1672 was it possible to carry out a considered plan. Soon after his arrival, the Company of the West Indies had abandoned to him, not to the governor, its right to grant lands, so that settlement was entirely in his hands. Only in 1676, and after his retirement, was it ordered that grants should be made jointly by governor and intendant.

The turning point of settlement had come in 1666 with the smiting of the Mohawks in their own villages. The Jesuit Father, Le Mercier, writing in the next year, 1667, speaks in glowing terms of the change. No longer, he declares, is the tale one of tragic terror but of a veritable New France. Talon is pushing enquiries in every direction. The climate is delightful and the soil is fertile. Hitherto men could farm only under shelter of the cannon of the forts; now they go out in peace and security and find that Canada is as fruitful as France. Villages are springing up. About the forts of the Richelieu soldiers are clearing the forest and harvesting crops. Sheep are feeding in the pastures and there are many horses. The father adds joyously that prayers have been answered, and thanks the king for the rescue which he has brought to a harassed people.

In 1672, when surveys had been made, Talon at first proposed that the grants made more than ten years earlier should be cut down at once by one-half, but in the end he ordered a more gradual forfeiture. The negligent seigneur was to lose in each year, and others were to acquire, one-twentieth of the uncleared land. The size of the grants varied. Some had a dozen miles of frontage on the river; a few were very small. Time was to show that even Talon's restricted grants were too large for the seigneur's capacity, since, half a century after his day, of grants of quite two million arpents, only about fifty thousand were in cultivation. The grants were to touch each other and not to be scattered, and seigneurs must open roads on their holdings. The great oaks of the Canadian forest were to be reserved for building the king's ships, and mines, if found, were to be the property of the king. Sites needed for fortification, rights of way, and the use of the beaches on the river-front were to be available for the public benefit. It was Talon who thus gave final form to the settlement of New France.

The king had told Talon to provide each year thirty or forty houses to be occupied by new families engaged in clearing and sowing the ground. The peril from savages was still great and, soon after arrival, Talon planned three model villages within reach of rescue from Quebec. Since 1626 the Jesuits had held the seigneury of Nôtre Dame des Anges and it was this land which Talon selected. When the fathers opposed his plan to take it he retorted sharply that the king's service must come first; the Jesuits had had the land for fifty years and had really forfeited it because of their failure to make required improvements. To-day the visitor to Quebec, looking north-westward over a peopled hillside, sees, in the great parish of Charlesbourg, the three villages built by Talon at the king's expense. Occupants were to be partly old settlers, with a knowledge of farming and of carpentry and other trades, partly disbanded soldiers, who knew how to fight, and each class could teach the other its art. Talon planned the villages so that, the better for defence, the houses should surround the church in a central square, and that the farms should broaden from this centre like the leaves of a fan. The taking of Jesuit lands shows that the intendant dared confront even that powerful order. The king made to Talon a gift of the villages but his heir sold them and they became again a part of the fief of Nôtre Dame des Anges.

We are hardly surprised that, on account of the earlier lavish grants, Talon had difficulty in securing needed land. The family of the greedy governor, Lauzon, still had great areas stretching along the south shore of the St. Lawrence. The Sulpicians had the island of Montreal. The Jesuits had tracts nearer Quebec, extending to hundreds of thousands of acres of the best land in the best situation on the river highway. Talon had to find, first land, and then landowners. For a time, to secure settlers, the king was ready to aid with money and also with titles of nobility. In Europe to own

an estate gives social prestige and this in Canada a title might aid. Accordingly when Louis XIV made Talon a noble he gave him a title from his Canadian estate and he put a similar honour within reach of others settling in the colony, so that in the end a Canadian *noblesse* was created. A great estate in Canada and a title might well have attracted the owner of many a proud name in France. For a time, indeed, some of high position nibbled at the bait, but the fair land of France and the lure of a great court united to hold men of rank at home and, in the end, those who became seigneurs in Canada were chiefly of a class well-born but ready for hard toil, or military officers whom duty had called to the country and who, once used to its conditions, were willing to remain. From England to Virginia, Maryland, and other English colonies went some members of the great houses of England, but from France went only a few of the untitled *noblesse*. They were a large class, for while in England only the holder of a title was noble, in France all of a noble's sons were themselves noble.

In mediaeval France feudalism had developed to meet the needs of a society not yet stable. The central power was weak and the sovereign conceded lands to great landowners on condition that they should maintain order on their own property and come to his rescue in time of need. While the system had been useful in the old world, it had now served its day. Canada, however, was to see a revival in the earlier and simpler form, suitable to a society still immature. Though in time feudalism disappeared in Canada, it left an enduring impress upon social life; charming old manor-houses, seigneurial mills, enduring customs, remain as evidence of the policy of Talon and his successors to build up a New France which should yet be the old France. Though Richelieu had struck deadly blows to political feudalism, social customs survived political change, and parts of France, especially Brittany and the south, remained feudal to our

own time. In Perigord, for instance, in the mid-nineteenth century, each commune had its seigneur who lived usually in a castle which at one time had been strongly fortified. With reverence and awe the people stood bare-headed in his presence. His arms were upon the walls of the village church; he had there a special seat and until his arrival the service was not begun. His sporting rights permitted him to gallop with his hounds over the peasants' cultivated fields and in their private affairs his counsel and admonition were usually the final word.

Feudalism was not unsuited to pioneer conditions. It seemed to take from the government the impossible task of caring for settlers scattered over a vast area and to put them in charge of a competent leader on the spot, the seigneur, who might serve in lieu of a government agent. Since the St. Lawrence, and with it later the Richelieu, were the chief highways, it was on their banks that settlers wished to secure land. Frontage on roads of a land area may be increased indefinitely for new roads can be pushed in every direction; but, with a river as the route, the means of having, as it were, the front door facing the one highway are strictly limited by the river's length. The river was more than a highway, for its fish supplied means to live from the water, in addition to what the settler had from the land. Accordingly nearly every farm fronted on a river. Though in England the law of primogeniture gave landed property to the oldest male heir, under the law of inheritance in France land was divided among all the children with only a small portion of it at the free disposal of the owner. The result was subdivision after the death of each owner and this tended so to reduce the frontage of each holding on the river that many a farm consisted of a long narrow strip of land stretching inland sometimes for more than a mile. As the houses multiplied they were inevitably near each other and in places the river front was rather like a

long straggling village street. This gave the advantage of quick union for defence, during the many years when the Iroquois were a menace, and also that of social intercourse to ward off the dreary sense of isolation. Moreover, since the landowner had to keep up the roads and especially the highway which ran near the river front, the narrow holding eased this burden by shortening his section of road. The chief disadvantage was that the fields at the far end of the farm were remote from the house and stable.

Talon brooded long over the problems of settlement, with the result that in the very last days of his second term, he granted some sixty seigneuries. The soldier, who could both fight and farm, would be a resourceful settler and Talon planned large grants to officers of the Carignan-Salières regiment who would in turn grant land to their men. Lands on the Richelieu River leading to Lake Champlain were specially exposed and there Talon made grants to twenty-five or thirty officers. Saurel (Sorel), St. Ours, Soulanges, Varennes, Berthier, and other officers gave their names to the towns and villages. As a rule half-pay officers had not received a training suited to the tasks of settlement and it is doubtful whether even as many as two or three of these officers remained on their land. Four or five hundred soldiers remained, to become the ancestors of Canadians of to-day. On a single day, November 3, 1672, Talon confirmed no fewer than thirty-one grants of seigneuries, made at different times.

The seigneur faced a rough task and had in his life little of feudal parade. A house was to be built and great trees, the noblest ornament in any landscape, must ruthlessly be cleared away, with what seems now the appalling waste of burning much of their wood, since they cumbered ground needed for agriculture. It became an evil in Canada that the trunks of the trees were thrown into the St. Lawrence and hampered navigation. For grinding grain, a mill was

necessary and this it was the seigneur's duty to provide. Sometimes the mill, built of solid stone, served as a refuge in time of danger. Little wonder that a seigneur, without means, looked to the king for aid in his heavy tasks and, during some ten years, until his interest flagged, Louis XIV was generous and the officer-seigneur received help for building his mill. For his part he had to place each settler on a holding, running to perhaps a hundred acres, with its narrow frontage on the river. Usually at his side was the priest; and soon a rough church would be built. Often the celibate priest dwelt with the seigneur and the two worked together for the spiritual and material well-being of the village. The habitant's wife was fruitful and before long a swarm of children furnished the promise of aid in the coming years for the tasks of settlement.

During many years the seigneur could expect little from the tenant, who paid nothing on occupying his land and was usually free of dues for a few years until it should be productive. He was ignorant, but the spirit of his Norman forefathers gave him a sense of independence. He was not content to be called by any name that implied vassalage to a feudal lord sometimes as poor as himself, and he chose to be known simply as a habitant, a dweller on the land. The intention of the king was that the seigneurs should find colonists within a reasonable time, on pain of forfeiting the unsettled portions of their land, and that the terms to all settlers should be moderate and uniform. This hope was not always realized. If, in the eager early days, a habitant did not wait to receive title deeds, later he might have to pay a fine or suffer eviction by an unscrupulous seigneur who denied the validity of a verbal grant. Naturally too it showed only the bargaining instincts of human nature if a seigneur demanded a higher rate for the better land. Not until 1711 was the difficulty faced by the two *Arrêts de Marly* which in stern terms required the seigneur to grant

land to all comers on the same terms, on pain of forfeiture to the king. The habitant for his part must improve his holding or forfeit it to the seigneur. Unhappily the terms of the decree were not enforced decisively.

Each province in France had customs of its own, and in 1664 Louis XIV announced that the Custom of Paris (*Coutume de Paris*) should be applied to Canada. From the first it had been the prevailing system; it enjoyed pre-eminence in France; and it was suited to a wider range of conditions than, for instance, the Custom of Normandy, from which came many of the settlers.

The tenant was subject to three chief charges by the seigneur; (1) the *Cens et Rentes;* (2) the *Lods et Ventes;* and (3) the *Droit de Banalité.* Of the first the *cens* was a light payment in recognition that the habitant held his land from the seigneur, and not as a freehold, while the other part, the *rentes,* constituted the real rent. The form of the payment varied. It might be in money or in kind, or divided between money and kind. Since money was barely known outside of the towns, we may be sure that the *rentes* was usually paid in grain and fowls, "fat capons"; and probably it was entirely welcome in this form to the seigneur. The rent was due on Michaelmas Day, November 11, and when the seigneur was well established this was a day of festivity at the manor-house. The wives came with their husbands. The seigneur received his tenants in a large room and often provided wine and other refreshments. There was much cackling of poultry in the farm yard. The *rentes,* we may believe, was one of the chief sources from which lived the seigneur and his household. It saved him from dependence on his own efforts as a farmer, for which his training in France unfitted him, and helped to free him for the life of a soldier or of a hunter or fur-trader. A few of the seigneurs were so poor that their sons and daughters worked in the fields; but, for the most part, they had tastes

which made the routine of farm work so irksome that exploration and even war brought welcome openings.

The second of the seigneur's rights, the *lods et ventes*, was a payment due when the ownership of a holding changed. On most seigneuries this payment was not required when a direct heir succeeded to a deceased holder, but this rule was not uniform. After 1673, the payment was due by the heir as well as by a purchaser on a holding from the crown and the seminary of St. Sulpice secured at Montreal a right like that of the crown. At first the income from sales was light, as few holdings were sold. The seigneur claimed one-twelfth of the price paid by the new owner, but this must have seemed excessive, for by custom he remitted one-third. His opportunity came when a town or village grew up on his estate and sales of land were considerable. But, for a hundred years, such growth in population rarely occurred and the *lods et ventes* must have brought in but a slight income.

The third of the seigneur's privileges, the *droit de banalité* also brought him at first little benefit. Since he was the nominal owner of the soil, he claimed control of services needed by his people. In France such services might consist of mills to grind grain or to saw timber, of a press for wine or cider, and of a bake-oven, to which the people grouped in a village might bring their pans of bread to be baked. Only two of these rights had any meaning in Canada, those for the oven and the flour-mill. But a central oven was of little use to the scattered houses of the Canadian country side. Wood was abundant and it was soon possible for each inhabitant to build of stone and clay the oven still to be seen by the wayside in parts of the province of Quebec. The flour-mill of the seigneur was, however, a necessity. This he was required to furnish for the use of his tenants and they in turn must take to his mill their grain. In some places, at Montreal, for instance,

the mill was a massive structure which served as a fort in time of need. In the early days it was not easy for the seigneur to equip a mill. The millstones he might indeed secure on the spot, but the machinery must, at heavy cost for transport, be brought from France and only in more populous centres was the toll to be charged a source of profit. It was one-fourteenth of the grain. Some seigneurs claimed the right to make a heavier charge, but their petition in 1684 met with a sharp rebuff from the king; they were told to provide the needed mills; should they not do so the habitants might build mills and free themselves forever from the seigneur's monopoly. The order seems precise, but a despotic king whose word in France was law had slight means in Canada of enforcing his will. Seigneurs who sat in the Superior Council at Quebec disliked the order and delayed its publication. In fact the seigneur usually built a mill as soon as profits were likely, and in time the mill became to some seigneurs an important source of revenue.

These three charges did not exhaust the seigneur's rights. The *Corvée* was valuable. To him was due at ploughing, seeding, and harvest time, the labour of one or two days from each of perhaps a hundred habitants on the domain. He claimed that he might have this labour when it should best suit his own purposes. Obviously, however, it would be injurious to the habitant to leave his own land for several days at a critical season; and, in the end, only one day might be required from him at each of seeding time, hay time, and harvest time. Other days which the seigneur might claim were to be given at the season of ploughing. When the seigneur built his manor-house or his mill he might, as a rule, call upon the inhabitants for aid with their labour, and sometimes he claimed the right to take for his purpose timber and other building materials from their land. The king's representative might also demand aid to repair a

highway or to build a bridge. This was a royal *Corvée*, supplementing that of the seigneur. It was not a heavy burden and, like the labour on roads required still from the farmers in some parts of Canada, might be commuted for a small payment in money and was in effect a form of municipal taxation. The habitant had an acute sense of his own rights. Since game and fish are nature's bounty, people living in the conditions of the frontier came to look upon hunting and fishing as natural rights; efforts to check them caused resentment, and usually the habitants hunted and fished as they liked. Though the seigneur claimed the right to one in each eleven fish in his river, this, it should seem, he but rarely received.

In France the feudal owner of land had, as a rule, the authority of a judge over his tenants and the fines which he imposed amounted sometimes to as much as twenty per cent of his revenues. In Canada, however, these rights of the seigneur were not valuable. The three grades of jurisdiction, high, middle, and low justice, ranged from the right of high justice to inflict the death penalty to that of low justice which gave powers rather like those of a police magistrate. Though these powers did not inevitably go with the ownership of land but were specially granted, most of the Canadian seigneurs had all three. The seigneur held court in his manor house and occasionally he had his own prison. Since he had as much and as little knowledge of law as the squire justice of the peace in an English village, he had the wisdom to confine himself to minor cases and sent serious ones to the superior court at Quebec.

The ceremony of the old world was maintained in the new world. On receiving an estate a seigneur must appear at Quebec. When admitted to the presence of the governor, he knelt with head uncovered and sword and spurs removed, and took oath to be a faithful subject of the king, ready, when required, to fight for his defence. On every

change of sovereign this oath must be repeated, but since there were only two kings of France from 1643 to 1774 the renewed oath was called for from few. The habitant was required to take a similar oath to the seigneur. The seigneur, for his part, must within forty days after receiving his grant file an exact account of the property. This was known as the *Aveu et Dénombrement* and included a map or plan of the seigneury, a statement of the terms on which it was held, and an account of its condition:—the land under cultivation and the land uncleared; the buildings, when such existed; the manor-house, the barns and the mill; and also the horses, cattle, sheep and pigs. We are reminded of the rigorous census of Domesday Book, taken when William the Conqueror mastered England. The seigneur paid nothing to the king for his grant of land. When, however, the grant was sold one-fifth of the price, the *quint*, was due to the crown, though one-third of the amount was usually remitted.

All observers are agreed that the habitant in Canada was better off than was the tiller of the soil in France. Canada had an invigorating air with a dry cold more tolerable, as some thought, than that of northern France, and the freer life had its own fascination. The French officer, the Baron La Hontan, writing from Beaupré, near Quebec, in 1684, thought the habitant as well off as an "infinity of gentlemen" in France. At times, he said, Canada was "mortally cold" but the abundance and cheapness of fuel were compensations. The soil was fertile, and grain, butcher's meat and poultry were all cheap. In France, he added, fishing and hunting were the highly valued sports of a privileged class, but these in Canada the habitants, "a fine sort of people," enjoyed freely. Thirty years later, as we shall see, Charlevoix dwelt upon this aspect of the life of the habitants in New France. They developed special skill in clearing the land. Fire and an axe and a spade were the chief

instruments. The fire would be made at the foot of the tree and, in time, aided by some strokes of the axe, would work through the trunk. The roots would be consumed by planting fire in spaces dug under them. These methods resulted sometimes in extensive forest fires which left wide areas devastated. Until enough land was cleared for harvests the forest was the enemy and was cleared away only too ruthlessly.

During the first year or two on the land the habitant would live in a primitive hut of wood, divided perhaps into two small rooms, a bed-room and a kitchen. Nature furnished a bountiful supply of building material in the logs cleared from the land. The soil, enriched through centuries by the decay of fallen leaves, was fertile. Barns were quickly built. Experiments in breeding the donkey failed but there were soon cattle, pigs and sheep. Above all was the horse the supreme mark of well-being. He drew the plough, often of hard wood only, without metal, and also the little, light, two-wheeled *charette* to gather the crops. The two-wheeled *calèche* and, in winter, the sleigh or *carriole,* with its pleasant jangle of bells, were the chief vehicles for travel. The strong light horses could cover a great distance in a day. During spring thaws the soft roads were well-nigh impassable but in the dry season they were good. Often they ran through long stretches of forest, which on darker days gave a sense of gloom, but, in bright sunshine, furnished pleasant glimpses of tall trunks, the contrasts of light and shade, and varying tints of colour, from the sombre darkness of pines and cedars to the pleasant white or grey trunks and the bright foliage of the birch and the beech trees. There was game, ranging from the clumsy vastness of the moose to the light-footed hare.

Life on the seigneuries became quickly patriarchal. Early marriage brought children and even grandchildren, while the ancestor was still in the prime of life. Often two

families lived in one house under the rule of the head of the family and there was a closely-knit family life. The sense of deference to its head was strong; even scattered members still looked upon the parental house as home; and there was a tradition that those who needed a refuge might always return and there find it. When a son set up for himself, either a new grant was sought from the seigneur, or a long strip fronting on the river was taken from the father's perhaps generous acres of land. Like the old the new cabin soon expanded into a house and a tract of uncleared forest became a farm. In spite of local disputes at law, the settlers showed even to strangers a friendly spirit. In time houses were near each other on long narrow farms and to this day visitors are struck by the gay intercourse, especially on a Sunday, in the rural districts. In primitive conditions hospitality is easier than in a developed society where entertainment is more formal. A habitant driving perhaps a hundred miles from home would stop without ceremony at any house and be sure of food and accommodation for himself and his horse. His gossip of the outer world would be welcome and the evening entertainment would include some of the *chansons* of old France. There was persistent smoking, from short pipes, and only a disciplined palate could bear the heat of the uncured tobacco, grown perhaps in the habitant's garden. Most of the clothing was home-made: the hats and gloves of furs; the thick woollen stockings; the heel-less *bottes sauvages* of leather, flexible under foot for walking in slippery places and tied down below the knee by a leather thong; the breeches of woollen cloth or home dressed leather; the long woolen tunic tied in at the waist by a gay coloured scarf and with a cowl at the back, drawn over the head in very cold weather. Few habitants could read. The shelves in the living room would have no books, except possible volumes of prayers known nearly by heart from regular attendance at church.

The life was rough but the priest was likely to be at hand to watch and guard morals, and social manners were innocent. The vices were chiefly from idleness and from drink, for where grain was abundant it was easy to distil a crude whiskey. The habitant was able to supply most of his own needs. Though he used a forge for making iron implements he was most skillful with wood. The *calèche* and the *charette* were of wood and even the two wheels had often no metal tires; the axles were of a tough wood; the box to carry two people and also a driver, perched on a little seat at the front, was of wood. This box was hung by home-made straps of heavy leather on a strong frame lengthened at the front into shafts, so that those in the seat between the shafts felt every movement of the horse. Except possibly for the governor's ceremonial at Quebec, a four-wheeled vehicle was hardly to be found in Canada. Sometimes the *calèche* was adorned by a top and drawn by two horses, and this was a mark of distinction.

The dwelling of the habitant, usually of one storey and of wood, rarely of stone, was built close to the roadside and to this day the type remains little changed. The outside door led into a large kitchen, which was the living room of the family. There might be two other rooms of good size. The house was warm, for moss, clay and lime filled the chinks in the walls, and there was a fireplace so huge that in it were burned "half trees." In every room, including the kitchen, stood a great square bed which, in the daytime, even in the humblest cottage, had some kind of ornamental covering. The kitchen had little furniture: some pine tables, a few rush chairs, and a cupboard or two along the wall, containing the crockery and utensils. Few doors had a lock. The large windows opened inward on a hinge. No doubt many of the houses were scrupulously clean but, in 1759, the British officer, John Knox, charmed with the neat looking whitewashed houses stretched along the St.

Lawrence in what seemed a continuous village, found them on closer examination "intolerable dirty." Probably then, as now, the houses varied with the character of the occupants. Though the Canadians were polite and pleasant when well treated, they were sensitive and easily offended, reserved with strangers, but lively and talkative among themselves. They must have been fond of music. Few could read, but the colonists sang on board ship as they went to Canada many of the popular songs of old France, and these endured in a great variety of versions. They are not rich in melody, sometimes they are a little sad, but often they are gay and cheerful in spirit, and when paddling in their canoes the *voyageurs* would sing them all day long. The poet Thomas Moore said that these songs gave him more pleasure than the music of great masters. Sometimes the stanzas run to as many as two hundred and fifty and they remain a chief diversion of the habitant. A few of such songs have their origin in Canada, but most of them come from Normandy and the valley of the Loire. To this day in remote parts of the province of Quebec may be heard folk-songs relating to the captivity of Francis I in Spain, to the love affairs of Henry IV and the mysterious death of Gabrielle d'Estrées, to the campaigns linked with the names of William of Orange, Prince Eugène and Marlborough, and to pious legends, such as that of the maiden sold to the devil. The more austere English colonists had little of such enjoyment. One of their early ballads was called "The Godless French Soldier."

Before a seigneur who maintained his dignity the habitant stood uncovered. The seigneur was expected to be the godfather of the first-born of his tenants, and sometimes he had a hundred of these spiritual children. On New Year's Day the villagers would come early to his house and kneel to ask his blessing. In the early days the manor-house might be really a fort built of solid masonry, with loop-

holes for musketry and narrow windows and doors. There was usually a spacious living room with a great wood fire. The house and the village church were sometimes adorned by attractive carving in wood, one of the few arts of New France. May Day was a great festival. Before the seigneur's door the people planted the Maypole, and around it danced joyously. His rank was recognised in the village church, and over his special pew near the altar railing his arms might be displayed, while from the pulpit special prayers were offered for him and his family. He was the first of the laity to be censed and to receive the wafer; in processions he walked next to the priest; his carriage was the first to drive away after a service, and to overtake and pass him on the road was regarded as a grave discourtesy. When his hour came he had the right to be buried in the church, a practise dangerous to health, but highly valued in feudal days as a mark of respect for the dead.

The home-staying seigneur did not lack reward. He was isolated, and there is a point at which, in human society, isolation means a return to primitive manners. But a great highway, the river, flowed past his door, and he might come easily into touch with the capital. High rank was open to him. Talon became Baron des Islets and later Comte d'Orsainville by virtue of a holding in Canada. François Barthelot, Seigneur of the Island of Orleans, became the Comte de St. Laurent. There were four or five Canadian Barons and to two seigneurs appears to have been given the higher title of Marquis. None but seigneurs were made nobles. Under Louis XIV to be a member of the Canadian *noblesse* was madly desired in Canada and the nobles tended to become so numerous that Louis XIV once expressed the fear that, since they lacked other means of living, they might become bandits. The *noblesse* of France were rather scornful of this colonial *noblesse*. A later governor, the Marquis de Vandreml, was rallied in France because he had

married a lady born in Canada, and she made excuses for it when she became instructress of the royal children. In Canada, by becoming a seigneur, a successful trader or even artisan might aspire to nobility. This worked evil as well as good, for we hear of a competent carpenter who became an arrogant seigneur, of plebeian women in the manor-house, adopting the airs of fine ladies, and of other aspects of the pride and vanity which the beggar on horseback so readily acquires.

In France feudalism was in earlier times effective for defence, but in Canada defence was not in the hands of the landowner, the seigneur. In each community it was the captain of militia who issued and enforced the decrees of the government. Not always, or perhaps often, was he also the seigneur, for defence was based upon something deeper than the relation of landowner and tenant—upon the safety of the state itself. There was no local government, and the captain of militia was appointed by the governor as the representative of the central authority. He had, therefore, wider duties than those implied in the title which was given in days when protection from the Iroquois was the chief interest, when every effective citizen was drilled for the use of arms on Sunday afternoons, and prizes were given for good shooting. He represented the crown, he was the mediator between the civil authority and the Church, the agent for government cases in the courts, the arbitrator for disputes as to trespass and boundaries. He reported to the governor cases of accident, the condition of the roads and the grievances of the people, and he entertained visiting officials. Since he was chosen for efficiency he was usually the most alert and capable person in the community, and, though possibly of peasant origin, as important as the seigneur. A flag-staff before his door marked his authority and dignity.

The Canadian village had its share of human frailty. The

long winter suspended work on the land and encouraged habits of idleness. The habitant was often a careless farmer, more expert with his axe in cutting down the forest than with the plough in making use of the soil when cleared. With his Norse blood he loved an adventurous life, and far too many settlers went off to the interior as *voyageurs,* to paddle the great canoes of the fur-traders, and to live the free and careless life of the hunter and the trapper. They might bring back to the villages a little money, often quickly spent in drink, and some of them certainly brought shiftless habits. The *coureur-de-bois,* who went to trade with the native, was often a man of good birth who despised the habitants as mere peasants, scorned marriage with their daughters, and was likely to have a brood of children by native women in the interior. Every French post was frequented by thirty or forty of these hardy men, and sometimes they formed parties of a hundred or a hunded and fifty. They had the double task of carrying goods to the natives and of guiding their swarm of canoes carrying perhaps a hundred thousand beaver skins to Montreal or Quebec for trade. Though some were of a fine type, on the whole they were a reckless class, who lived so hard a life that many were broken down at the age of forty. La Hontan called them *coureurs de risques.* They spent money freely when they had it, and we have unedifying pictures of their visits to village cabarets. Some would seize the neck of a bottle of brandy and drink a pint at a time. To many of them a brief return to civilization meant a prolonged debauch of drinking and gambling, and then they were off again to the forest, having had perhaps to sell new-bought finery to get the means to go. Few of them ever saved anything to protect their old age from extreme poverty in the villages to which they returned.

Ill-defined boundaries of land, uncertainty as to the extent of the rights of the seigneur, the lack of fences to pre-

vent the trespass and the wandering of animals, all caused so many appeals to the law that the intendant Raudot said that there were more lawsuits than inhabitants in the country. Some seigneurs were ignorant and lacked authority. Defects in the system were summed up by the engineer Catalogne in 1712: the methods of farming were backward; some seigneurs were lazy and shiftless; there should be four times as many people on the land; the numerous church holidays interrupted labour at the most critical season of the year; the farmers kept too few horned cattle and had for their own pleasure too many horses; the roads were bad; the lure of the life of the forest was too potent. To remedy defects, incessant appeals went to the government. But its officials were sometimes corrupt and, when they pleased, paid as little heed to the commands of the distant court as to the complaints of the people. While both Louis XIV and his successor took this tacit defiance with astounding calmness their officials were sometimes meddlesome. The cure for many evils was precisely what the old régime proved least willing to prescribe, the leaving alone of the settlers to work out their own salvation. None the less did the habitant find content on the land and cling to it. In 1908 there were some three hundred families who had been in continuous occupation of their land for more than two hundred years.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE EXTENSION OF NEW FRANCE TO THE WEST

While the English were still clinging to the seacoast, the sons of France, inspired by the triple zeal for trade, religion and adventure, were pushing ever further westward. Before Talon left Canada in 1672 traders and missionaries had already reached the farthest shores of Lake Superior and the veil was about to be lifted on the mystery of the great river, the Mississippi, which sent its turbid flood southward, some thought to the Atlantic, some to the Pacific. During many centuries Europe had had the mystery of a vast unexplored continent at its door but had made no determined effort to solve it. Africa lay there, spreading away into vague remoteness. It was as easily approached as unknown America. It had a long sea coast. It had great rivers flowing from its far interior. Yet almost to our day Europe remained ignorant of those regions of torrid heat and dark forests. The reason we know. The mystery of Africa was guarded by warlike Moslems in the north and by the unbridled savagery of many tribes farther south. The secrets of America too were guarded by warlike natives. The distances were vast and the discouragements of cold almost equalled those of heat in Africa. Yet many daring Frenchmen were eager to give their energies and often gave life itself to find the secret of America.

During the long agony of the Iroquois war, to go to the interior was a perilous venture. Champlain's energy and tact had not carried him farther than the eastern shores of Lake Huron. The Frenchman, who lay round Indian

camp-fires and heard of the wonders of the west in a tongue which he only half understood, might have his imagination fired to risk the perils of lonely adventure among savage tribes, for the gorgeous east of Marco Polo still haunted men's minds and this might prove the way to it. Wonders might be even near at hand. It was fascinating to hear of a civilized race who lived just beyond those great lakes and might have come from Japan or China. Though we can hardly doubt that some Europeans of whom no record survives ventured into those far regions, we know enough to outline France's advance. It was a far cry from Quebec to the west but that age was less sensitive than ours to time and readily spent months in journeys which we expect to make in days. The natives themselves covered great distances. Iroquois war parties reached the frontiers of Virginia and the banks of the Mississippi. The natives knew well enough what lay there but they could not tell it clearly to others. To make a map was far beyond their skill and information about the west could be gained only by talk, illustrated perhaps by some rough outline on birch bark.

We know that in the early days of French effort a Frenchman became mediator in a war between the Hurons and the tribes living at least as far west as Lake Michigan. Jean Nicolet of Three Rivers had been lured, as were so many after him, by the charm of life in the forest, among the Nipissings and the Hurons. When in 1634 the Hurons and the Winnebagoes, who lived on Green Bay of Lake Michigan, were at war, the Hurons sent Nicolet to propose terms of peace. Some of the western chiefs kept up elaborate ceremony and were attended night and day by guards of warriors. Nicolet fancied that he might be going to an oriental court and provided himself with a robe of damask, secured we know not how. As he approached his goal he sent forward some of his Huron companions to announce his coming. Then the first white man whom these natives had ever

seen entered the Winnebago village. He wore a cloak with embroidered flowers and birds, and held in each hand one of the huge pistols of the time. When he fired them in the air there was first a panic, as if a strange spirit had appeared with thunder in his hands, and then a feast of welcome. Nicolet went on farther to the Fox River and then over a short portage to the Wisconsin, a tributary of the Mississippi. Traditions of that mighty stream were widespread and he may have reached it.

This assuredly others did, long before the descent of the river to its mouth became the ardent aim of French explorers. Pierre Esprit Radisson has already appeared in this narrative. He was the young Frenchman who gave the eat-all feast in 1658 which led to the escape of the French from the mission to the Iroquois at Onondaga. He had an unquenchable spirit of adventure and in the same year, 1658, with his brother-in-law, Chouart des Groseilliers, he set out on a trading expedition to the far west. Radisson's narrative is often vague and confused, but it is clear enough to show that the party went as far as to the head waters of the Mississippi and saw the prairie country. He tells many a tale of the savagery of the natives, but none the less did these white men gain authority by their air of command and by their alluring pictures of the advantages of trade with the French at Montreal. Accordingly, in the spring of 1660, they led to Montreal by way of the Ottawa River a large fleet of canoes laden with furs. There were four or five hundred Indians in the party, some from distant western points. It was the dark time of the war with the Iroquois and the canoes halted at the foot of the Long Sault Rapids to survey the gruesome scene of Dollard's heroism. The end of the fight had come a week before and the place was still strewn with human remains.

The Jesuits' mission to the Hurons, with its dire ending, had been only the beginning of their efforts to reach the far

west. They went along the rugged coast of Lake Huron to the mouth of the St. Mary River, which flows in swift rapids out of Lake Superior. There could be no better spot for a mission than the Sault Ste. Marie where the natives gathered for the excellent fishing. Thither and beyond had fled Hurons and Ottawas from the Iroquois terror which had devastated regions farther east. Jesuit priests followed them into the vastness of Lake Superior and on to its western end and there they founded the mission of Saint Esprit. But here, too, was terror. So firmly knit was Indian tribal organization that absorption of such fragments as these refugees by other tribes was scarcely possible and they remained alien and weak. In the end, the Sioux, nearly as ferocious as the Iroquois, attacked them and then they and their Jesuit teachers fled in terror back to Lake Huron. After the peace with the Iroquois in 1667, while the Ottawas returned to the borders of ruined Huronia and settled on Great Manitoulin Island, the Hurons turned westward from Sault Ste. Marie to Michilimackinac, a point of vantage on the narrow strait which connects Lake Huron with Lake Michigan. With them was their Jesuit teacher, Father Marquette, and at Michilimackinac grew up a mission and a trading post. Southward and westward were far-spread lakes. What lay beyond those dim shores? As yet the French did not know even the outline of the lakes and rivers by which the rushing waters at Sault Ste. Marie reached the sea.

The French flag which fluttered at Sault Ste. Marie and at Michilimackinac was the symbol of France's resolve to take that whole region and to be greater in America even than Spain. The other symbol of France's aims we may see in Father Marquette's person—the black robe of the Jesuit priest, the ascetic bearded face, with its lines of suffering and hardship. He was ceaselessly active in church services, in teaching all who would listen, in visiting the sick, in

trying to restrain the cheating, the lasciviousness and drunkenness which marked the contact of Europeans and natives at the posts. For nearly half a century the Jesuits had had the missions on the Great Lakes to themselves. Is it any wonder that they should have come to look upon the field as their own and to be jealous of intruding rivals? They hoped to found native communities, to teach them the Christian faith, to govern them for their own good, under a strict moral régime, and to protect them from evil by excluding corrupting traders and settlers. The Jesuits would save the natives by keeping them isolated; they would not even teach them French. Not the trader but the priest should lead them in the path of civilization; from him they should learn the beauties of Christian culture and not the vices of Europe. It is a fact that the missions remotest from the French settlements showed the best spiritual results. Talon approved of the plan to keep the natives in their distant villages and did not wish them to learn French.

Just before Talon first sailed for Canada in 1665 he had been in Flanders, still under the king of Spain, and there had learned that Spain was watching with nervous jealousy every move of France in America. Since, more than a hundred years earlier, De Soto had reached the lower Mississippi overland from Florida, Spain regarded as hers all the regions drained by that river. She was now impotent to check France, but a more effective enemy tried to bar the way. The Iroquois had always denied to the French access to the interior by way of Lake Ontario. As early as in 1535 Cartier had heard of the mighty waterfall in the west, which we know as Niagara, but this to the time of Talon no known Frenchman had ever seen. If the Iroquois could have their way, they would stand across the route to the west and make themselves the middlemen for all the trade with the western nations.

Peace with the Iroquois in 1667 seemed, however, to open this route to the French and this Talon was quick to see. Before him at Quebec lay a lump of copper, almost pure, which had come from Lake Superior. He sent a sample to Colbert and announced that he intended to secure the source of this and other hoped-for metals. He pictured to himself stores of gold and silver such as Spain had secured, and he lost no time in pursuing what he said would add not merely to the greatness of France but to the glory of God Himself. In spite of Spanish and Iroquois, of English and Dutch, New France should extend for the whole vast distance to Mexico in the south and to Hudson Bay in the north. I am giving instructions, he wrote to Colbert in 1670, that in every quarter the arms of the king shall be raised and the formal announcement made that these regions belong to France. He planned to build what had never yet been seen, a ship to sail on the great lakes. Colbert was startled at so sweeping a programme and wrote on the margin of Talon's despatch *Attendre*—Wait. The court was always ready with counsels of prudence in Canada if action involved effort and outlay.

Talon did not wait. In 1669, just after his return from France, he sent out his first expedition. Its young leader, Louis Jolliet, a Canadian by birth, had had an excellent education for the priesthood, but had been drawn away by the lure of the fur-trade. He had lived much among the natives, and knew at least some of their languages. Talon sent him with a companion named Péré to seek the source of that lump of pure copper and with this the easiest route for bringing the metal to Montreal. When Jolliet set out he seems to have thought more of the route than of the copper. It was enticing to go, with a captive Iroquois as guide, to the far west of Lake Ontario, a region hitherto closed to the French. Apparently he reached Lake Erie

and then turned back towards Montreal. Near the end of September when he was in an Indian village, not far from the spot at the west end of Lake Ontario where now stands the city of Hamilton, he received from the natives startling news; though he believed that his was the only French party in that whole region he was now told that some Frenchmen had arrived at a village near by and he quickly joined them.

The score of Frenchmen whom Jolliet now met was composed of two groups. One, under Dollier de Casson, was devoted to missionary work. Dollier is one of the considerable number of men of good birth in that age who turned from a secular career to become a priest. He had a commanding bearing and a physique so strong that he could, it was said, carry two men sitting on his hands. It had been natural that, with his aristocratic origin, he should enter the army and before he was twenty years old, and no doubt by family influence, he was a captain of cavalry in the army of Turenne. When he turned from soldier to priest he had the courtly and engaging manners of a polished man of the world, and combined with spiritual fervour the tact and moderation which are not always the companions of extreme zeal. At twenty-one he had gone to the Sulpicians in Paris for instruction, and in 1666, just when France was showing a new interest in Canada, he had come to their house at Montreal in the hope of spending his life in mission work among the natives. This was not to be, for a little later, in 1671, he became the Superior of the Sulpicians at Montreal, and there during the next thirty years until his death in 1701, he was a foremost and respected figure in the troubled life of the colony, and wrote a history of Montreal. Already just when Dollier reached Canada the Sulpicians had at Montreal what the French officer, La Hontan, called "a stately, great and pleasant house, built of free-stone," modelled on the house

of the order in Paris, and from this base they wished to advance to the west.

We have seen the early rivalries between Sulpicians and Jesuits. The Sulpicians were anxious to found missions, but in most fields—among the Hurons and Ottawas, the Iroquis, the Abenakis in Acadia, and the tribes in the northern regions of the Great Lakes—the Jesuits were already established and brooked no rivals. The Sulpicians were as ready as the Jesuits for hard toil and martyrdom. When some Iroquois ventured to settle on the north shore of Lake Ontario, in that empty country which their savagery had devastated, the Sulpicians quickly went to work among them. At Quinté were now working two priests, one of whom bore a famous name, for he was the elder half-brother of Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai. But the Sulpicians wished to go farther and to go soon. Captives were sometimes brought to Montreal who told of the marvels of the western country, of a mighty waterfall, of a great river known as the Ohio, which flowed westward, perhaps to the ocean, of open lands where great cattle (the buffaloes) were as thick as the trees of the forest. The Abbé Queylus, head of the Sulpicians, was keenly interested and warmly supported Dollier's hopes for extending the missions among the natives. Now peace with the Iroquois opened freely to French effort the unknown west and Dollier talked much with a young man whose name is the most famous in the annals of discovery in the far west, Robert Cavelier, called, from a family estate near Rouen, the Sieur de la Salle.

Men whose activities are dominated by a single aim may lose a sense of proportion in respect of other things, but they may also by their concentration achieve their one conspicuous success. La Salle, a man of one idea, was born in 1643, of a well-to-do bourgeois family at Rouen. His elder brother, Jean Cavelier, worked in Canada as a Sulpician

priest and this no doubt led La Salle to think of Canada. He had arrived in the spring of 1666 just when Tracy was preparing his telling blow against the Iroquois. The peace which followed brought an era of new hope. Though a member of a rich family, La Salle was poor, but he had enough influence to secure from the Sulpicians a large tract of land at Lachine just above those swirling rapids which halt navigation at Montreal. Whether, when still in France, La Salle had conceived the passion for discovery we do not know, but here at least he could feel its lure. He planned to create above the Rapids a village in which settlers' houses should be surrounded by a palisade. Thus protected they could sleep in safety and during the day could go out to clear and till the farms granted to them by La Salle as seigneur. No doubt at this outpost he profited by trade with Indians coming down the river to Montreal, but he was brooding over other things. This river which rushed past his door swept on from there to the Atlantic in a well-known course. But it was certain that in the west lay another great river flowing through other regions not yet known. Indians to whom he talked freely described it in detail. In the north Radisson had perhaps reached it some ten years earlier and he had traded with the tribes living near its source. But all this was vague. Where did it start? Where did it end? To give the answer was a fascinating problem.

La Salle's active spirit soon wearied of the tasks of his seigneury. Into these he must have thrown energy, for after three years he was able to sell his land for what seemed a good price, and thus secured the means to go to the west. Since his brother was a Sulpician and Dollier a friend, he knew inevitably of the Sulpician plan for missionary work. Thus it happened that the explorer and the missionary joined forces. La Salle was a young man of austere manners, reserved, proud and sometimes moody. Though

of unbending resolution he was thought unstable, for he had the defects of the enthusiast and aroused suspicion by what seemed unbalanced zeal and especially by his talk about reaching China. With some truth the Abbé Queylus said that in a sudden caprice La Salle might abandon the others and go his own way and the abbé was not willing to pool resources with him. Accordingly each branch of the expedition was to have independent leadership. A young Sulpician, recently arrived, named Galinée, had had some training in making maps and could use the needed instruments. He was to go with Dollier and we have his vivid journal of the expedition. Each party was to pay its own expenses and La Salle must have spent money freely for he engaged twice as many men as the Sulpicians.

Jolliet had gone by way of the north shore of Lake Ontario, and now Dollier's party and La Salle's were to go by the south. With them were Iroquois guides who said that they knew the western country perfectly. Each canoe carried three men and also goods with which to buy supplies from the natives. The party set out on July 6, 1669, and as the seven canoes of bark worked laboriously against the swift current of the St. Lawrence it seemed to the uninitiated Galinée that little more than some thin sheets of paper lay between them and death. The party was in no haste. They fished and hunted. They visited Iroquois villages in what is now New York. Though there were Jesuit priests in that country these held aloof from this Sulpician venture. In one Seneca village Galinée witnessed a scene which haunted his sensitive mind, a yelling, dancing crowd torturing to death a young prisoner in six long hours of agony. Galinée tried to save him but native custom was rigid; he had been given to a mother whose son had been killed and she demanded his death. To Galinée's disgust some Frenchmen watched the horror to the end. As the party advanced, the hardships were such that Galinée

thought missionaries must inevitably think more of bodily needs than of souls. Dollier fell ill, but this brought him no dismay for he protested that he had rather die doing the will of God in the wilderness than remain in the comfort of the monastery in Montreal. He wished, indeed, to found a mission in the wilderness and never again to return to civilization. At last the party reached the mouth of the Niagara River and thought they heard the roar of the distant cataract, which no known Frenchman had yet seen. But they did not see it. The swift current checked an attempted ascent and they passed on to the western end of the lake, where to their surprise they met Jolliet.

La Salle was growing uneasy. Now they were trending northward, but southward lay the Ohio which in his ardent belief was either the great river itself flowing to the western sea or its tributary. There were keen debates among the leaders of the three parties, each with its own aim. Dollier cared more for work among the Indian tribes than for exploration; and Jolliet, who now cast in his lot with the Sulpicians, wished to find a way to and from the copper mines in the north. In vain did La Salle urge that to begin missionary work in the north would be to invade the field of the Jesuits. When, one day, he fell ill of a fever, the others thought he was partly shamming and that he really wished to return to Montreal. The place was infested with rattlesnakes five or six feet long and with a touch of malice Galinée attributed La Salle's supposed illness to the shock of seeing three of these reptiles crawling on a rock. What the Abbé Queylus had feared now happened; La Salle would go his own way at any cost, and so they agreed to separate. They were devout men and on September 30 they heard mass together. Paddles on forked sticks served as an altar and they piled their canoes about the spot so that ribald savages who were now their companions might not jeer at

the mysteries. Then they parted and Jolliet and the Sulpicians set out and carried their canoes overland until they reached the Grand River which flows into Lake Erie.

When they had gone La Salle made it clear to his men that he did not intend to return to Montreal. In consequence some of them appear to have gone back without him and when they reached his former seigneury, in derision of his wild hopes, they named it China (*La Chine*). The others went on with him. La Salle crossed the isthmus to the south shore of Lake Erie, reached the head waters of the Ohio, and paddled down that great stream a long way towards the Mississippi. By this time he was going too far for his men. They deserted him. Undismayed he went on alone, but in the end he, too, turned back. He had an attractive manner with the natives and it is interesting to follow this solitary man threading his way from village to village, fed by the savages and by his own hunting, and at last, we know not how or when, covering the long route back to Montreal. He had reached the Ohio River, the first known European to do so.

Meanwhile Dollier's party reached the far-spreading waters of Lake Erie. Winter was at hand and to paddle light canoes on the storm-tossed lake was impossible. Where now stands Port Dover, near Long Point, then and still a paradise for sportsmen, they built a cabin at some distance from the lake to avoid its fierce winds. There for more than four months they remained, the first known Europeans to winter on the lake. There were great creaking trees, there was snow, there was game, but for months they saw no trace of human inhabitants. They set apart a corner of their cabin for a chapel and they comforted themselves with the devout observance of the church seasons. Spring had hardly come when, on March 26, they set out again. Before going they reared, as Cartier had done at Gaspé nearly a century and a half earlier, a great cross with

the arms of the king of France and took formal possession of the country. Then they braved the chill waves of the vast and shallow lake. One evening when near its western end they landed, worn out, they left their laden canoes near the water's edge. They were too tired to notice the storm which blew up and when they awoke they found that the canoes in which were their sacred vessels and their powder had been swept away. After this, since they could not hear mass and their hunting was also curtailed, they decided reluctantly to go back to Montreal with the resolve to return soon and to found a mission.

Perhaps Jolliet had already seen the river which flows from Lake Huron into Lake Erie. At any rate the party knew that it existed and that by Lake Huron was the best known route to Montreal. Accordingly they decided to make their way to the Jesuit mission at Sault Ste. Marie. Thither, in any case, Jolliet wished to go in his search for copper. First of known white men they explored the whole length of the Detroit River connecting Lake Erie with Lake Huron. They paddled past the rocky and desolated shores of Huronia and by the end of May were at Sault Ste. Marie. Here the Jesuit Father Marquette, jealous of the intrusion of the Sulpicians, received them with courtesy but without cordiality and perhaps there is a touch of resentment in Galinée's comment that he did not see there among the natives any marked sign of Christian influence. Jolliet was more welcome and his companion Péré remained at Sault Ste. Marie perhaps to go on with the search for copper. After three days Jolliet and the priests set out on the well-known route by way of the Ottawa and they reached Montreal on June 16. Soon Galinée produced the first known map of the regions which they had visited, and he filed the documents by which the explorers had proclaimed the sovereignty of France.

The reports now made to Talon aroused in him new eager-

ness. In that summer he sent out two further expeditions, with instructions to raise everywhere the arms of France and publicly to announce what this meant. In November he wrote to the king that he hoped to find waters by which the French could reach Mexico and that southern sea across which lay China. One of the expeditions is involved in mystery. It was headed by La Salle, just back from the Ohio, but what he did when he now pressed again to the west we do not know. Once more he may have reached the Ohio, and paddled on its water to the Mississippi, but no record of the venture has been found.

For Talon's second expedition in the year 1670 the Jesuits had already prepared the way. We hardly wonder that they were jealous of other mission work in the north-west for at great sacrifice they were trying to reach the remote tribes. When Father Jean Allouez went in 1665 to the Ottawas on Lake Superior, he suffered every insult which these savages could inflict upon him. He was half-starved, and while weak from hunger was forced to paddle all day long as if, he says, he was a galley-slave chained to a bench. Around the camp fire he was the butt of scurrilous and obscene jests. The savages stole his clothing and he was barely able to keep his wide hat as a protection from the sun. At night a native snatched his blanket to use as a pillow and left him to get what warmth he could from a covering of leaves. None the less did he win confidence. He found the natives on Lake Superior worshipping lumps of copper and he is said to have instructed no fewer than a hundred thousand savages in the Christian faith, and to have baptised ten thousand. One secret of his influence was that even in the far west the Iroquois were already a terror by their prowling attacks, and by the plundering of the canoes which ventured to go to trade at Montreal; and the western tribes hoped for aid from the French. Allouez heard reports of English houses on Hudson Bay and this made him the more

urgent in his work for God and for France. His notes on the region aided the map-makers of the time.

From this beginning it came that Talon sent in 1670 the expedition which was intended to fulfil with pomp the considered plan of annexing to France all the western regions from Hudson Bay to Mexico. At its head was a military officer, the Sieur de Saint-Lusson, and with him went Jolliet to continue the search for the elusive copper mine. The party moved leisurely. They spent the winter of 1670-71 on the shores of Lake Huron and in the spring reached Sault Ste. Marie. Here Saint-Lusson sent an active young fur-trader, Nicolas Perrot, who knew native tongues and ways, to visit all the neighbouring tribes, to tell them of the advantages which trade and alliance with the French offered, and to invite them to a great council at Sault Ste. Marie. He won an amazing and rapid success. Moved partly by curiosity, partly by hopes of gifts and other benefits from the French, partly by the lure of the fishing in the St. Mary River, to which many came at this season, no fewer than fourteen tribes, some of them far distant, sent envoys.

On June 14 Saint-Lusson, surrounded by a score of Frenchmen, held a great ceremony. The tossing rapids of the turbulent river which discharges the waters of Lake Superior on their way to the sea, the dark tone of the pines and hemlocks, and the vivid green of the other trees of the surrounding forest, made a striking scene. Saint-Lasson, dressed in brilliant uniform and surrounded by a group of Frenchmen, watched amid the clatter of musketry and the chanting of a *Te Deum,* the rearing, on a near height of land, of a huge cross with the escutcheon of France above it. Hymns and prayers for the king followed, and then, amid whoops from the savages, a great bonfire was started. Saint-Lusson made a solemn declaration that the whole land, known and as yet unknown, belonged to

France, that all its people were the king's subjects and owed him obedience, that he now took them under his protection, and that no other nation might intrude therein, a defiance to England and Spain. Father Allouez then told the assembly that the King of France had no equal on earth, and that compared with him all other leaders were like little plants which one treads on in walking, while he was like a great tree. He added that this ruler possessed rich cities more numerous than even all the men in the native tribes, that when he spoke in wrath the earth trembled, that his cannon seemed to set on fire the air and the sun, and that rivers of blood flowed when he smote his enemies. The father drew a vivid picture and the savages yelped seeming assent. Had they understood, we can readily guess their thoughts. They loved their undisciplined freedom; that land they thought was and always would be theirs; the king of France might be their ally but he was not their master. Meaningless as pompous declarations such as those of Saint-Lusson may seem, they yet express France's resolve to hold by force, if necessary, the regions to which her pioneers went. Nearly a century later, George Washington was the first British officer to throw down Britain's challenge to that claim in the west.

Talon's eyes were not only on the west. In the east, too, he was planning an extended French Empire. When Saint-Lusson returned to Quebec in the summer of 1671, he was at once sent on a difficult journey overland to Acadia to report on the best means of holding in check the English from New York and New England. Late that autumn Talon also sent an expedition overland to Hudson Bay, under the Sieur de Saint-Simon, to learn whether enduring trading posts might be created there, to enquire as to a possible passage to the western sea, and above all to take possession of the country. With this officer went a Jesuit priest, Father Albanel, of whom we shall hear more later.

In June, 1672, on the shores of James Bay, the southern expansion of Hudson Bay, the French party managed to bring together the native chiefs of the neighbourhood. They described to them the greatness of the France which had recently forced the dreaded Iroquois into peace, and they invited the tribes to go to Quebec to trade. In a formal ceremony they annexed that whole northern region to France. They did not know that in the previous year had been founded in London the Hudson's Bay Company, with the king's cousin, Prince Rupert, and other persons of influence, as its promoters, and that Charles II of England had granted to it the regions drained by the rivers flowing into Hudson Bay, the whole Canadian West of to-day.

CHAPTER XIX

COUNT FRONTENAC IN NEW FRANCE

Talon and Courcelle had arrived in Canada together and together they sailed away in the middle of November, 1672. Talon's going may be taken to mark the end of an epoch. Persons linked with the fiery missionary zeal of an earlier period were passing away. Madame de la Peltrie died at Quebec in November, 1671, and Marie de l'Incarnation in April, 1672. Frontenac, the new governor, not the intendant, was soon to be the dominating figure in New France.

At the French court Talon found on his return a changed tone. More than half gone was the interest in a great New France across the sea. Louis XIV had become enamoured of glory and now was a victim of the passion to dominate Europe. When Talon had returned to France in 1668 Louis XIV had just ended his first war of conquest. His Spanish wife, the daughter of Philip IV, claimed by inheritance the Spanish Netherlands. Since this would have carried the French frontier northward to Holland, the Dutch made an alliance with England and Sweden and, led by John de Witt, fought France. Under Turenne and Condé French victories enabled Louis XIV to make, in 1668, the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle gaining for him from the Spanish Netherlands a dozen fortified towns, including what is now the great industrial city of Lille. Even this gain was not enough for the wider aims of Louis XIV.

Such a peace he regarded as a defeat and he was bent on renewed war with Holland.

Hitherto Protestant England had often stood by Protestant Holland; but now this was to be changed. Charles II was the first cousin of Louis XIV and at heart like him a Roman Catholic. He had learned his faith from his mother, Henrietta Maria, widow of Charles I, for whom, when she died in 1669, Bossuet preached an eloquent funeral sermon in praise of her ardent Catholic faith. In view of such relations it is not to be wondered that Charles II now went over to the French interest. In 1670, by the secret Treaty of Dover, he pledged himself to avow his Roman Catholic faith at the opportune moment and to join France in war on Holland. In turn he was to receive from Louis two hundred thousand pounds a year and military aid, in case his subjects should revolt on account of his change of faith. Thus the former ally of Holland now became her enemy and England was a vassal of France. Sweden, too, Louis XIV bought off. Such a game of conquest was alluring and it had the deep impulse of religion. Catholic France was striking down Protestant rivals.

What time to think of the petty affairs of a few thousand colonists across the sea, when populous Europe at one's door might be mastered, and with it America? Colbert was uneasy. He wished France to have time to dominate the world by successful commerce rather than by war which would exhaust her resources. Louis XIV was, however, ignorant of finance and would never adjust his ends to his means. While to Colbert government meant an iron routine of business, to Louis XIV government was chiefly a brilliant pageant with the king the central figure. He was himself a self-centred man, an egoist, lacking the sense of humour which is a safeguard against empty parade. There was a cruel heedlessness in his blood, for was he not the descendant of Philip II who was prepared to ruin

Spain that he might be its master? Colbert was so disturbed by the new outlook that he now talked of the danger to France of sending overseas many of her people. Far better keep them in Europe to make France strong to fight her enemies. This suited the changed temper of Louis XIV, who did not crave for a great state in America so much as for one in Europe, where his ambition reached out even to the mastery of Slavs and Turks.

When in 1672 Louis XIV had begun his second war of conquest, he had written to Talon that he must spend less money on Canada. In the next year Colbert declared that the king could do nothing for Canada, since on land he had to keep up an army of two hundred thousand men and on the sea more than a hundred vessels of war. Colbert added that in six years Canada had cost three and a half million livres. A dream was ended. France was not to throw her strength into colonizing effort. Instead, Turenne and Condé, with a hundred thousand men, crossed the Rhine; they overran southern Holland until, to save Amsterdam, the Dutch let in the sea and flooded their low-lying country. When a mob resentful at reverses murdered the two brothers de Witt, who ruled the Dutch republic, the man came to the front who, during forty years, defied France and baulked her plans. The love of glory of Louis XIV was weaker than the love of country of William of Orange, who became William III of England, and in the long struggle France lost finally her chance to become a great colonial power. This meant the success of her rival, England, with the portentous result that to-day the British peoples and the nation of their blood in North America rule over one-third of the earth's surface and hold perhaps half of its resources.

Early in 1763 Talon had a long interview with the king whose declining interest in Canada may be seen in his referring Talon to Colbert to discuss plans. The new world

so appealed to Talon's imagination that he desired to return, but the influence of the Church was used quietly against this confirmed Gallican. His active and constructive mind had planned great things for Canada, but he was rather the official who directed affairs than the hardy pioneer who, like Champlain and the old soldier Frontenac, soon to appear on the scene, went among the natives and faced in person the rude problems and conflicts of the wilderness. Talon never fully grasped the force of these baffling details. He was above all a courtier, and after his return it pleased Louis XIV to keep him near his own person, and to give him the high office of Secretary of the King's Cabinet. Talon had ties with the English royal house. He was the friend of James II and, as an ardent Catholic, was in sympathy with his religious aims. When the Stuarts were exiled, Talon became the dispenser to them of the bounty of Louis XIV. He lived unmarried in some state in the Rue du Bac in Paris, and when he died in 1684, his will showed that a confirmed Gallican could yet be a devout Catholic. Six priests were to watch by his body until burial. He provided for masses for his soul in five religious communities as soon as possible after his death, and for a mass to be said forever in each year at the hour of his death.

The second war with Holland begun in 1672 seemed to promise well. But Charles II of England, France's ally, bought by French money, was an uncertain support, for the English people were nervous about the aims of France. Just at this time Louis XIV sent to Canada as governor a soldier who would be certain to make the most of its slender military resources. On September 12, the Sovereign Council at Quebec registered the appointment of Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, as Governor-General of New France. A few days later, on the 27th, all the magistrates appeared at the Council, to meet the new governor and to

register France's declaration of war against Holland. Frontenac was now fifty years old, used to command and imperious in manner. His life had been divided between the ceremony and gaiety of the court and the rough austerity of the military camp and in both scenes he was equally at home. Since Laval was absent in France and Talon was soon to leave and for a time to have no successor, during nearly three years, Frontenac was to be sole master. This suited exactly his regal temper, for what the king was at Versailles he intended to be at Quebec. He told the king that his dignity required that he should have a body-guard of twenty mounted soldiers and the king made him a grant to equip them.

Frontenac's father had been in charge of the royal château of St. Germain-en-Laye and the friend of Louis XIII, and Frontenac was himself that king's godson. In Holland, Italy and Germany he had seen hard military service and a crippled arm was the permanent result of his wounds. Just before going to Canada he had been chosen by the great Turenne as the best officer to meet the request of Venice for a leader of their army against the Turks and this meant that his military reputation in Europe went beyond the borders of France. He had addressed the Senate of Venice on his mission with the eloquence which was later to startle savage tribes in Canada. Though his earlier career does not seem to furnish the training needed to rule a remote colony on the edge of the wilderness, the habit of command made impressive this born leader, who had complete confidence in himself. At the court of Louis XIV he had excited ridicule by his insistence that everything pertaining to him, his house, his horses, his clothes, his table, was of superior excellence. He had contracted a hasty marriage with a lady of the court, as imperious, it seems, as himself. She was beautiful, and knew it, and played a brilliant part in French society. Though the

couple soon separated, the Countess was always ready to intrigue at court to aid her husband in Canada, and she had influence, for she was the cousin of Madame de Maintenon whom Louis XIV married. With a small income Frontenac had lived like a rich noble, and now when he was fifty he had the prospect, as Saint-Simon said, of dying of hunger in France or of going to live and die in remote Canada. Up to this time his only known tie with Canada was due to some share that he had in sending out the Carignan-Salières regiment. It was not without difficulty that he secured the Canadian post. One competitor was the Comte de Grignan, son-in-law of that most delightful of letter-writers, Madame de Sévigné. When Frontenac was chosen she consoled herself by saying that her daughter was happy in not going to a distant country where she would have to be with people whom she would be sorry to know in France. It was this great lady who forgave nobles for marrying rich bourgeois "since they must manure their acres."

We are amused to find Frontenac summoning the States-General. He had been told by the king to take the oath of allegiance from the three orders, the clergy, the nobility, and the third estate, and though it was not easy to find them in Canada he wrote to the king that he should obey the command. The clergy were sufficiently marked as an order. When Frontenac summoned three or four inhabitants who had the rank of gentlemen and added to these some army officers, judges and leading merchants, he had an order of nobility in strange contrast with that of France. The third estate included nearly every one else. Frontenac says that more than a thousand persons came together. The proceedings were a mere ceremony, but Frontenac was able to outline his policy. They must all work together, he said, for the good of the colony; they must help the natives to learn French manners and the French language; they must check

idle vagabondage; they must clear and cultivate the soil and rear cattle. The speech ended, all took the oath, a privilege in which some Hurons present asked to share. Since there had been no debate and no expression of opinion from the members, the assembly was in no sense like the States-General in France, where grievances were aired, and much less was it like a Parliament. Yet so sensitive was the French court about giving power to the people that Frontenac was mildly rebuked for his act and told not to repeat the fault.

The arrogant, irascible soldier had real insight and tact to meet the needs of the country. He and Talon were of one mind. Talon, it is true, though still at Quebec, had stayed away from the fantastic States-General for instinct told him that it would not please the king. But Talon had begun what Frontenac was to carry on, the exploration which would, as they both hoped, give to France a region richer than the boasted realms of Spain. The two men were agreed also that the civil power must be supreme in New France. The state was to use the missions and not merely to be used by them.

Frontenac's pay was not enough to meet his outlay and there is little doubt that he added secretly to his income by sharing in the fur-trade. With their low pay most of the officials had to do the same thing or to starve. Nearly every canoe, even those of the Jesuit priests, going to the interior, carried goods for exchange with the natives and the charge was often repeated that the Jesuits engaged in trade. They took to their stations goods with which not only to buy supplies for their own living but also to furnish needed things to the natives, and inevitably they received in payment furs which were almost the currency of the country. Inevitably, too, they had in some way to sell these furs. From this it happened that when Frontenac had been in Canada for only a few weeks he wrote to Colbert

that the Jesuits thought as much of converting the beaver to their uses as of converting souls and that most of their mission work was pure mockery. There may have been some mercenary priests, but the charge is more interesting as showing Frontenac's opinion of the Jesuits than as expressing the truth. Jesuit zeal burned with as pure a flame in Marquette at Michilimackinac as in the earlier Jesuit martyrs but, since the Jesuits aimed to shut out the unscrupulous trader from the posts, it was an easy retort that they wished the profits for themselves.

The days were past of awaiting at Montreal the arrival of natives with their furs. Inevitably the fur-traders—the *coureurs-de-bois*—went to the villages of the natives to urge their coming. They were apt to be a lawless set of men whom Frontenac, no less than the Jesuits, was resolved to control and whom he could, if need be, destroy. Meanwhile, however, he faced a danger more menacing. Though New York was under English rule the Dutch traders were still the most energetic rivals of France and now, with Holland and France at war, their enmity was acute. They could bring goods up the Hudson River to Albany and sell them to the Iroquois at prices lower than was possible for the French, who had to meet the heavy cost of the difficult route by way of the St. Lawrence. Even the scattered tribes in the Ottawa country were beginning to trade southward with the Dutch and the Iroquois were the middlemen. The outlook was alarming. In 1671, Courcelle, the governor, had realised the importance of a trading post on Lake Ontario to intercept the traffic, and he decided to go there to see for himself. As yet no governor but Champlain had seen any of the Great Lakes. Courcelle had gone and he had taken with him Father Dollier de Casson, well hardened to forest life and still eager to found a mission. It was a rough journey up the whole distance from Montreal to Lake Ontario against the current of the swift river. The

mosquitoes were a torment and hard work fell to every one. By going Courcelle showed energy to rival Talon's and he saw clearly that France, to maintain her influence, must create a post on Lake Ontario. Now it remained for Frontenac to achieve what Courcelle had planned.

Frontenac began his work in Canada with enthusiasm. The situation of Quebec he thought magnificent. Though the town was badly planned and the governor's residence contemptible, all this, he said, could be changed. Quebec would be the capital of a great empire. But, for the moment, his interest centred not at Quebec but farther west. Spring had barely come in 1673 when he went to Montreal and organized a great force for the expedition to Lake Ontario. Since he had little money he must depend on the goodwill of those whom he summoned to his aid. He was going, he said, to survey the extent of his government and, in true feudal style, he ordered the inhabitants at the settlements to supply him with stated numbers of men and canoes. Many of the seigneurs were military officers and when the spring sowing was over they came in considerable force to Montreal. Frontenac showed untiring skill as an organizer. He settled disputes about rank, kept order, and laid a heavy hand on those who debauched with drink Huron volunteers eager to join the expedition. La Salle was at Montreal and now Frontenac sent him in advance to the Iroquois country to summon the five nations to a meeting at Quinté, on Lake Ontario. The mission required tact, for the arrogant savages might stand on their dignity and say that it was for Frontenac to come to their own country to win them.

The good soldier neglects no detail. We find this quality in Marlborough, in Napoleon, and in Wellington, and Frontenac had it. He made a waggon road to Lachine where the expedition was to embark. There, on two flat-boats hastily built, he loaded his equipment, which included

some cannon. On June 29 all was ready and a hundred and twenty canoes and the flat-boats set out, carrying about four hundred men well organized in brigades, based on the districts from which they came. Then followed two weeks of hard toil. To drag the heavy flat-boats past difficult rapids involved trying labour. Men had to wade in water sometimes to their necks and with feet and legs bleeding from cuts made by the sharp rocks. But Frontenac so inspired confidence that cheerfulness prevailed. In the evenings, after the hard labours of the day, the men played at prisoners' base and other active games. Once, when there was heavy rain, Frontenac spent a sleepless night keeping the biscuits dry. He sent carpenters ahead to cut away the branches of trees overhanging the water where it was necessary to hug the shore.

On the way a message came from La Salle that two hundred Iroquois were gathered not at Quinté, but at Cataraqui, the point where the lake narrows into the river St. Lawrence. On July 12, when the journey was at last over, Frontenac's genius for parade had full play. He had required his officers and men to bring with them what showy uniforms they could command and now they made a gallant array. The Iroquois chiefs who came to meet him had encamped on the spot where now stands the city of Kingston and they may well have been awed by the majesty of France when they saw approaching four groups of canoes abreast in military line, followed by the flat-boats painted in bright colours and armed with cannon. Then came Frontenac himself surrounded by canoes filled with armed men as a guard to his person, and with a brigade of canoes as a rear-guard.

Though this was the courtier's first contact with the diplomacy of the forest he knew by instinct how to bear himself in this new setting. By seven on the next morning he had his force under arms and a double file of soldiers

surrounding his tent. There he received in state more than sixty old and important chiefs and seated them before him on sacks spread on the ground. His address began with apologies that he must speak through an interpreter, the Jesuit father, Le Moyne. It was Louis XIV in the wilderness. Frontenac told the chiefs of his labour in passing the rapids of the great river to come to them and of his pleasure that they, his children, assured him of their obedience: "It is well, my children, that you should obey your father's commands." They should receive a father's care. Evil persons had tried to stir up strife and say that he wished to destroy them, but so long as they observed his orders all would be well and he would consider any insult to persons under French protection as an insult to himself. He was glad to see that they had showed their trust by bringing with them their wives and their children. When we remember that some of the elders whom he addressed had probably taken part in the massacre of the Jesuit priests in Huronia and of many French settlers, we wonder that Frontenac's high tone was not resented. But majesty of bearing counts for much and the Iroquois whom other governors had called brothers were willing to accept from the majestic Frontenac the title of children. Their name for the governor of Canada was Onontio. Henceforth Frontenac was the Great Onontio.

In the days which followed Frontenac gave audience to each of the chiefs in turn and received them at his table. He pleased their wives with gifts and played with their children. In the evening there was dancing. And all the time was being reared in feverish haste a fort, designed to make France the strong master of that region. Raudin, an engineer, directed the work. One party cut down the forest trees; another dug for the foundations; others prepared the stone and timbers for the building. The men showed zeal and would quit work only when compelled by

darkness. At a second formal gathering Frontenac told the chiefs his wishes. They should become Christians, love God with all their hearts and their neighbours as themselves, and live in peace with the king of France as their protector. They should teach their children the French language and he hoped that they would allow him to take four or five of them to Quebec to be educated. As to material things, he was, he said, creating on the spot a trading post, where they could secure needed supplies without taking the long journey to Montreal. In reply the chiefs showed caution. What about French prices for goods as compared with those of the Dutch and English traders? When a fortnight had sufficed to build a strong fort impregnable to native attack, Frontenac was ready for the return journey. It was carried out orderly as had been the going and on August 1 he was again at Montreal. The expedition had cost little in money and now on Lake Ontario was the French flag over a fort and trading post, intended to command the approach to the Great Lakes. That was a renewed challenge not less to the Iroquois than to the English of New York and it soon involved also a challenge to Spain. Nor was it less a challenge to the merchants at Montreal for Frontenac's post would cut off trade which might otherwise come to them.

CHAPTER XX

THE FRENCH IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

UNDER penalty of exterminating the offenders, Spain had decreed that no foreign ship should enter the Gulf of Mexico and that no alien foot should touch its shores. Yet, regardless of Spain, the French were bent on taking possession of all the lands stretching from the far north to Mexico. Though later history has shown that the work of the French explorers of the Mississippi relates rather to the United States than to Canada, yet was Canada the basis for the enterprises which have consequences so vast in the world of to-day. In describing the expedition which, in 1670, made clear the position of Lake Erie, the last of the Great Lakes to become known to the French, Galinée completed the outline to the west of Lake Superior of what is now Canada. Interest was keen and further efforts followed. On November 2, 1672, Frontenac wrote to the king that he had sent out Jolliet to find a way to the South Sea. Two years later he wrote to say that Jolliet had returned and reported that there was an easy route by water to Mexico itself.

This discovery was momentous. Jolliet, glad we may be sure of still further adventure, had gone out by way of the Ottawa River to Michilimackinac. Here was Father Marquette who had been dreaming and planning for just such an expedition. While the priest was thinking of new fields for mission work, Jolliet was bent on exploring a great

river leading to new regions for France. We do not know how the joining of their forces was planned. Frontenac, no friend of the Jesuits, makes no mention of the priest in his official report to the minister.

However it came about the two leaders joined forces at Michilimackinac and the joy of the prospect, says Marquette, made agreeable the toil of paddling day after day from morning to night. They set out on May 27, 1673, with five men in two large canoes of birch bark. When told of their aim, the natives expressed surprise and horror; not only fierce men and a dangerous river made the way difficult; there were monsters which devoured men and canoes together; one of them, a great roaring demon, swallowed all who approached him. Three hundred years earlier peasants near Avignon had told Petrarch similar tales when he began the ascent of Mount Ventoux, a commonplace incident of to-day. It was easy to reach the Wisconsin River and to float on its waters to the Mississippi. This river other Europeans had seen and the people on its banks had cloth, beads, knives, hatchets and even muskets, which came from Europe. The danger lay in the long journey down the river, day after day, past villages, in which dwelt fierce tribes warring on each other. When the *voyageurs* landed they made only small fires so as not to attract attention, and at night they slept in their canoes anchored as far as possible from the shore. Jolliet, a good observer, kept a journal in which he noted the degree of latitude, the flora and the fauna. Until July 17 they pressed on but, at a point in what is now Arkansas and still seven hundred miles from the mouth of the river, they turned back.

They had learned what they chiefly wished to know and to go further might be to encounter Spaniards who would destroy them as ruthlessly as, more than a hundred years earlier, they had destroyed the French in Florida. Clearly

the natives were in touch with the Spaniards for on the lower river, too, they had European axes and knives and even muskets. What the explorers now made certain was that the waters of the Mississippi reached the Atlantic by the Gulf of Mexico and not the Pacific by the Gulf of California. This meant both success and failure. Frontenac wrote with glee to Colbert that, but for the Falls of Niagara, a ship might sail from Lake Ontario to the Gulf of Mexico. But, even if this were true, he had hoped that she might go by the great river to another gulf, that of California, and so out into the broad waters of the Pacific. Since this was now proved impossible the French were soon searching for another great river farther west by which they might float in canoes to the western sea, and for three-quarters of a century still they pursued this hope until they found that, blocking the way, was the mighty barrier of the Rocky Mountains.

While Frontenac regarded the expedition as under his officer, Jolliet, to the Jesuits Marquette was the leader and through him they could claim to be the first apostles to the tribes on the Mississippi. The priest did not live to see Michilimackinac again. While Jolliet pushed on to Quebec, Marquette, ill and really dying, was forced to linger on the way. Late in the autumn of 1674 he still had strength enough to summon the surrounding tribes to meet him at Kaskaskia, an Indian town on the Illinois River. Hundreds, even thousands, came. The Iroquois terror was now troubling those remote peoples, as earlier it had troubled the Hurons, and they grasped at any prospect of aid. When Marquette preached to them they seemed to listen gratefully and a mission was begun. Then Marquette left them hoping to reach Michilimackinac, but on the way he died.

Inevitably discovery advanced beyond what Jolliet and Marquette had achieved, for the mystery must be probed

until some adventurous person should go down the great river to the sea and complete the circuit from the ocean gulf below Quebec to the ocean gulf into which flowed the Mississippi. Little aid would come from the state, for the war with Holland, lasting from 1672 to 1678, was absorbing France's revenues. She was paying yearly to one ally, Sweden, a million and a half of livres and to another, England, two millions. By the standards of our age the revenues of France in money were incredibly small. When Louis XIV began his personal rule, the total amount received yearly from taxes was only eighty-four million livres (about $17,000,000 or £3,500,000) of which fifty-two millions were used for salaries and for interest on the debt. With so small a margin and with a costly war going on, we need not wonder that it was hard to get money for New France; a king who borrowed money at a rate of interest as high as four hundred per cent. was not likely to have an open purse for distant adventures which he did not half understand. Colbert complained that in five months of a single year Canada had cost France two hundred thousand livres. It was a huge sum in view of demands in Europe; and the result was that those who dreamed of empire in the interior of America must themselves provide the cost of carrying out their plans.

Now it is that Cavelier de la Salle becomes the central figure in the work of discovery. The energy and indomitable resolution of the man, face to face with almost impossible tasks, make him one of the world's heroes. To follow the details of his labours would require a volume. We have already seen him breaking away from Dollier de Casson to go on lonely discovery to the Ohio. When Frontenac built Fort Frontenac he placed in charge La Salle, who then had opportunity to learn native ways and especially those of his neighbours, the Iroquois. His energy

was unconquerable. To cross the ocean and if need be to cross on foot half a continent were to him tasks to be readily undertaken. Just when, in 1674, Jolliet was returning to Quebec from his journey with Marquette, La Salle sailed for France with a letter to Colbert from Frontenac urging support for the enterprises which La Salle would lay before him. They were to cost the court nothing, and they offered some balance in the world of missions against the dominance of the Jesuits, for La Salle opposed their plan to keep the natives isolated under their influence and supported the rival Sulpicians and Récollets. When he asked from the king the rank of an untitled noble and the grant of a large area of land about and including Fort Frontenac, his request was granted. In return he promised to spent two thousand livres on Fort Frontenac and to create there a strong settlement. His rich family, gratified, no doubt, that one of their number was no longer a bourgeois, but a noble, supplied him with needed money and by 1675 he had returned to Canada and was soon at Fort Frontenac with resources adequate to making it an important place. He had other enemies than the Jesuits for the English across the lake in New York did not like this energetic rival, and the merchants in Montreal and Quebec saw trade intercepted before it could reach them. Frontenac, however, supported him and, nearly every year, himself made the difficult journey to the fort.

Fort Frontenac prospered. Soon it had sights never before witnessed on the waters of Lake Ontario—ships, vast compared with native canoes, cruising under sail. La Salle built four, the largest of forty-five tons. His axe-men cleared away the forest and some farmers tilled the soil. He rebuilt the fort so hastily reared by Frontenac in 1673, provided quarters for officers and men and mounted cannon on the stone walls. The natives flocked to the neighbourhood, both Iroquois and Ottawas, until their number reached

about eighteen hundred. Two Récollet friars served the fort. One of them was Father Louis Hennepin, from whose pen we have a vivid account of the place.

Though the task at hand was fascinating, this was not La Salle's goal. He was planning a mighty empire, greater than that of Spain in Mexico and Peru. For this reserved man, a lover of solitude, and often moody and pre-occupied, business had no lure; to keep accounts was, he declared, a hateful task. His air of authority succeeded with the natives but some Frenchmen resented it and at Fort Frontenac evil spirits tried to poison him. He had rivals. In 1667 the explorer Jolliet asked Frontenac for a grant on Lake Michigan where he wished to establish himself with twenty men, on the model of La Salle at Fort Frontenac. This request, however, Colbert ordered Frontenac to refuse; people Canada first, he said, before going so far afield. In 1667, when Jolliet was still pressing for this grant, La Salle, to further his own plans, went again to France. He gave a glowing report of what he had achieved. At his fort, among Indians and French alike, drunkenness and disorder were, he declared, hardly known; in the school taught by the Récollets were Indian children; the Iroquois, not as barbaric as they had been painted, were settling down and could be made good Frenchmen.

La Salle asked for much; for the right to build one fort on the river Niagara to command the approach to Lake Erie, and another on the Illinois to command the approach to the Mississippi from the southern end of Lake Michigan. He promised that the work should cost the king nothing and at such a price the royal bounty was magnificent. By way of concession to rivals La Salle was not to trade with the Ottawas or other northern tribes who went to Montreal, but, at what the king called the western posts, he might build forts where he liked and own the land about them on the conditions granted for Fort Frontenac. Here was the

royal warrant for what became, in the course of the next seventy-five years, the fixed policy of France, a line of forts from Lake Ontario to the Gulf of Mexico cutting off other nations from the interior of the continent. Five years was the short period allowed to La Salle to effect the occupation, and the patent was dated May 12, 1678. We may smile at the ignorance as to the time needed for a task so vast.

Now came to La Salle twelve years of incredible labour. To aid him his family advanced in all about half a million livres, for that age a great sum. At times he had to borrow money at a rate of forty per cent. To secure needed support for his costly undertaking, he went into debt and, on his default, was at the mercy of creditors inspired by vindictive enemies. La Salle hoped both for fortune from the fur-trade and for fame as the founder of a great empire of Louisiana. In the autumn of 1678 he was back at Fort Frontenac and at his side was Henry Tonty, one of the noblest characters in the story of New France. His father, an Italian banker, still remembered by name as the creator of the tontine system of life insurance, had fled to France because of a charge of conspiracy in Naples. In France he was befriended by Cardinal Mazarin, a fellow Italian, and the young Tonty entered the French army, fought in seven campaigns and lost his right hand in battle. His cousin Duluth was in New France and this, perhaps, led Tonty to join his fortunes with La Salle, and almost alone he remained faithful to him during the dark years which followed.

Though modern generations have learned at heavy cost that, as winter approaches, the perils of the Great Lakes are not to be braved, to La Salle winter and summer were equally suited for action. To him the call to the west seemed so urgent that on November 18, 1678, at a season when now commerce deserts the lakes, eighteen of his

party set out from Fort Frontenac in a little ship of ten tons to sail the whole length of frigid and stormy Lake Ontario. They hugged the forest-clad north shore and near the end of the month, when they took refuge from the wind in a stream, probably the Humber, at Toronto, the ice so held the little ship that she was cut out with difficulty. On December 6 they reached the mouth of the Niagara River and sang *Te Deum* for God's mercies. La Salle himself, setting out a little later, went by the south shore and spent the Christmas season battling with storms. When he reached the mouth of the Niagara and seemed to be near the end of his troubles, the ship bearing his supplies was wrecked in circumstances which led him to believe that his enemies had bribed the pilot.

Through many ages the torrent of Niagara had poured over its precipice and had cut back for miles that tortuous river bed between high cliffs which confines in a resistless stream the flood of the Great Lakes. La Salle's party spent many long months near the great cataract with its roar ever in their ears. The Récollet Father Hennepin, making notes for a book, made also the first drawing of the Falls known to us. The cataract blocked direct navigation to the farther west but this could not baffle La Salle. He had lost one ship and now he began to build another at a place on the right bank above the Falls, near the modern Buffalo. Then she should sail to the west with quantities of goods in her hold and be able to trade on a scale far beyond anything possible to the light traffic by canoe.

Father Hennepin declares that no one but La Salle could have carried through the enterprise. With incredible labour his men carried stores, cannon, a forge, anchors and other equipment the long distance from where is now Lewiston to a point above the Falls. To secure recruits in Europe had been difficult and in the company were Flemings, Italians, French, mingled with natives, some of them sus-

picious, discontented and even murderous. La Salle not only built a ship; at the mouth of the river he reared two block-houses which were later to expand into Fort Niagara. When his tasks were still half done he had to drop them and to return to Montreal for supplies to replace those lost in the wreck of the first ship. Without the means to trade, it was useless to go to the west and accordingly, in February, with two men, and a dog dragging a sled, he set out on foot. We can picture the group, black on the wintry snow, plodding through the forest-clad country which is now New York and across the ice of Lake Ontario to its northern shore and then from Fort Frontenac on to Montreal. His affairs proved to be in worse condition than he had imagined. As we have seen, even the Sulpicians had thought him hair-brained when he had set out with Dollier de Casson, and now his jealous enemies had spread the report that he was a visionary who would never return and pay his debts. To his dismay the result was that his creditors had seized the store of furs at Quebec and Montreal which he intended to send to France in payment for supplies.

After this La Salle had a complex succession of difficulties at which we can only glance. Not until August could he return to Niagara and there, to his joy, he found that Tonty had held the men to their work and that the new ship, the *Griffin*, so called from Frontenac's coat of arms, was ready to set out. In this, the first ship under sail ever seen in those regions, he went the length of Lake Erie, then up the Detroit River to Lake Huron, and at last, after hair-breadth escapes, dropped anchor at Michilimackinac and greeted the Jesuit mission with a salute from the ship's small cannon. At sight of her the astonished natives paddled out in a hundred canoes and yelled delight; but the priests and the traders were not pleased. La Salle well knew that he had no right to trade in the north but he had the excuse that he was there only on his way to a

remoter country. In the previous summer he had sent forward in canoes fifteen men to trade for him during the winter and to go on to the Illinois and prepare there for his coming. Some of this mixed rabble of his followers had, however, betrayed their trust, squandered his goods, and dispersed. He found four of the deserters at Michilimackinac. Soon, to the relief of his irritated rivals, he sailed on into Lake Michigan where, at Green Bay, a few of the party which he had sent forward awaited him. They had engaged in trade and had a store of furs collected during the winter. The ship could go no further than Lake Michigan and now La Salle, anxious to prove his success, decided to send her back to Niagara with a cargo of furs. She sailed on September 18. La Salle watched her depart and he hoped to see her back before winter should come. This first ship to plough those waters passed out of view and was to add one more to the tragedies of discovery. Nothing was ever seen again of her or of her crew.

La Salle was now left with four canoes and fourteen men to go on into an unknown region. Tonty was to collect twenty men at Michilimackinac and to follow in canoes down the east shore of Lake Michigan to the enclosure called Fort Miami, on the St. Joseph River. It lay across the lake from the spot on the west side where now stands the great city of Chicago. Here the two parties came together, but not until December 3 were they able again to set out, numbering thirty-three in all, in eight canoes. Leaving Fort Miami at that inclement season they crossed to the upper waters of the Illinois River and from there they could paddle without a break to the mouth of the Mississippi. They were in a region of many tribes whom we may group under the general name of the Illinois. No tribe was to be fully trusted and to have a defensible base La Salle built a fort on the Illinois River. He called it by a name due to his experiences, *Crève-Coeur*,—Heart-Break—

and there, in mid-winter, he began to build another ship. His discipline was rigorous and some of his resentful men made two attempts to kill him.

While La Salle stood on guard to watch the work at Crève-Coeur, it seemed wise to send forward Father Hennepin to explore the nearer regions of the Mississippi. No doubt La Salle thought that a priest would be safe among the savages. Accompanied by two Frenchmen, Hennepin reached the Mississippi, turned northward, fell into the hands of Sioux Indians and was made captive. This gave occasion for the actions of a man who knew precisely how to deal with the natives. Greysolon Duluth, a Frenchman of noble birth and of fine character, was then trading among the Sioux Indians in the modern Wisconsin, and had taken possession of the region in the name of the king of France. Though he had been in the country but a short time and had with him only four or five Frenchmen, he had already gained a position of authority among the natives, to whom he supplied needed knives, axes and fire-arms, and gave promise of French protection from their ravaging enemies. Now, when he learned that a distant tribe had three Frenchmen whom they treated as slaves, he set out at once with a native guide and one Frenchman, paddled night and day for more than two hundred miles, and one morning at ten o'clock came up with the party of about a thousand savages who had taken away even the robes of the father and were treating him roughly. "This," says Duluth, "provoked me, and I let them know it and that the priest was my brother." At once he carried off Hennepin in his canoe and warned the savages that he should have no dealings with men who committed such outrages. The tone succeeded; soon the natives were making excuses, but Duluth left the country and returned to Montreal with the rescued friar. Hennepin went quickly to France and, with slight regard for truth, wrote about his experience a book in

which he showed little gratitude to Duluth. His vanity did not permit him to say that he was being treated as a slave when rescued.

Meanwhile, not only was the priest lost to La Salle; he now realised too that the *Griffin* would never be seen again. The disaster involved failure to obtain the stores with which to trade and now for the second time he must go back to Fort Frontenac to secure them. Even for this determined man it was assuredly enough to cause *crève-coeur*—heart-break—to go by canoe or on foot almost from the Mississippi to the St. Lawrence, but he did it. With three or four men he set out early in March. Even at that season canoes were available for a part of the way, but in the end, the party abandoned them and as spring came they advanced on foot across what is now the state of Michigan, often in rain and deep slush. When they reached the wide Detroit River they crossed it on a raft. We can picture the chill nights in which the party made camp on the sodden ground. To add to the misery of their shivering bodies was famine, for in the silent, deserted forest, game was scarce. When La Salle reached his goal it was to be assured that nothing had been heard of the *Griffin* and that a ship from France bringing supplies, sent no doubt by his family, had been wrecked. Added to this was a report that he was dead. A score of men who had come out to Quebec to join him had, in his absence, and in face of this report, returned to France.

Yet was this indomitable man not beaten. On August 10 he set out again from Fort Frontenac with twenty-four men,—mechanics, labourers, woodsmen, a surgeon, all of them persuaded by his energy or by their own love of adventure. He made the short cut up the river Humber at Toronto to Lake Simcoe and then by the Severn to Lake Huron. He pressed on hoping to find Tonty awaiting him at Crève-Coeur where he had left on the stocks the frame

of his second ship. With Tonty in charge he was certain that everything possible would be done. But, on the way down the Illinois, he met ominous signs and when he reached what had been the chief native town he found a ghastly scene. The dreaded Iroquois had come at last in force; they had carried out a fearful massacre; and now from among the ruins of the houses rose charred poles on which skulls were impaled, while bodies of men, women and children, and corpses torn from the graves, lay about. Wolves and birds of prey were having a horrid feast. La Salle went on to Crève-Coeur to find it too a deserted ruin. The skeleton of the ship lay there but Tonty was gone, and during long months not a word of him did La Salle hear.

Again La Salle found it necessary to go back to his base for men and supplies. Accordingly, after spending the winter at Fort Miami, he set out, this time in canoes on the route by way of Lake Huron and Toronto. At Michilimackinac he had a joyous experience. Tonty was there. Though most of his men had deserted him he, with a few faithful, had survived the Iroquois peril and had taken refuge in the north. Now he and La Salle set out to paddle many hundreds of miles to Fort Frontenac. There, once more, La Salle secured resources and the canoes heavily laden again set out. Two weeks were needed to get the heavy packages up the shallow Humber River from Toronto to what is now Lake Simcoe and it was mid-winter when the party reached the upper waters of the Illinois. But to La Salle that hardly mattered. His party was now large. He had twenty-two Frenchmen and with them thirty-one natives including two squaws and three unwelcome children, whom the natives would not leave behind.

It was with this strange company that La Salle achieved his aim. He did not try to finish the ship at Crève-Coeur

but went on past that deserted spot. Navigation was now easy. Almost in mid-winter, on February 6, the party floated from the Illinois out on the broad current of the Mississippi. Down the river they paddled day after day, the weather growing milder as they went southward. Occasionally they landed, held cautious intercourse with native tribes, and saw many evidences of savage warfare. But they hardly paused; they were bound for the open sea. On April 6 they reached the point where the river divides into three branches and the canoes separated to pursue each branch. When again they came together, before them spread the vast salt waters of the Gulf of Mexico. They were in a region which Spain claimed and would hold if she could but, by this time, Louis XIV was ready to defy Spain. On April 9, 1682, La Salle raised the royal arms and proclaimed that Louisiana, the whole vast basin of the Mississippi, belonged to France. Spain's claim did not matter. With her despotic king an imbecile, she was an inert mass, bullied and plundered by Louis XIV, and saved from complete ruin only by the rivalry with her enemy France of the two Protestant powers, England and Holland.

Meanwhile at Quebec events were ripening which led to the recall of Frontenac. After his visit to Fort Frontenac in 1673 he realized how delicate relations with the natives might become and that there must be strict control of those who went among them. He ordered that even the missionaries should have passports. While Colbert freed the clergy from this regulation, at the same time he ordered that they should inform the governor of their movements. Frontenac had strict instructions to bring under control the *coureurs-de-bois,* some of whom corrupted the natives and carried on wild orgies when they returned to the settlements with their gains. By royal edict it was now a crime punishable with death to be absent in the forest for more than

twenty-four hours without a license. It is evidence of the severity intended that Frontenac asked the king to send a galley to Canada that he might make galley slaves of the lawless *coureurs-de-bois.* But now defiance of the regulation came from a powerful quarter. In the midst of his first zeal, Frontenac learned that the most influential official in the country next to himself was growing rich by the trade of unlicensed *coureurs-de-bois.*

The official was François Perrot, a nephew of Talon, whose influence had made him governor of Montreal. Perrot held a position partly independent of Frontenac, for the Sulpicians, feudal owners of Montreal, named its governor. In addition, Perrot had a commission directly from the king. Little wonder therefore that, in control of the chief centre of trade, he did not heed the regulations issued at Quebec. Not only did he protect lawless bushrangers who sold him their furs; he also threatened the magistrates who tried to punish them. Frontenac was, however, not to be trifled with and, late in 1673, he ordered Perrot to appear before him at Quebec. Perrot obeyed and when he was impudent and defiant Frontenac put him in prison and sent a military officer, La Naguère, to govern at Montreal. When the Sovereign Council condemned to death a lawless *coureur-de-bois* whom Perrot had protected, Frontenac had the man hanged in full view of Perrot's prison window. To hold the governor of Montreal in jail for ten months inevitably caused a sensation in Canada. Each side wrote voluminous appeals to the king and to Colbert and we may well admire the patience with which they considered the problem. In the end Frontenac sent Perrot to France for trial; there the king kept him in the Bastille for a time and then he allowed him to return to Canada and resume his office after apologies to Frontenac.

Thus did the Governor make his authority respected until a check came in 1675, when his period of undivided

supremacy ended. For a long time Laval had been in France with a definite aim. He was a bishop but he was not Bishop of Quebec. His title as Bishop of Petraea was purely honorary and he was really only the Pope's delegate —apostolic vicar—in Canada and not the head of a Canadian diocese. If there was to be a diocese of Quebec, Louis XIV desired that it should have the Gallican liberties of the church in France and that its bishop should look to the Archbishop of Paris or of Rouen as his chief. Laval, for his part, determined that Canada should be under direct authority from the head of the Church. He declared that, except on this condition, he should not return. In the end the king yielded to clerical influence, and in the summer of 1675 Laval set sail for Canada as Bishop of Quebec. The Church in French Canada was not to be an offshoot of the Church in France but to be directly under the Pope; it remains ultramontane to this day.

There was now a bishop to watch Frontenac's policy and there was also an intendant. During three years Canada had been free from the dualism of governor and intendant. Perhaps Talon himself, a former intendant, and now in personal attendance on the king, secured this check on a governor who had kept Talon's nephew, Perrot, in prison for ten months. Though Colbert urged that harmony between the new intendant Duchesneau and Frontenac was vital to the well-being of the colony, strife soon began. Frontenac's authority was further restricted by a change in the Council. Hitherto its four appointed members had been named by the governor and the bishop acting together and, in the bishop's absence, by the governor alone. This had made Frontenac master of the Council. Now the appointed members were increased to seven, to be named by the king and with commissions direct from him. In 1674 the Company of the West Indies, the nominal owner of the colony, ended its short and futile career. New France

became the full property of the king and internal strife was to be its daily portion.

Inevitably Frontenac's position became uncomfortable. The bishop restricted the honours which had been rendered to the governor in the church services, in spite of Frontenac's protest that to deny them was to show disrespect for his royal master. Another check came when the intendant Duchesneau claimed that, by royal order, he was president of the Superior Council, though Frontenac insisted that he himself was both chief and president. Hot words, hands laid on swords, threats of personal violence, marked some of the meetings of the Council. Duchesneau allied himself with the clerical party and charged Frontenac with contempt for the king's authority by cabals against the representatives, and also with dishonest trading. The bishop wished to end the liquor traffic; Frontenac thought it vital to trade; the bishop wished to isolate the natives and to keep settlers from the interior; Frontenac planned to build up there a peopled French Empire. Laval had influence in France and the court wobbled, now ordering the suppression of all licenses to trade with the natives, now drawing back from the inevitable ruin of the fur-trade which this would involve.

At last Colbert suggested a way to end the dispute by bringing together the important people concerned and taking their opinions. Accordingly on October 26, 1678, at the Château of St. Louis, twenty of the chief merchants and seigneurs in Canada met Frontenac and the other members of the Superior Council in the only representative body ever approved in New France by the king. No clergy were present. La Salle and Jolliet, the two men who had gone farthest among the natives, took opposite sides. In this so-called "Brandy Parliament" each member gave his view. If, La Salle argued, the traffic is denied to the French, this would not keep brandy from the Indians; unscrupulous

vagabonds would take it to them and would encourage excesses. Moreover the Indians would not trade where they could not secure brandy. Recently three hundred Iroquois on the way to Montreal had learned, when near that place, that they could get no brandy and had turned away to trade with the Dutch. You can, said La Salle, draw the natives to you only by supplying them with what they insist on having; drive them elsewhere and you will soon find yourselves at war with them. The evils, he added, were exaggerated, for there was less drinking among the natives than in a little Breton town; it was a practical question to be faced by the interests concerned and not by the clergy; a man could drink brandy and yet be a good Christian; many natives used it and did not get drunk and had the right to liberty. French brandy, others urged, was less injurious than that of the English, and to drive the natives to them would mean danger not only to body but to soul for it would imperil their faith by the taint of Protestantism. It was not brandy but savagery which caused crime and the way to stop this was to punish it. As against these views Jolliet urged that the fever to get brandy caused the natives to kill each other and to run into debt; that they knew its lure and for their own safety preferred to trade where it was not sold. The penalty for taking it to them should be death.

When, after warm debate, the vote was taken fifteen of the twenty members voted for the continuance of the traffic. This decision was sent at once to France and on the same ship went Laval himself to oppose its acceptance. Colbert, however, took the secular view and on May 24, 1679, he issued a decree permitting the sale of brandy at the settlements, but providing that permits to go to the native villages should be reduced to the smallest possible number. Thus it happened that when, in the next year, Laval returned to Canada, he was greatly discouraged. Since

his biographer declares, without warrant, that the wrath of God was visited on the fifteen who had voted for the traffic, and that everyone of them died a tragic death, we may understand the passions aroused by the dispute. Letters to the king from governor and intendant, each making violent charges against the other, continued for years. Colbert was long-suffering, but in 1681, he retired, and his son Seignelay took charge of the colonies. Perhaps he was less tolerant than Colbert. At any rate, in 1682, weary with the strife, the king ordered both governor and intendant to return to France and named their successors.

France greatly needed a leader with bold initiative, but now she dismissed a proved governor who possessed it. La Salle was extending New France to the borders of Mexico; and Duluth was creating a kind of French Protectorate in the north-west, where his name survives in that of an important city in Wisconsin. He had shown his mettle in rescuing Hennepin. His noble birth gave him higher social rank than La Salle; he had served in the King's Guard and had the presence and the ease of manner which made him not only obeyed, but loved, while La Salle's moodiness stirred resentment. Duluth, like Frontenac, had the true aristocrat's quality of being at home among people of every type, in a palace or in the wilderness. He was stern, but also just and kindly. In the first instance, he had, in 1678, gone secretly to the west, and shown such disregard for ordinances that the intendant planned to arrest him. Duluth was none the less ardent in the interests of France, and a peacemaker among the natives. During some twenty years he traded in the regions beyond Lake Superior; a *coureur-de-bois* to that extent, but without the sinister traits often ascribed to that type. He built forts, one on the site of the modern Fort William on Lake Superior, another north of that coast on Lake Nepigon, and like La Salle he was intent on finding a route in the west

to the sea. He had a high reputation for honesty, and Frontenac supported him in the more northerly regions just as he supported La Salle in the more southerly. Though La Salle denounced Duluth as an intruder in his domain, the two men were really engaged in the same task of widening the borders of New France. At many points in the west, Duluth raised the *fleurs-de-lis,* and in 1679 he held at or near the modern Duluth a great assembly of the western tribes whom he warned against the English and the Dutch, and urged to live together in peace as subjects of the king of France, who would protect them.

With such projects on foot, to remove a strong governor was fatal. It is less in the colony on the St. Lawrence than in the interior that we find the key to the later history of New France. The English on Hudson Bay were rivals whom Duluth met in the north, while farther south both Spain and England were confronted by La Salle. A fraction of the energies employed so fruitlessly by Louis XIV to dominate Europe might at this period have given him a great part of North America. For such a success he would have needed a strong man at Quebec and no competent leader took the place of Frontenac. The chief menace was from the Iroquois. Though Frontenac's resources were slight, he had awed them by his air of command; but he alone could do this and when he was gone war became inevitable. The Iroquois had their own ambitions in the west. They intended to be the middlemen through whose hands should pass the trade between French and English and the western tribes and to this design they brought ruthless savagery. They had mastered Huronia, they intended to master the west to the Mississippi; and to avert this the French must protect the menaced tribes.

The new governor was Lefebvre de la Barre and the new intendant was Meulles. Meulles had held office in France as Grand Bailiff of Orleans. La Barre was half civilian,

half soldier; in France he had served as judge and as intendant; in Cayenne as soldier, and since, as he boasted, he had there driven out the English, he thought he might do the same in New York. During half of July and the whole of August and September, 1682, La Barre and Meulles were on the sea and when they reached Quebec they found gloom, for a great fire had just devastated the place. Frontenac and Duchesneau, it seems, had not yet gone. We may be sure that Frontenac tried to give his successor wise counsel but if so it was in vain. La Barre, weak, incapable, and avaricious, came wholly under the influence of Frontenac's enemies and was determined to reverse his policy.

These changes injured La Salle's work in the west. He had gone down the Mississippi to the sea, he had followed the whole course of the river through a vast and fertile country, and as, during days and even weeks, he paddled upstream on the return journey, he was planning to develop there a great commerce. Savages attacked his party, he himself fell ill, but by September he was safely back at Michilimackinac. The first need was a strong post as a centre to which the tribes would come for trade, and at Starved Rock, on the Illinois River, he found a natural fort. It consisted of an acre of land on a cliff, steep on three sides and with a narrow approach from the fourth. December, 1682, found La Salle and Tonty at this spot and there grew up St. Louis, under a name which to-day has passed to the great city on the Mississippi. Readily the surrounding tribes, in deadly fear of the Iroquois, flocked to the French fort for protection and perhaps as many as twenty thousand natives were soon swarming in the neighbourhood while warriors alone numbered about four thousand. Here La Salle hoped to create his great centre. In time supplies might come from Europe by way of the Mississippi, but meanwhile he was dependent on

Canada. There it was soon clear that the new governor was his enemy. La Barre's interests were linked with those of the merchants at Montreal and of the Jesuits, and a great town on the Illinois would draw away trade from Montreal. Duluth met with no such hostility; for he had no plan to build up a centre in the interior and was ready to work with the Jesuit missionaries and with La Barre in the interests of Montreal.

The easiest way to attack La Salle was to describe him as a hair-brained enthusiast. La Barre declared that La Salle's head was turned, that he was lying about his discoveries, and that in reality he was building up not a New France, but a kingdom of robbers and vagabonds, who would certainly involve Canada in the ruthless native wars. The result was that when, in the summer of 1683, La Salle sent from the Illinois to Montreal for supplies, La Barre detained his men and thus left him without means to trade with the natives. La Barre did worse; he seized Fort Frontenac, La Salle's chief base. At this alarming news, La Salle, leaving Tonty in charge at his fort on the Illinois, hurried to Montreal to protect his interests; but only to learn of another blow. La Barre had sent an officer, one Bauges, who seized Fort St. Louis itself and there, during the winter of 1683-84, this man remained, an unwelcome visitor.

These obstacles caused La Salle to hurry to Quebec and never again did he see the west. When he found that he could expect nothing from La Barre, he centred his hopes in the king and sailed for France. That age took keen interest in exploration. When Hennepin and the young officer, La Hontan, wrote their narratives of life in New France, the books ran through many editions and were translated into four or five European tongues. La Salle, with a tale to tell, secured attention at the court and had an interview

with the king. Since a part of La Salle's plan was to defy and even attack colonial Spain, and Louis himself desired ardently to humble her pride, it was possible to secure aid. The war with Holland had ended in 1678 in the Treaty of Ninwegen, by which Louis managed to force Spain to pay the bill and to take from the House of Hapsburg Franche Comté and more than a dozen cities in the Low Countries. The soaring ambition of Louis seemed to have won such success that in 1680 the magistrates of Paris conferred upon him that title of Louis the Great which posterity has not confirmed. At this time too the Sorbonne made a formal declaration that Louis was the supreme master who might dispose at will of the lives and goods of his subjects. Though Colbert, to whom such adulation was not pleasing, warned Louis that the distress from poverty was acute and preached economy, he preached in vain. In the year 1683, when La Salle returned to France, Colbert died almost with the phrase of Wolsey on his lips—that had he served God as faithfully as he had served the king his salvation would have been secure. La Salle was heard with interest when he told the king of the riches to be won by trade with the many tribes on the Mississippi; and added that he could collect an army of many thousand natives to invade, perhaps to conquer, Mexico, and at any rate to plunder the riches of her mines. Thus would France smite Spain in America as in Europe.

Colbert's son, Seignelay, now in charge of the colonies, threw his influence with the explorer. He sent an order to Canada to restore to La Salle Fort Frontenac and Fort St. Louis. Thus it came about, in the end, that, while La Salle had asked for only two ships, he secured four; one of them a little frigate, *Belle*, a personal gift from the king. La Salle was to sail not to Quebec but to the mouth of the Mississippi. For a time it seemed as if France was taking up seriously, as in the days of Talon, the plans for a great New

France. Louisiana, as La Salle said, had all and more of the natural resources which enriched the English colonies; it had forests; it had prairies for cattle and horses; it had a mild climate and could produce not only wheat and hemp but also sugar and tobacco. It could establish connections with St. Louis on the Illinois, and with Canada. Accordingly, it was decided that a hundred soldiers should go and also more than this number of civilian settlers, including mechanics and women and children. It was, however, not easy to secure so large a number, for no more in that period than in the time of Cartier and of Champlain were the French eager to emigrate. Thus it became necessary to take men little suited for the effort; to seize soldiers by the press-gang, and even to impress beggars plying their trade near the churches. Not without reason did La Salle, with such followers, enforce a rigorous system. As he pointed out, in a company where many were lewd, drunken and even criminal, severity was necessary, but it produced resentment which brought dire results.

Early in June, 1685, the little flotilla sailed from La Rochelle. Frenchmen were going to settle in a new region, and the venture was like the momentous English venture of the Pilgrim Fathers in 1620. Yet was it also unlike, for this motley company lacked the austere unity of the founders of New England, and it was sent out at the royal expense. To ensure secrecy, La Salle would not let the ships call for water at Madeira. This displeased the sailors, as did also La Salle's refusal to permit an old sea-custom, the frolicsome ducking by the sailors of those who now crossed the equator for the first time. Two months after setting out, he reached San Domingo, and by that time Spain was in a position to know all, for Spanish pirates had captured one of the ships, the *St. François,* laden with stores and tools. Worry over the loss made La Salle ill. Not until December did the three ships enter the Gulf of Mexico, and then the

report ran through the company that Spain had half a dozen men-of-war watching for intruders in those forbidden and uncharted waters.

La Salle was restless under a divided command and proved a difficult colleague to Beaujeu, the naval officer in charge of the ships. La Salle's bales and boxes, complained Beaujeu, so cumbered his decks that the sailors had not needed room for their duties. He added that, though La Salle might know about managing canoes on lakes and rivers, he knew nothing of seamanship. La Salle had power, however, to determine the route to be followed and the activities on land. And now a ruinous mistake was made. Probably, among all those in that company, only La Salle had been to the mouth of the Mississippi; but he had reached it by land from the north and, though he had determined the latitude, he had not been able to fix the longitude. The great river flows into the sea through vast lagoons of muddy waters which conceal the channel, and when, at last, the ships halted and La Salle thought the river's mouth was near, they were in fact four hundred miles to the west.

The company landed and La Salle began a fort near the head of what we now know as Matagorda Bay in Texas. For concealment from discovery by the Spanish ships the fort was placed some five miles above the mouth of the Garcitus River. The site had its charm. It was a high, bare spot and the rolling country was attractive. The river supplied fish; game was abundant, consisting of buffaloes and deer, wild ducks, geese, plover and other varieties of birds. The colonists unloaded from the ship cattle, pigs, goats and chickens. There were drawbacks for venomous snakes and alligators abounded and the prowling natives were as ready for murder as for friendship. Disease, too, lurked in the marshes. There was a chapel, but there was also a cemetery, in which sometimes four or five were laid

daily. Some of the company were criminal; plots and murders occurred, and once at least there was a hanging.

La Salle's plan was to use this fort as a base for trade and for a great expedition with native allies against Mexico. To us it seems a wild dream to think of uniting the native tribes in this common purpose; yet seventy years later the French were able to unite the western tribes to attack the English colonies. With more than a hundred soldiers and workmen La Salle soon had a creditable fort, and upon its walls he mounted cannon. He was dependent upon his ships, but now one by one they were lost to him. Spanish pirates had captured one on the high seas. The second now sailed for France, intending perhaps to return with further aid, but carrying away a considerable part of the much-needed supplies. Because there were few places of refuge for vessels on that marshy coast, to La Salle's grief and horror the third ship, the *Aimable,* was soon wrecked, and the priceless stores which she carried were strewn along the beaches. A final disaster followed when the *Belle,* the last ship, was also wrecked. From that time La Salle was helpless to move by way of the sea. The only alternative to massacre by the Spanish, should they discover the colony, or by the natives as soon as the French should exhaust their resources, was to go by inland route to Canada and from there to France for rescue.

It was almost a forlorn hope to attempt the long and dangerous journey. Somehow he must reach the Mississippi and then ascend it in canoes to be secured from the natives. To try to go to the mouth of the river by the coast was useless for no canoe or small boat could live on those heaving waters. Accordingly, he must advance inland over open prairie, through forests, across rivers, until at last he should reach some stream flowing eastward into the Mississippi. In April, 1686, he set out on foot with twenty men, but this effort proved fruitless, and in the autumn he

returned to his fort with only eight of the twenty men left, and a story of baffling hardship, of sickness, of native hostility, and of desertion by his men. By this time death and desertion had reduced a hundred and eighty colonists to about forty, and the stores were so exhausted that his men made clothes of the sails of the wrecked ship *Belle*.

A supreme effort was necessary. More than a century earlier, the Spanish had turned loose horses, hitherto unknown on the prairie, and these had so bred that now many of the natives were mounted. La Salle now secured five horses to carry his effects, and again, early in January, 1687, he set out with a company of seventeen men, among them his brother, the Sulpician, Jean Cavelier. He left behind at the fort about twenty persons, including two priests, and the surviving women and children. Alike for those who went and for those who stayed, the outlook was dark. La Salle led a morose company, for his sharp orders and fault-finding were resented; his nephew, young Moringet, used a similar tone and aroused murderous passions. The result was a plot in which the ringleaders were one Duhaut and the surgeon Liotot. On March 16, two separate sections of the party went out for some days in search of game, and that night in one of the groups, in La Salle's absence, and after cool deliberation, the murderers killed Moringet and two faithful companions, in their sleep. A day or two later, as La Salle rejoined this party, two men concealed in the long grass shot him in the head and he died instantly. The surgeon Liotot addressed the body with scornful words, which reveal the hate aroused by La Salle's masterfulness: "There you lie, great pasha, there you lie!" Stripped naked, the body was left to be devoured by wild beasts. Tragedy had pursued La Salle to the end.

We are almost astounded that some members of La Salle's

party should have found their way to Canada. They were divided into two groups, one that of the assassins, the other that of La Salle's friends. We may imagine the suspicions which haunted these exiles from the restraints of civilization in that unfriendly wilderness. Had the faithful Tonty been with La Salle, his tact might have averted the disaster, but Tonty was far away holding that other fort, St. Louis on the Illinois. Another follower whom La Salle had trusted was Joutel, less firm and capable than Tonty, but now the natural leader against the murderers. He expected that he, Jean Cavelier, and a few others, including another young nephew of La Salle, would be killed. But apparently the ruffians now in control had had enough of murder and the real problem for all was to escape from the wilderness. Under the daily menace of murder, Joutel's group pressed on with the others, swimming rivers when they must, or crossing them on frail rafts, or in a boat made of hides. Occasionally they found among the tribes French deserters relapsed into savagery and happy in its license. For the murderers this mode of life was indeed the only one possible, unless, before they returned to civilization, they killed all who were not their accomplices. Instead the criminals quarrelled, and began to slay each other. The leaders Duhaut and Liotot were both murdered.

With a party of seven Joutel was able to struggle on towards the Mississippi, leaving behind the survivors among the murderers, all of whom, as Tonty declared later, were in the end put to death by natives hardly more savage than themselves. During two months, with half a dozen horses and three Indian guides, the small company worked northeastward. When at last they reached the junction of the Arkansas River and the Mississippi there, to their amazement and delight, looking across the river, they saw a high cross and near it a house in the French style. Here were

some Frenchmen and their coming to the rescue was due to Tonty. News of the wreck of at least one of La Salle's ships had been carried to France by the sea-captain, Beaujeu, and when the chivalrous Tonty at his fort on the Illinois heard of it by way of Canada he organized about Easter, 1688, a large party for the long and dangerous journey to the mouth of the Mississippi. He found, of course, no trace of La Salle, but though to attempt further search in that vast wilderness seemed useless, he did what was possible. He left six men near the mouth of the Arkansas River flowing from the west at the point where they would be most likely to meet La Salle's party coming from any direction and the event now proved Tonty's foresight. The rescued party did not tell of La Salle's death, but pretended that he was at his fort in good health. In this deception there was purpose, since to announce that he was dead might involve the seizure of his property by his creditors. The united party paddled up the river to the fort on the Illinois and there spent the winter with Tonty. Jean Cavelier, still insisting that his brother was alive, borrowed from Tonty money to enable him to return to France; and only when there did he tell the story of the murder.

Louis XIV seems to have been little disturbed by the tragedy of La Salle. He gave the obvious order that if the murderers reached Canada they should be arrested. Far away in Texas was still La Salle's fort, where a score of French were watching with longing eyes for rescue. But they watched in vain. The king sent out no ship. Tonty, on the other hand, made a second effort with his feeble resources, but had to turn back when stricken with illness and deserted by his men. We have varying accounts of what occurred at the fort. The unhappy French had the two merciless enemies, the Spanish and the savages. Spain was so bent on destroying the colony that she sent no fewer than four Spanish expeditions by sea to search the coast.

They found the wreckage of La Salle's two ships but missed the fort. By land too Spain sent more than one expedition for the same purpose. One of these forces contained some five hundred mounted men wearing armour as a protection from the arrows of the savages. This great effort also failed but when, a little later, a smaller party with a French guide, probably a deserter from the colony, went eastward from Mexico they found the fort. It was a scene of desolation. The houses had been wrecked; kettles, broken muskets, shattered doors and boxes and barrels lay strewn about. We get a glimpse of La Salle's mind when we learn that, trampled in the mud, were more than two hundred books, some of them beautifully bound. Three corpses, one that of a woman, lay on the prairie near by. Such was the tragic end of La Salle's effort. A large body of Indians had swooped down on the fort, killed most of the inmates, and carried off a few captives.

Though ruin overtook La Salle's colony, henceforth France considered as hers all the regions bordering on the Mississippi. This neither Spain nor England would admit and both soon planned to occupy that region; the English because it bordered on their Atlantic colonies, the Spanish because it was part of New Spain. It was a Canadian who spurred France to make good her claim. Le Moyne d'Iberville, one of the Canadian *noblesse,* was a leader who performed brilliant exploits against the English on Hudson Bay. After this and many years after the death of La Salle, he went to France and secured two frigates for resuming settlement at the mouth of the Mississippi, and in January, 1699, he sailed from France. By this time danger from Spain had increased for now at Pensacola, on the west coast of Florida, she had a fort and a colony of three hundred people to drive intruders from the Gulf. Yet Iberville succeeded. When he found the great stream by noting the turbid current of fresh water which reached the sea, he sent

his brother Bienville to push up the river in boats. A little below the spot where now stands New Orleans, Bienville met an English corvette of ten guns carrying many colonists, chiefly French. Hundreds of Huguenots, driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, had taken refuge in the Carolinas, and some of them were now seeking new homes in Louisiana. They begged that they might be allowed to stay there with other subjects of Louis XIV as settlers but this the king would not have; he had not, he said, driven heretics from France that they might found heretic republics elsewhere.

The French clung to Louisiana and in his last days Louis XIV had a renewed share in planning a new French empire overseas. Again he adopted the old device of retaining control while granting to others a monopoly. England had founded some prosperous colonies owned by one person, such as the Duke of York, in New York, and William Penn in Pennsylvania, and perhaps the king's advisers now copied her example. From this came the French colony of Louisiana at which we can only glance. After the prolonged war with England in which Marlborough won his great victories, and when peace was near in 1712, Louis granted Antoine Crozat, a wealthy speculator who had prospered in the French West Indies, the whole of Louisiana which then included the vast regions extending from Mexico to the Illinois River. He was to encourage agriculture, to have a monopoly of everything except the fur-trade, and to bring in settlers from France and negro slaves from Guinea. No Jews or Protestants were to be admitted. It was the old futile policy of the unhappy Company of New France, except that the king was really to aid by paying for nine years the governor and other officials and the troops. Crozat took possession, but long before the end of his term of fifteen years he was glad to be freed from his bargain. His idea of colonial policy was to find wealth, not from agricul-

ture but from mines and pearl fisheries and from selling supplies to the settlers. In truth, however, no mines or pearls were found and the settlers were so few that, in 1717, Crozat made way for a new company. It was just at this time that John Law, the prince of speculators, was received by the regent, who ruled in France after the death of Louis XIV in 1715. During a few brief years Law, an exile from Scotland on account of a love affair which had resulted in his killing his rival in a duel, played an astounding part in French history. France, groaning under the burden of a heavy debt incurred by Louis XIV, was ready to believe that this could be paid by some magical finance which sprang from the brain of Law. In his schemes was included a vast Company of Louisiana in the west which seemed to offer such profits that its shares rose to forty times their face value. The Company took over the monopoly of Crozat. For a time it had great resources, and from this it came about that the hopes and the toil ending in the tragedy of La Salle led to an enduring Louisiana.

Iberville had remained the nominal governor of a colony which had only a few settlers and a few soldiers. When he died from yellow fever in 1706, it was his brother and successor as governor, Bienville, who in 1717, after varied efforts, anchored the colony by founding New Orleans, which remains the chief city of the region. Law's Company of the West was bound to develop a colony which it promised to make a rich empire, and it did something. In 1718 it sent out seven vessels with fifteen hundred settlers and in the next year it sent out even more. The number included an ominous cargo of five hundred negroes from Guinea so that France, hardly less than England, was the author of that problem of slavery in the United States which was to cause a terrible civil war.

Louisiana suffered from the bitter internal strife which dogged all France's colonizing efforts. To an official newly

arrived his predecessor was nearly always a villain. The climate was deadly and colonists from France, who endured its rigours for the sake of gold mines and pearl fisheries, so shirked commonplace labour on the land that they were dependent on the natives for food. Thieves, knaves, drunkards, gamblers, blasphemers, are among the names applied to the settlers by persons high in office. Those from Canada knew best how to face the conditions. From France came girls as wives, but they were chosen with so little regard for good looks that some of the settlers preferred to marry squaws. By 1731, however, the colony was firmly established and then through the failure of Law's Company it was taken over by the crown.

Spain might protest and threaten against the designs of France but she was too weak to be effective. Louisiana, like Canada was definitely French and had the same law, the *Coutume de Paris*. France held New Orleans and Quebec at the opposite ends of a line stretching a thousand miles from north to south, and, with soaring ambition, she was resolved that all that lay between should be hers. The Spanish must not intrude into the region north of Mexico; and the English must be shut into a strip of the Atlantic coast and be, in the end, expelled from the continent. France was blocking their advance to the north-west by way of Hudson Bay; she was determined to hold the regions about the Great Lakes; in Acadia she menaced the approaches to New England by sea and land; and, entrenched on the Ohio and the Mississippi, she would stop the march westward of Pennsylvania and Virginia. Already in this vast field she held the chief points of vantage. Compared with the wealth and magnitude of this region, to-day the world's richest territory, even the majesty of Spain's colonial power pales. But Spain was no longer the most dangerous rival of France. The chief enemy was England and in the rivalry was now involved a struggle destined to

endure for three-quarters of a century. Some native tribes supported the French, some the English, and the rival passions of Europe found their echo on the Mississippi. Since there was no recognized frontier between English and French territory, war was to prove the only solvent of the problem.

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CHAPTER I

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CHAPTER III

THE ENGLISH CLAIM TO NORTH AMERICA

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CHAPTER IV

THE FRENCH CLAIM TO NORTH AMERICA

The report of Verrazano to Francis I, describing his voyage, is in Hakluyt, *Principal navigations.* H. P. Biggar, *The voyages of Jacques Cartier* (Ottawa, 1924), brings together the original accounts with translations, the whole edited with an exhaustive knowledge of the period. This work supersedes earlier editions of the text, but other commentators on Cartier's work still have value. J. P. Baxter, *A memoir of Jacques Cartier* (New York, 1906), gives a facsimile of the MS. in French of Cartier's first voyage, early maps, and a full bibliography. W. L. Grant (Editor), gives the original text and an English translation with useful notes of the version of the voyages of Cartier found in Marc Lescarbot; *History of New France* (3 v., Champlain Society, 1907-1911). The commission to Roberval which shows France's resolve to set up a government in New France is printed in H. Harrisse, *Notes pour servir . . .* already cited. It may be compared with that granted to La Roche in 1598, which is in Lescarbot. Roberval's pilot, Jean Alphonse, gives in his chart of 1542 the "Isles de la Demoiselle," and the name may have created a legend concerning Roberval's abandoning there his niece and her lover, a story told in detail by Parkman in his *Pioneers of France.* Henry Burrage, *Early English and French voyages, chiefly from Hakluyt, 1534-1608* (New York, 1906), in *Original narratives of early American history,* gives in English a collection of material for the period. The most available account of the Brazil colony is in Lescarbot. It is based upon De Léry, *Histoire d'un voyage fait à la terre de Brésil,* first published in 1578 and reprinted and edited by Paul Gaffarel (Paris, 1880). A full account of the literature relating to the French in Florida is in Winsor, *Narrative and critical history of America,* Vol. II. The maps in Winsor have great value. Laudonnière's account of the Florida colony, including that of the vengeance taken by Gourgues, is in Hakluyt's *Principal navigations* (See Chapter V). Clements R. Markham, *The Hawkins voyages* (Hakluyt Society, 1878), includes the narrative of Hawkins's visit to the Florida colony. The dispatches of Menendez to Philip II, in clarity and brevity of statement not unlike the dispatches of the Duke of Wellington, are given in an English translation in the *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society,* 2d. Series, Vol. VIII. F. X. de Charlevoix, *Histoire et description de la Nouvelle-France* (3 v., Paris, 1744), contains a full

account, written long after the event, of the Florida colony. There is an English translation with notes by J. G. Shea (2nd edition, New York, 1900). P. Gaffarel, *Histoire du Brésil français* (Paris, 1878), and his *Histoire de la Floride française* (Paris, 1875), and A. Heulhard's *Villegagnon, roi d'Amerique* (Paris, 1897), show modern French interest in early efforts in America. C. de la Roncière, *Hist. de la marine française* (Vol. III, Paris, 1906; Vol. IV, 1910), covers French effort overseas.

CHAPTER V

THE ENGLISH ON THE PACIFIC COAST OF NORTH AMERICA

Willoughby, Chancellor, Gilbert and Cavendish are in Hakluyt's *Principal navigations of the English nation* (republished by the Hakluyt Society, 12 v., 1903-05; cheap edition in Dent's *Everyman's Library*, 8 v.). On Drake, W. S. W. Vaux, *The world encompassed by Sir Francis Drake* (Hakluyt Society, 1855); reprinted and edited by H. M. Penzer (London, 1926). E. Nuttall, *New light on Drake* (Hakluyt Society, 1914); this consists in the discovery of Spanish records containing minute details of the rigorous examination by the Spanish authorities of those who had come into contact with Drake on the Pacific coast. Among the papers is the original log-book of the Portuguese pilot, Nuno da Silva. On Frobisher, G. Best, *The three voyages of Sir Martin Frobisher* (Hakluyt Society, 1867). On Davis, A. G. Markham, *The voyages and works of John Davis, the navigator* (Hakluyt Society, 1878). G. M. Asher, *Henry Hudson, the navigator* (Hakluyt Society, 1860). E. F. Benson, *Sir Francis Drake* (London, 1927), and L. Powys, *Henry Hudson* (London, 1927), both with lists of authorities.

CHAPTER VI

THE FRENCH IN ACADIA (NOVIA SCOTIA)

Lescarbot (already cited) gives the fullest account of the French in Acadia. Champlain, during his lifetime, published four volumes of his voyages (1604-1632), and H. P. Biggar (Editor) in the *Works of Samuel de Champlain* (in 6 v.; Vol. I, 1922; Vol. II, 1925; with other volumes in course of publication by the Champlain Society) includes the French text and an English translation in what is probably the definitive edition. C. H. Laverdière (Editor), *Œuvres de Champlain* (second edition, 2 v., Quebec, 1870), is as yet (1928) the only complete collection of the text of the various volumes published by Champlain. W. L. Grant (Editor), *Voyages of Samuel de Champlain, 1604-1618* (*Original narratives of early American history*, New York, 1907), gives useful selections in English from Champlain's works, as also do A. N. and E. G. Bourne in *The voyages and explorations of Samuel de Champlain* (*1604-1616*) *narrated by himself* (2 v., New York, 1906). The original editions of *The Jesuit Relations* are now very rare. They were collected and reprinted by the government of Canada: *Relations des Jésuites* (3 v., Quebec, 1858), an edition now superseded by R. G. Thwaites (Editor), *The Jesuit Relations and allied documents* (73 v., Cleveland, 1876-1901), giving the original French and sometimes Latin text with a page for page English translation. The Abbés Laverdière et Casgrain (Editors), *Le journal des Jésuites* (Quebec, 1871),

contains a brief chronicle, 1645 to 1668. It is reprinted in sections in Mr. Thwaites' edition of the *Relations*. These are reports sent to Europe by the Jesuits in New France. They begin with the mission to Acadia in 1610 and continue to the year 1673, when the practise of publishing them ceased. Since they were written for edification they are inevitably one-sided, but they are invaluable for the early history of New France, and some of them (those of Father Le Jeune, for instance) are written in admirable literary style. From them we get intimate views of Jesuit labours and the Jesuit spirit at a time when Pascal was attacking, in France, Jesuit morality. The volumes edited by Thwaites contain many supplementary writings and are adequately indexed. H. P. Biggar, *The early trading companies of New France* (Toronto, 1901), gives a learned account of French effort and an exhaustive list of authorities.

CHAPTER VII

THE OCCUPATION BY FRANCE OF THE VALLEY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE

Champlain, *The Jesuit Relations*, and Lescarbot (as already cited). Gabriel Sagard Theodat was a Récollet lay-brother who spent the winter of 1623-24 with the Hurons and afterwards wrote *Le grand voyage du pays des Hurons* and also *Histoire de Canada et voyages que les frères mineurs Récollets y ont fait . . .* (reprinted, 4 v., Paris, 1865-66). Biggar's *Early trading companies* is so carefully documented as to be authoritative on matters of trade. O. M. Jouve, *Les Franciscains et le Canada* (Quebec, 1915), and C. de Rochemonteix, *Les Jésuites de la Nouvelle-France au XVII^e siècle* (3 v., Paris, 1895), contain references to authorities not otherwise available.

CHAPTER VIII

CHAMPLAIN AMONG THE HURONS

Cartier, Champlain, Lescarbot, Sagard and *The Jesuit Relations*, as already cited. Brébeuf's account of the feast of the dead is in the *Relation* for 1636. Sagard's description of Huron agriculture has special interest. Lescarbot has very full notes on contemporary native life in Acadia. Later French writers describe native habits in other parts of New France and are suggestive by way of comparison with the culture of the Hurons. The work of the Récollet missionary, C. Leclercq, on the missions of his order, *Prémier établissement de la foy dans la Nouvelle-France* (Paris, 1691), is now very rare and has never been reprinted. We have an English translation, C. Leclercq, *First establishment of the faith in New France*, translated by J. G. Shea (New York, 1881). There is a second work, C. Leclercq, *New relation of Gaspesia with the customs and religion of the Gaspesian Indians*, published in 1691, republished with the French text, translated and edited by W. F. Ganong (Toronto, The Champlain Society, 1910). Nicolas Denys, *The description and natural history of the coasts of North America*, translated and edited by W. F. Ganong (Toronto, The Champlain Society, 1908), throws much light on the relations of the French and the natives. J. F. Lafitau, *Mœurs des sauvages Americains . . .* (2 v., Paris, 1723), is the much later work of a French priest (*ob.* 1740) and has special value in respect of the Iroquois.

NICOLAS PERROT, *Mémoirs sur les mœurs . . . des sauvages . . .* (Paris, 1864) (see translation noted in Chap. XVIII), is by a famous fur-trader (*ob.* 1717) and relates chiefly to the tribes of the west. The manners of the Indians have given rise to a copious literature. That appearing since 1895 is noted in *The Review of Historical Publications relating to Canada* with index volumes for each period of ten years, and, since 1920, in *The Canadian Historical Review*. The articles *America; Ethnology and Archaeology* and *Indians, North America* in the eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica include references to authorities. *The Handbook of Indians of Canada* (Ottawa, 1913), is reprinted from F. W. HODGE, *Handbook of American Indians north of Mexico*, issued by the Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington. For the Huron country and other parts of the present province of Ontario *The Archaeological Reports*, issued at Toronto by the Province of Ontario, are valuable, as also are those of the Anthropological division of the Geological Survey of Canada, issued at Ottawa. A. E. JONES, *Old Huronia* (Toronto, 1909). A. F. HUNTER, *A History of Simcoe County* (2 v., Barrie, Ontario, 1909), is by an author thoroughly familiar with the Huron country, who has written a number of the articles in the Ontario Archaeological Reports. G. B. GRINNELL, *The Indians of To-day* (New York, 1900), gives photographs of pure-blooded western chiefs with features similar to those of cultivated Europeans.

CHAPTER IX

NEW FRANCE UNDER RICHELIEU

CHAMPLAIN, SAGARD, and *The Jesuit Relations* already cited. The Charter of the Company of New France (known as the Company of One Hundred Associates) is in *Édits et ordonnances royeax. Déclarations . . . concernant le Canada* (3 v., Quebec, 1854-56). Other papers relating to the Company are in *Collection de manuscripts relatifs à la Nouvelle-France* (3 v., Vol. I, Quebec, 1883). E. F. SLAFTER, *Sir William Alexander and American colonisation . . .* (Prince Society, Boston, 1873), gives the charters granted to Alexander. F. W. PIXLEY, *History of the Baronetage* (London, 1900), contains documents relating to the Baronets of Nova Scotia, and G. P. INSH, *Scottish colonial schemes, 1620-1686* (Glasgow, 1922), has useful comment. On Richelieu, G. D'AVENEL, *Richelieu et la monarchie absolue* (4 v., Paris, 1895). HANOTAUX's promised *Life* has never been completed. H. KIRKE, *The first English conquest of Canada, etc.* (2nd edition, London, 1908), contains some but not much original material. BIGGAR, ROCHEMONTEIX, and JOUVE, as in Chapter VII, have original material. Champlain's will is in the *Rapport* on Quebec Archives for 1920-21. J. E. ROY, *M. de Montmagny* (Quebec, 1906), is a full account of Champlain's successor. J. T. ADAMS, *The founding of New England* (Boston, 1921), attacks many received conceptions.

CHAPTER X

THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN FRANCE AND THE FOUNDING OF MONTREAL

L'ABBÉ RICHAUDEAU (Editor), *Lettres de la Réverende Mère Marie Guyard, prémière supérieure du monastère des Ursulines de Québec* (new

ed., 2 v., Tournai, 1876); E. GRISELLE, *La Vénérable Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, supplement à sa correspondance* (Paris, 1910). C. MARTIN, *Histoire de la Vénérable Mère Marie de l'Incarnation* (2 v., Paris, 1892). This author was the son of Mère Marie; his style is less lucid than that of his mother and he lacks her shrewdness. P. F. X. DE CHARLEVOIX (1682-1761), *La vie de la Mère Marie de l'Incarnation* (Paris, 1724), was written nearly half a century after her death and lacks original authority. H. R. CASGRAIN, *Histoire de l'Hôtel Dieu* (Quebec, 1878), is based on Mère JUCHERNEAU DE SAINT-IGNACE, *Histoire de l'Hôtel Dieu de Quebec de 1639 a 1716* (Montreal, 1751). RALPH FLENLEY (Editor), *A history of Montreal 1640-1672*, from the French of DOLLIER DE CASSON (London and Toronto, 1828), includes a text adequately edited and a life of the author who was head of the Sulpicians at Montreal (*ob.* 1701). *The Jesuit Relations* have much on the founding of Montreal. The Abbé FAILLON wrote fully on its history in his *Histoire de la colonie française au Canada* (3 v., Paris, 1865-66); in *Vie de Mademoiselle Mance* (2 v., Paris, 1854); and *Vie de la sœur Bourgeois* (2 v., 1883). A. LEO LEYMARIE, *Pages d'histoire inédits sur la fondateur de Ville-Marie*, has some new documents (Nova Francia, 1925). La SŒUR MORIN, *Annales de l'Hôtel Dieu de Montreal* (Société Historique de Montreal, 1921), has original documents.

CHAPTER XI

THE MARTYRS OF HURONIA

The *Jesuit Relations* have voluminous references to Huronia and special interest attaches to those written by BRÉBEUF. FATHER RAGUENEAU'S *Relation* for the year 1649 contains the fullest account of the ruin of the mission. The Archbishop of Rouen, whose jurisdiction extended at that time to Canada, ordered a report and this was republished in the *Rapport de l'Archiviste de la province de Québec pour 1924-25* (Quebec, 1925). It was on this *Mémoire* that Pope Pius XI based the beatification of eight Canadian martyrs on June 21, 1925. The case for their canonization is now (1928) pending. MARIE DE L'INCARNATION gives some particulars, as also does F. DU CREUX, *Historiae Canadensis seu Novae Franciae, Libri Decem* (Paris, 1664). He gathered in France a few details not otherwise recorded. The Abbé FRANÇOIS VACHON DE BELMONT, *Histoire du Canada* (Quebec Literary and Historical Society, First Series). He reached Canada in 1680 but he and CHARLEVOIX, a later comer, have slight value. ROCHEMONTEIX has some original material. The fullest secondary account in English is that of F. PARKMAN, *The Jesuits in North America* (Boston, 1867). F. ROUVIER, *Les bien heureux martyres de la compagnie de Jésus au Canada* (Montreal, 1925), contains a life of each of them. See also Chapter VIII.

CHAPTER XII

THE FRENCH IN NEW NETHERLAND

The Jesuit Relations and the *Journal* for the mission of Druilletes and that to New Netherland; also MARIE DE L'INCARNATION, DOLLIER DE CASSON, and BELMONT, already cited. *The voyages of Peter Esprit Radisson* (The

Prince Society, Boston, 1885), and the *Relation du voyage du Sieur Pierre Esprit Radisson* in the *Report on Canadian Archives* (Ottawa, 1895), contain the account of an actor in New Netherland. E. Z. MASSICOTTE, *Dollard des Ormeaux et ses compagnons* (Montreal, 1920), gives many documents.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CHURCH IN NEW FRANCE

The Jesuit Relations and the *Journal*, DOLLIER DE CASSON, MARIE DE L'INCARNATION, as already cited. H. TÊTU et C. O. GAGNON, *Mandements ... des Evéques de Quebec* (6 v., Vol. I, Quebec, 1887). *Lettres inédits du gouverneur d'Argenson* (in Bulletin des récherches historiques for 1921). AVAUGOUR'S proposal to conquer the English colonies is in *Collection de Manuscrits* (See Chapter IX). *The Report on Canadian Archives* (Ottawa, 1904), has much on church matters. A. GOSSELIN, *L'Eglise du Canada*, Vol. I (Quebec, 1911), is based upon manuscript material as is also his *François de Montmorency-Laval* (2nd edition, Quebec, 1906). The Abbé H. SCOTT, *Bishop Laval* (Makers of Canada, Toronto, 1926), writes in a critical spirit. W. A. RIDDELL, *The rise of ecclesiastical control in Quebec* (New York, 1916); M. EASTMAN, *Church and state in early Canada* (Edinburgh, 1915), and E. M. SAIT, *Clerical control in Quebec* (Toronto, 1911), are modern expositions.

CHAPTER XIV

NEW FRANCE UNDER COLBERT

J. LONGNON, *A King's lessons in statecraft, Louis XIV* (London, 1924), is a translation by H. Wilson of the King's *Mémoire pour les années 1661 et 1662* (Paris, 1924) for the guidance of his son. *The Jesuit Relations* and the *Journal* and MARIE DE L'INCARNATION reveal the mind of the time as to the earthquake and other events. PIERRE BOUCHER, *Histoire véritable et naturelle des mœurs et productions du pays de le Nouvelle-France*, is reprinted with an Introduction by B. SULTE in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada* (2nd Series, Vol. II, Ottawa, 1896). The official papers relating to the changes in government are in *Édits et Ordonnances de la Nouvelle-France* (Vol. 1). The edict creating the Sovereign Council of New France is printed in English in *New York Colonial Documents* and R. DU B. CAHALL, *The Sovereign Council of New France* ... (New York, 1915), is an account of its work, with a good list of authorities. N. DENYS, *The Description and Natural History of the Coasts of North America (Acadia)*, already cited, shows the failure of the Company of New France to discharge its obligations. DUMESNIL'S *Mémoire* is printed in the *Bulletin des récherches historiques* (Quebec, 1914), and GAUDAIS-DUPONT'S *Report* to Colbert in 1664 is in the *Collection de Manuscrits* already cited. W. B. MUNRO (Editor), *Documents relating to the Seigniorial Tenure in Canada* (The Champlain Society, Toronto, 1916), contains the essential document on the change of régime in Canada. J. CHAILLY-BERT, *Les Compagnies de Colonisation sous l'Ancien Régime* (Paris, 1898), attributes the uniform failure of the French companies to royal interference. Between 1599 and 1627 five companies were

founded for Canada and down to 1789 there were eight Compagnies des Indes. LAVISSE, *Histoire de France* (Vol. VIII), contains a full account of Colbert's plans, and C. DE LA RONCIÈRE, *Histoire de la Marine française* (Vol. V, Paris, 1920), explains his efforts to revive the French marine. Canada developed at this time a striking type of religious mysticism illustrated in L. HUDON'S *Une fleur mystique de la Nouvelle-France. Vie de la Mère Marie-Catherine de Saint-Augustin 1632-1668* (Montreal, 1907). This is based upon a *Life* by the Jesuit Father RAGUENEAU, printed in the *Relations.*

CHAPTER XV

THE HUMBLING OF THE IROQUOIS

The Jesuit Relations and the *Journal,* MARIE DE L'INCARNATION, DOLLIER DE CASSON, FAILLON, NICHOLAS PERROT and the *Collection de manuscrits* previously cited. LA RONCIÈRE gives a full account of Tracy's voyages. There is much about him in T. CHAPAIS, *Jean Talon,* cited in the next chapter. B. SULTE, *Le régiment de Carignan* (Reprint, Montreal, 1922), is exhaustive on the personnel of the regiment.

CHAPTER XVI

THE INTENDANT JEAN TALON AND THE TASKS OF COLONIZATION

The work of Talon is covered adequately in T. CHAPAIS, *Jean Talon, Intendant de la Nouvelle-France* (Quebec, 1904), based on printed and manuscript authorities, with a tendency to exalt Talon's work. The contemporary *Relations;* MARIE DE L'INCARNATION; MARGRY (cited Chapter XVIII); *New York Colonial Documents;* the *Collection de Manuscrits,* and the *Édits et Ordonnances* have much on Talon. P. G. ROY, *Inventaire des ordonnances de la Nouvelle-France* (4 v., Beauceville, Quebec, 1919), is a valuable collection. W. B. MUNRO, *Documents relating to the seigniorial tenure in Canada* (Toronto, 1908), has essential material, as have also his book *The seigniorial system in Canada, A study in French colonial policy* (New York, 1907), and his article *The office of Intendant in New France* in The American Historical Review for October, 1906.

CHAPTER XVII

FEUDALISM IN THE CANADIAN VILLAGE

The writings of T. CHAPAIS and W. B. MUNRO, cited in the three previous chapters, give a conclusive account of Canadian feudalism. P. G. ROY, *Inventaire des concessions en fief et seigneurie, fois et hommages, et aveux et dénombrements . . .* (2 v., Beauceville, 1927); his *Lettres de Noblesse, genealogies, erections de Comtes et Baronnes insinuées par le Conseil Souverain de la Nouvelle-France* (2 v., Beauceville, 1920) and the acts of faith and homage in the *Rapport* on Quebec Archives for

1925-26 have great value. The most exhaustive history of a Canadian seigniory is J. E. Roy, *Histoire de la Seigneurie de Lauzon* (5 v., Levis, Quebec, 1897-1904). H. R. Casgrain, *Une paroisse Canadienne au XVIIe siècle* (Quebec, 1880), dwells on the religious influences. G. M. Wrong, *A Canadian Manor and its Seigneurs* (2nd edition, Toronto, 1927), traces the history of the seigneury at Murray Bay. Roy W. Pettengill's *Letters from America, 1776-1779* (Boston, 1924), by Germans serving with the British in Canada shows how little changed, even after the British conquest, was the mode of life of the habitant. Philippe Aubert de Gaspé (1786-1871), himself a seigneur, gives in *Les Anciens Canadiens*, now a Canadian classic, often reprinted, an account of the Canadian village in his time. M. Barbeau and E. Sapir, *Folk songs of French Canada* (New Haven, 1925), and E. Gagnon, *Chansons populaire du Canada* (6th edition, Montreal, 1913), show an interesting aspect of the life of the village. V. Morin, *La Chanson Canadienne* (Trans. Royal Society of Canada, Ottawa, 1927), and J. M. Gibbon, *et al, Canadian folk songs, old and new* (Toronto, 1927), have interest. The Jesuit Carheil gives in the *Relations*, Vol. LXV, a dark account of the vices of the *coureurs-de-bois*. A penetrating secondary account by F. J. Turner is in the Proceedings of the Wisconsin Historical Society, 1889.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE EXTENSION OF NEW FRANCE TO THE WEST

An exhaustive list of authorities (by H. P. C. Griffin) for the discovery of the Mississippi is in H. R. Stiles (Editor), *Joutel's Journal of La Salle's last voyage, 1684-1687* (Albany, 1906). Champlain's *Works*, *New York Colonial Documents*, and *The Jesuit Relations*, already cited; Father Vimont gives in the *Relations* an account of Nicolet and the material relating to him is discussed in Butterfield, *History of the Discovery of the North-West by Nicolet in 1634 with a sketch of his life*, (Cincinnati, 1881). Radisson's narrative is cited under Chapter XII. Pierre Margry devoted his life to the collection of material relating chiefly to western expansion, and his documents on La Salle and his contemporaries are the chief authority; *Relations et mémoires inédits pour servir à l'histoire de la France dans les pays d'outre-mer . . .* (Paris, 1865); *Mémoires et documents pour servir à l'histoire des origines des Français dans l'ouest et dans le sud de l'Amérique septentrionale* (6 v., Paris, 1879-1888). The account of Saint-Lussons's pageant in Margry is in English in E. P. Kellogg, *Early narratives of the North-West, 1634-1699* (*Original narratives of early American History*, New York, 1917), which also has matter relating to Radisson, Perrot, Allouez, Jolliet, Marquette, La Salle, Tonty, Duluth and others. N. Perrot's *Mémoire* (Chapter VIII), is translated and edited by E. H. Blair in *The Indian tribes of the Mississippi valley and the region of the Great Lakes* (2 v., Cleveland, 1910), as is also the relevant portion of the work of Perrot's contemporary, C. C. Le Roy de La Potherie, *Histoire de l'Amérique septentrionale* (4 v., Paris, 1716). R. de Bréhaut de Galinée, *Récit de voyage de M. M. Dollier et Galinée* (*1669-1670*), printed in Margry's collection, is translated and edited by J. H. Coyne in *Explorations of the Great Lakes, 1669-1670*, by Dollier de Casson and De Bréhaut de Galinée (Toronto, Ontario Historical Society, 1903) and is also in Kellogg, cited above.

CHAPTER XIX

COUNT FRONTENAC IN NEW FRANCE

There is a very wide range of documentary material relating to Frontenac. H. LORIN, *Le Comte de Frontenac* (Paris, 1895), used much unpublished material. His work is later than F. PARKMAN'S *Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV* (Boston, 1877). E. MYRAND, *Frontenac et ses amis* (Quebec, 1902), gives all the material that can be found concerning Frontenac's connections in France. P. G. ROY'S *Rapport* on Quebec Archives for 1826-27 gives Frontenac's correspondence with Colbert and others to 1682, and promises the correspondence of Frontenac's second period. *The Jesuit Relations* ceased publication just after Frontenac's arrival in Canada but in THWAITES'S edition and also in the *New York Colonial Documents* and the *Collection du Manuscrits* there are many papers on Frontenac. His work is related also to the authorities for La Salle (Chapter XXII). In MARGRY'S *Mémoires et Documents*, already cited, are the narratives of the journey of Callière and of Frontenac to Lake Ontario in 1673.

CHAPTER XX

THE FRENCH IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

MARGRY gives the narratives of the principal leaders in the western movement. *The Jesuit Relations* includes MARQUETTE'S unfinished Journal (Vol. LIX). L. HENNEPIN, *Description de la Louisiane* (Paris, 1683), is truthful but his *Nouvelle découverte d'un très grand pays* (Utrecht, 1697), made unfounded claims. It has gone through many editions, the most available in English being R. G. THWAITES (Editor), *A New Discovery* (2 v., Chicago, 1913). There are fabrications not only in HENNEPIN but also in the BARON DE LA HONTAN, *Nouveaux voyages de M. le baron de la Hontan dans l'Amerique Septentrionale* (2 v., La Haye, 1703), followed by many editions, of which the most available in English is R. G. THWAITES (Editor), *New voyages to North America by the Baron de la Hontan* (2 v., Chicago, 1903). CHARLEVOIX has much on the west but wrote later. The *Édits et Ordonnances* and the *Jugemens et deliberations de conseil souverain* cover the Perrot case. W. B. MUNRO, The *Brandy Parliament of 1676* (Canadian Historical Review, Vol. 11, 1921), gives the report of the nearest approach to a representative assembly ever held in New France. F. PARKMAN, *La Salle and the discovery of the Great West* (first published in 1869), remains the best secondary account. H. E. BOLTON (Mississippi Valley Historical Review, September, 1915), has established the site of La Salle's fort in the present Texas. P. CHESNEL, *Histoire de Cavelier de La Salle* (Paris, 1901), is based on contemporary documents, and G. GRAVIER, *La Salle* (Paris, 1871), has value. C. DE LA RONCIÈRE (See Chapter XIV) gives an account of Frontenac's successor, La Barre. C. W. ALVORD, *The Illinois Country* (Springfield, Ill., 1920).

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